The Saturday Evening
POST
May 14, 1960 – 15¢

A Communist Reports on MOSCOW, CITY OF DISCONTENT

A VISIT WITH WALTER O'MALLEY

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Kids learn to help themselves with cups from a Dixie Dispenser.

Now, even your youngest can be on his own without risk to himself or your good crystal. And fresh, clean Dixie Cups help you cut down on unnecessary glass washing. Refills everywhere.

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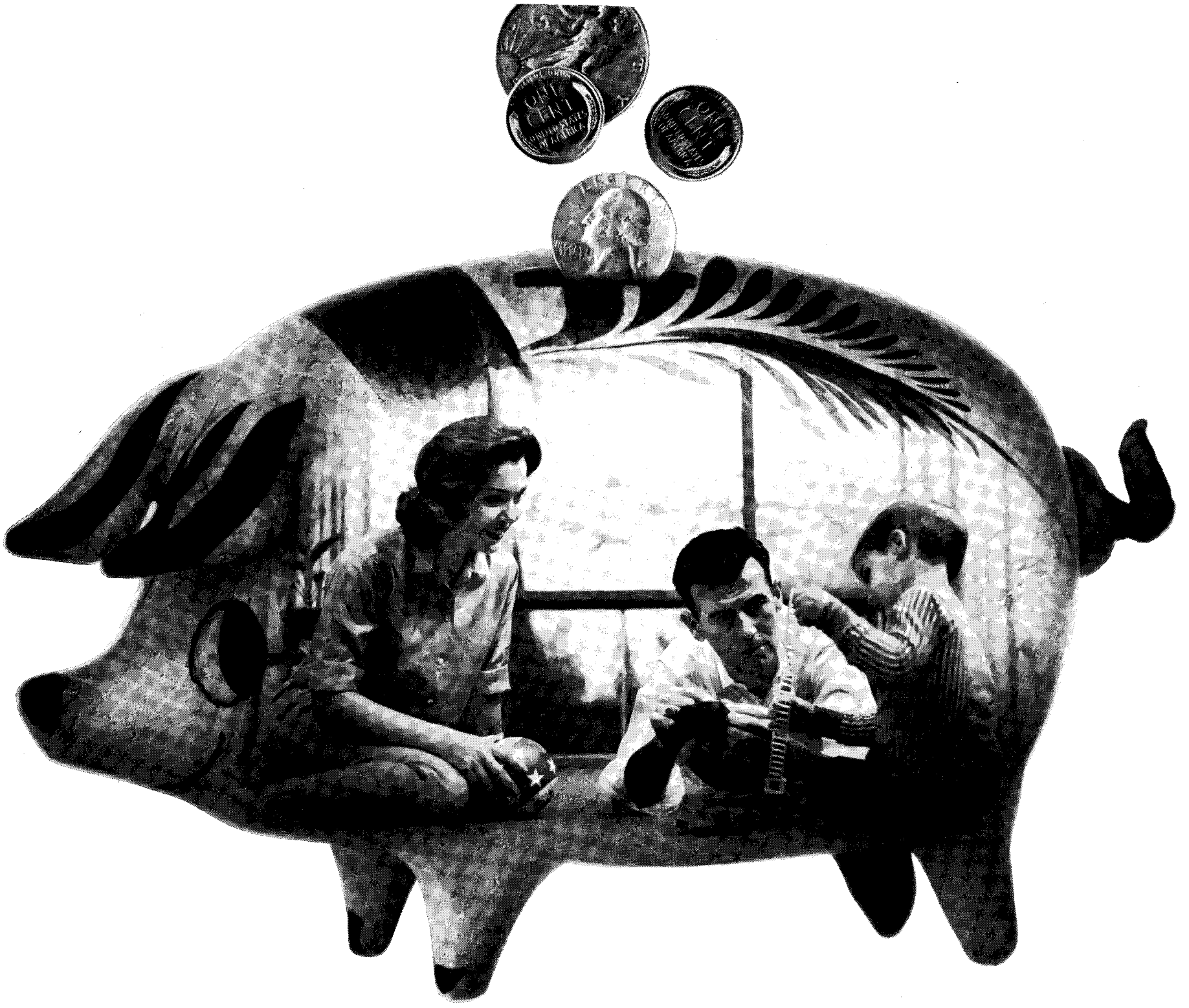

If you're saving for your family's future...

make sure you own enough life insurance now!

How much is enough? It depends upon your family's size, needs, plans. Your New York Life Agent can help you figure the proper amount!

No matter what your savings plan may be, and in spite of any concern you may have about the future effects of inflation—don't overlook the importance of giving your family adequate life insurance protection right now. Basic financial security is vital to every family, and *nothing* provides it as surely, as quickly as life insurance. It creates an immediate estate your family can count on.

Just make sure that you have enough. The amount you need depends upon your standard of living, the number and ages of your children, and other factors. For a realistic figure, see your New York Life Agent. He can plan a program based on modern policies you can afford. Example: the Assured Accumulator Policy that "banks" $10,000 for your retirement and, until then, protects your family with that much life insurance—yet costs a man of 30 about 77 cents a day!

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NEW AND EXCLUSIVE:

Philco beats the heat ...the major cause of all TV breakdowns!

Have you ever had a TV breakdown? Ever had to call a service man to replace a tube? Trouble-shoot a faulty circuit? Or, worse still, pull the whole chassis out and take it into the shop? Then you know how annoying and costly TV breakdowns can be. But did you know that the major cause of *all* TV failures is *heat?*

Heat in a TV set weakens the picture, shortens component life and causes permanent damage to chassis parts. The conventional television chassis is constructed on a box-like metal base with heat-producing elements placed *underneath,* so that heat is trapped and intensified. This trapped heat can seriously affect the components located below *and* above the base; lower their operating efficiency – even destroy them altogether!

Now, Philco engineers have found a way to beat the heat. From over a million hours of life testing comes the greatest electronic advance since TV began – Philco Mark II COOL-CHASSIS. When you buy a new Philco TV with Cool-Chassis, you're getting a set that is:

TROUBLE-FREE AS TV CAN BE!

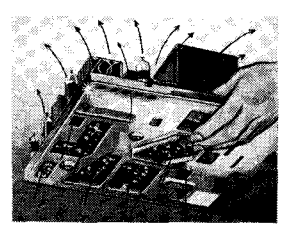
Philco Cool-Chassis is built on a *ventilated* base with no "heat traps" to weaken the picture or cause damage to components. Philco does away with stacking parts one above another; the heat from one *cannot* hurt the others. Every part is mounted on top of an exclusive "Air-Flo" base. There are *no* parts underneath.

This new "heat-barrier" design results in an amazing life extension of all TV parts. Picture tube lasts up to 76% longer; critical components, up to 92% longer; small receiving tubes, up to 108% longer!

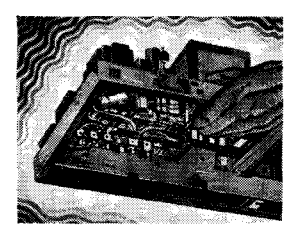
PHILCO BRINGS YOU THE STEADIEST, CLEAREST, MOST ENJOYABLE PICTURE IN TV!

Yes, new chassis design, new circuits, new tubes result in performance far superior to anything you have ever seen on any TV screen.

- New Philco Crystal Cascode Tuner – the most sensitive ever made – defies interference!
- Exclusive Philco Safe-Guard System shields your TV from high-voltage breakdowns, overload, damaging power surge!
- New Philco "Automatic Picture Pilot" checks and perfects the picture 15,750 times per second! Whether you're watching a live show, a taped show or an old movie, your Philco picture will be clear, steady and crisp. You'll *never* have to adjust contrast or brightness!



Philco Cool-Chassis TV
No parts underneath, no heat traps. Heat-barrier design directs heat away from critical parts. "Air-Flo" mounting of parts permits maximum cooling. Perma-Circuit® panels are non-conducting.



Old-fashioned HEAT-TRAP TV
Stacked components – one below the other – pyramid and multiply heat intensity. Parts mounted underneath generate heat which is trapped by old-fashioned oven-type, upside-down chassis.

YOU GET 76% LONGER LIFE WITH PHILCO COOL-CHASSIS TV!

See the new Philco Cool-Chassis TV at your dealer's today. See the newest built-in features, trouble-free performance and fashion-fresh styling. Don't buy any TV set until you've seen the new Philco long-lasting Cool-Chassis TV. Five, six, seven years from now you'll bless the day you read this page!

PHILCO
Famous for Quality the World Over

PHILCO COOL-CHASSIS TV

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THIS ISSUE

May 14, 1960 *Vol. 232, No. 46*

4 Short Stories

The Silver Butterfly . . . . . *Pearl S. Buck* 26
Easy Victim . . . . . *Lenora Mattingly Weber* 30
Whip Threat . . . . . *Mollie Gillen* 37
That Fickle Feeling . . . . . *Robert Standish* 40

9 Articles

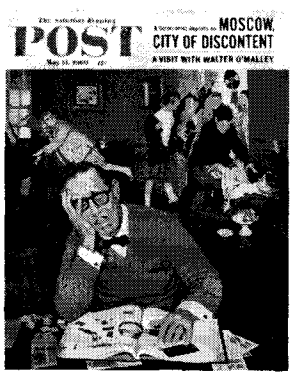
How My Comrades Live, Part I: Moscow, City of Discontent . . . . . *Joseph Novak* 23
The Face of America: Magnificent Music . . . *Photographs by Larry Fried* 28
A Visit With Walter O'Malley . . . . . *Melvin Durslag* 31
Country in Peril . . . . . *Ernest O. Hauser* 32
The Pioneers of Lonely Canyon . . . . . *Hal G. Evarts* 34
What You Don't Know About Your Schools . . . . . *Dr. Charles H. Boehm, as told to Anne Selby* 36
My Clock Has 24 Hours . . . . . *E. H. North Jr., M.D.* 38
Adventures of the Mind, 52: The Economic Revolution . . . *Barbara Ward* 42
Map Maker for Millions . . . . . *Arthur W. Baum* 48

2 Serials

Journey Into Danger (Second of eight parts) . . . *Stuart Cloete* 44
The Tewksbury Feud (Sixth of eight parts) . . . . . *Amelia Bean* 50

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 46
Verse . . . 58, 80, 114, 125, 128, 132
Hazel 134
Keeping Posted 136



THE COVER

Any resemblance between Philatelist Phil and the master of a household is strictly the product of a fertile imagination. "You stay right where you are, daddy," Phil's titian-haired daughter has just advised him. "You aren't bothering us one little bit." Well, how is a father to know that the patter of little feet will develop into something resembling an elephant's convention, with guitar accompaniment? The lesson in Dick Sargent's cover painting is, of course, that stamps and stomps cannot coexist. Father took up stamp collecting because he always had wanted to be a postman, never dreaming that neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night nor stamp collectors will stay a group of teen-age troubadours from the noisy completion of their appointed rounds.

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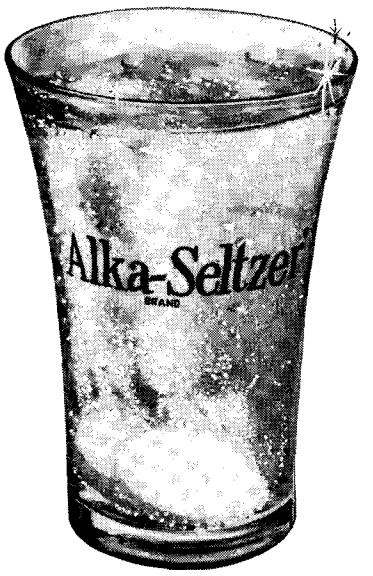

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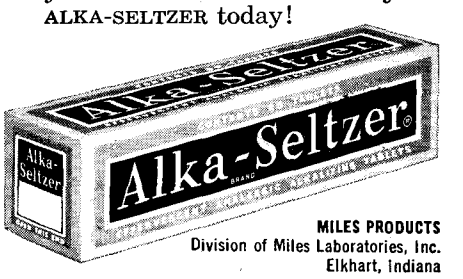
When headache strikes, why wait for pills to dissolve in your stomach? Because you take it as a liquid, your body absorbs ALKA-SELTZER quickly and naturally. You get *more effective* relief . . . you get *fast* relief! ALKA-SELTZER soothes and settles an upset stomach with *special medication* you can't get from pills . . . helps you feel better *all over.* Buy ALKA-SELTZER today!



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Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc.
Elkhart, Indiana

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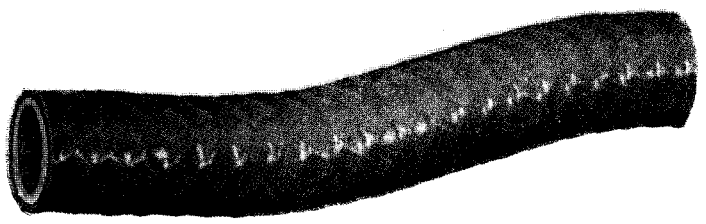
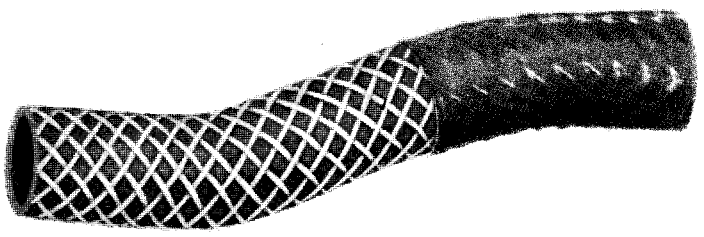
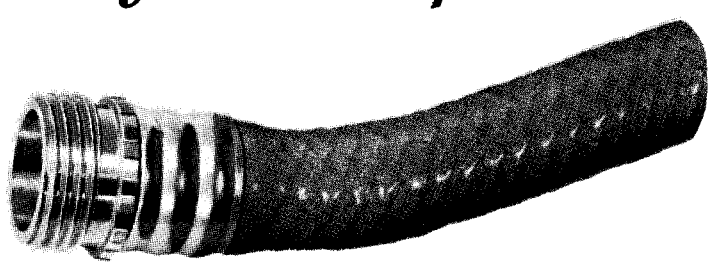


flexible vinyl



nylon-reinforced



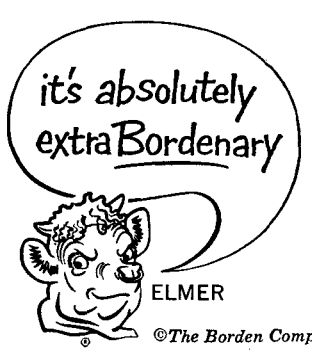
full-flow couplings

That's what a *Borden* hose is made of!

Only quality vinyl will do for *Borden* hose. As if that weren't enough, it's made still better by reinforcing with tough, braided nylon. Then full-flow couplings are tightly fitted to each end.

What's all this precision and care get you? Extraordinary garden hose, probably the best made in America today. It's rugged, yet flexible; light but virtually indestructible. What a pleasure to use!

You'll find *Borden* hose in a full range of lengths and inside diameters. Look for it wherever hose is sold.



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Letters

Gambler's Eyes

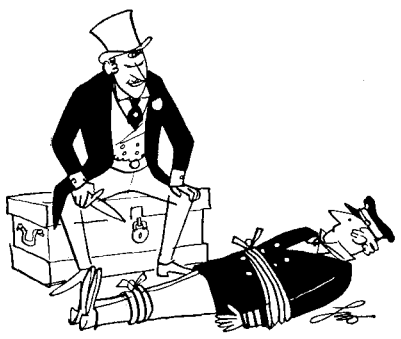
Dear Sirs:

From GAMBLER'S GIRL [by William Heuman, Mar. 26] first paragraph: "They were the eyes of a man who could sit on your chest and calmly cut out your heart, and smile all the way through the operation."

A neat trick, even if he didn't smile. Far as I read.

JOHN KALUF
Bethesda, Md.

● *Heuman admits the operation would require "some rather remarkable gymnastics." But cartoonist Leo Hershfield, a chronic punster, suggests a possibility (see drawing below) which may get Heuman off the hook.—ED.*



He Admits He's Biased

Dear Sirs:

It was with great pleasure I read George Allen's article [MY FRIEND THE PRESIDENT, Apr. 9]. It's about time somebody spoke up for Ike, and I think it is a tribute to his real and genuinely warm personality . . . that it was finally a Democrat who had the initiative and courage to do it.

CLAIRE FLYNN
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

You have given us the views of the President's best friend. Now let us hear from his worst! I appreciate that that will not be an easy selection as they are legion.

ELEANOR PERRY
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your article . . . is a gross absurdity. President Eisenhower is neither a great man, a great President nor even a great politician. . . . He got into office . . . on a slogan—"I like Ike"—which a dumb populace parroted without facts or reason.

F. F. DONNELLY
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The article is a slander to the late and great Senator Taft.

D. K. MARTIN
Waco, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Have had enough of George Allen. I want a new court jester. If I can find a candidate that promises to keep Allen out of the White House, that will be my man.

W. L. BRADLEY
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you, thank you for publishing an article that openly and courageously announces that "there will be no taint of objectivity" in it. "Taint" is the right word; it is what we are all sick of. Thank God for an honest, unapologized-for opinion and some plain, unvarnished, old-fashioned enthusiasm.

HELEN M. SPEAR
Ada, Ohio

Alarm on the Farm

Dear Sirs:

I want to congratulate *The Post* for publishing THE FARMER'S SIDE OF THE CASE by Mary Conger [Apr. 9]. . . . I was almost convinced that no metropolitan editor was aware of the true farm picture or would dare publish it if he did know.

JOHN G. SWATZKA
Tangent, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

It's like having a bear by the tail—you can't hang on and you're afraid to let go. I am fifty-nine, and there is no future in farming for me, my wife and son. We have done as the Congers have done—borrowed and gone without—[but] there is less and less of real value left each year.

ROBERT D. WARD
St. Johns, Mich.

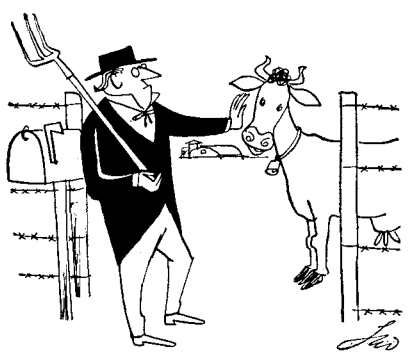
Dear Sirs:

We farmers don't want sympathy, but we do want understanding and, as Mary Conger so aptly phrased it, "We don't like to be accused of being greedy or of being tax-eating parasites."

MRS. ORVAL BOETTNER
Fremont, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

My heart bleeds for Mrs. Conger. Of course, I don't exactly understand what point she is trying to make, unless it is that the remainder of the population should be taxed to support her family in the manner to which they have become



accustomed. Or maybe she would like for us to station a congressman at her gate to see that no one lets the cows out.

She and her husband continue to increase their land holdings, having a nice number of acres already. . . . If I had even seven acres of land, much less 700, I would be very happy. . . .

This increasing dependence on government, particularly by the farmers, is surely leading to disaster.

BILLIE BEMAN GERECKE
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

"We have had a busy, happy life on our farm," Mrs. Conger admits, almost as an afterthought. You can't ask for much more than that, can you? . . .

The most frightening admission of the whole article is that they are afraid of a free economy, the same free economy

(Continued on Page 6)

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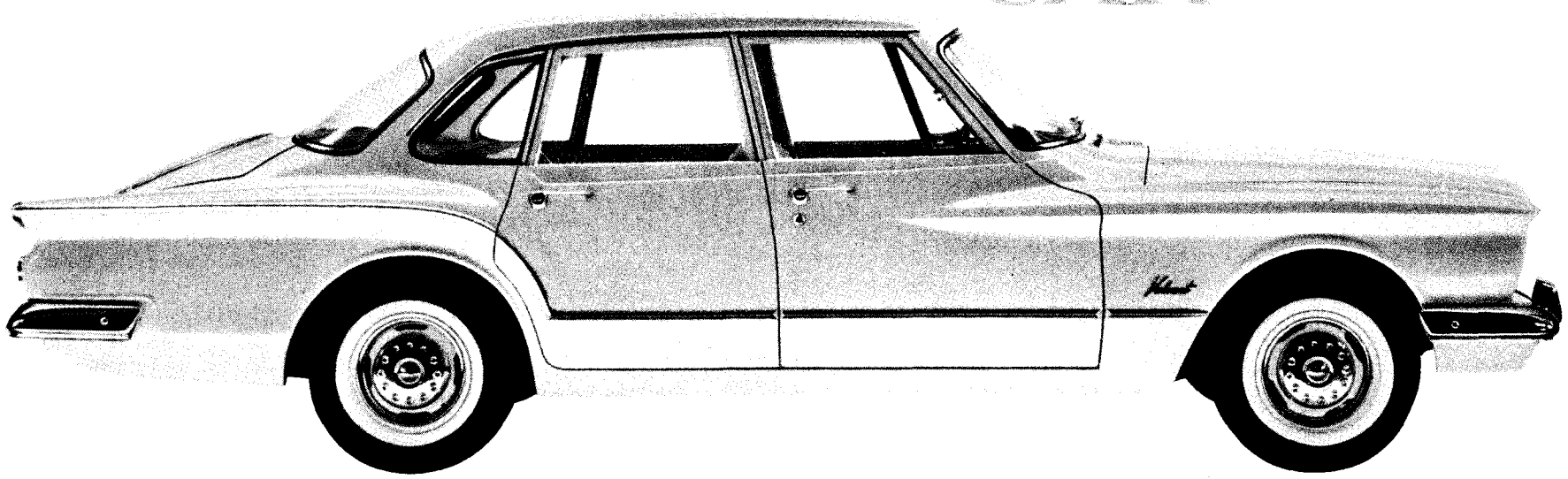
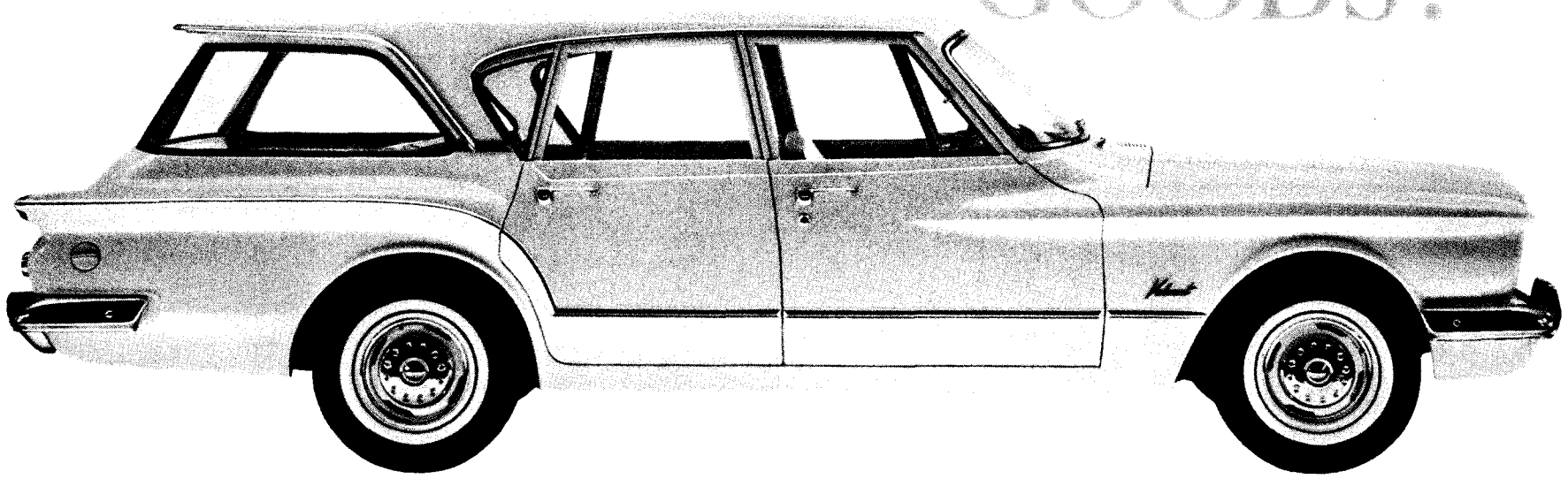
GET THE CAR



THAT'S GOT THE GOODS!



What kind of goods? Lots of room for a family of six, plus a vacation's-worth of luggage. Four-door wagons with loads of hauling space (72 cu. ft.). A rattle-proofed, rust-proofed, fully unitized body. Bump-shrugging Torsion-Aire suspension. A nickel-nursing *inclined* engine that makes every trip an economy run. An alternator electrical system that makes your battery last lots longer. Looks that make the low price tag even more surprising. That's the kind of goods Valiant's got. The more-for-your-money kind of goods you'd expect in any car made by Chrysler Corporation—compact or otherwise. Got it? Get it!

NOBODY'S KID BROTHER

Valiant

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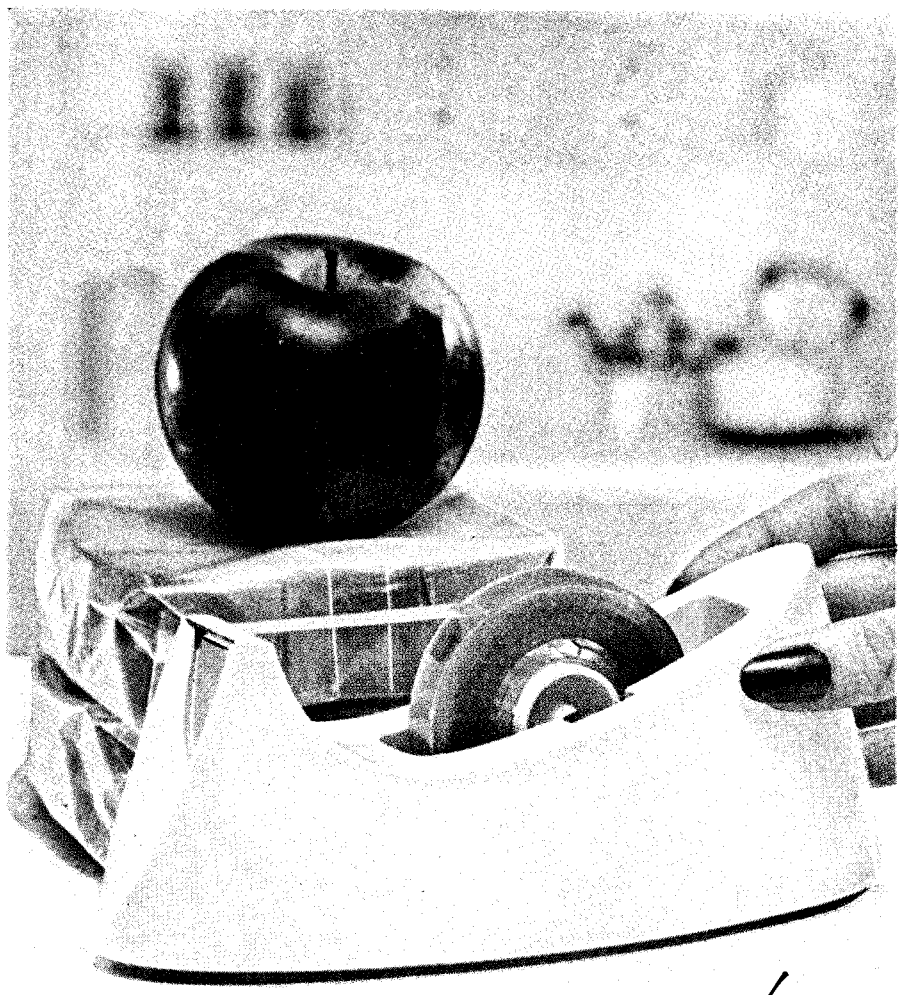


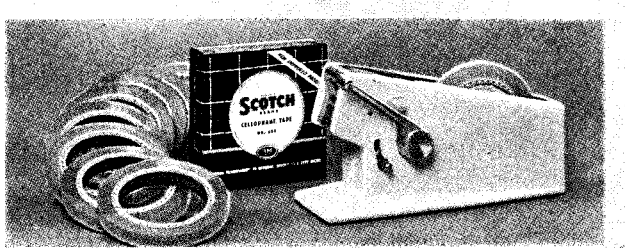
New shape for tape!

Décor Dispensers

by "SCOTCH" BRAND

Colorful new way to serve cellophane tape! Décor Dispensers . . . in Yellow, Surf Green, Coral or Pink . . . accent the decor of your kitchen, bedroom, family room or den. Dispensers hold the thrifty 59¢ roll of "SCOTCH" BRAND Cellophane Tape. Non-slip bottom won't scratch table tops; you can pull and cut tape with one hand. Look for Décor Dispensers wherever you buy handy "SCOTCH" BRAND Tapes!

98¢
DISPENSER ONLY



Commercial users: Save $4.00 on M-95 Definite Length Dispenser (regularly $11.95) with the purchase of 12 rolls of "SCOTCH" BRAND Cellophane Tape, ½" x 2592" size. Offer expires June 30, 1960. Ask your supplier for Deal SM-2.

STICKS LIKE CRAZY!

"SCOTCH" BRAND *is your biggest penny's worth!*

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
. . . WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

3M COMPANY

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

that enabled the Congers to . . . rise above the bare-subsistence level that is the lot of most of the rest of the world.

JOHN VLAHOVICH
Dishman, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

For a long time I have been concerned at the attitude seemingly prevalent in urban areas that the farmer is enjoying a vast handout from the Federal Government at the expense of other taxpayers. Your article . . . certainly explodes that impression. Many of your readers must have been astonished at the level to which our most basic industry has descended.

FRANCIS CASE,
U.S. Senator
from South Dakota
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Hereabouts a poor farmer is hard to find . . . and the farmer's daughter is still a good catch for a lucky young man. I know because I married one.

CHRISTIAN W. WIRSTAD
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

Many farmers feel deep concern, as Mrs. Conger said, but we at *Farm Journal* don't find that they have succumbed to a "general undercurrent of despair." Not by quite a bit. . . .

Farm debt is rising, but assets are going up about as fast, keeping the ratio about the same. Seven out of ten farms still have no mortgage. Family farms are about as big a percentage of the total as they were ten years ago, even thirty years ago. We believe they have a future.

The outlook is not worse for 1960 than in 1959. For some lines it may be, but for the others the prospect is better—hogs, eggs, for example.

This is by way of supplementing, from a national viewpoint, what Mrs. Conger said so well about a part of the picture.

CARROLL P. STREETER, *Editor*
Farm Journal
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

We do not have to urge our teen-age son to seek a career off the farm; he figured that out a long time ago. We do urge him to vote the straight Democratic ticket for the rest of his life. He knows why.

SARA J. FOWLER
Round Pond, Maine

Dear Sirs:

Even now, with all the adverse conditions, I have an absolute horror of having to join the "sell-out-and-move-to-town" parade. I would not be happy without our—and the bank's—cows.

MRS. H. E. AHLSCHWEDE
Wymore, Nebr.

Birds, Bees and The Post

Dear Sirs:

I heard a most amusing story last week. The name of your magazine is mentioned, so I think you will get a kick out of it.

A seven-year-old had just received a detailed lecture from his father on the facts of life, the birds and the bees and simple biology.

The father leaned back at the end of the recital and said, "Now, if there is anything else you want to know, don't hesitate to ask me, son."

The boy pondered a minute, then gravely asked his father, "How come they put out *The Saturday Evening Post* on Wednesday?"

EUGENE V. ROWAN
East Norwalk, Conn.

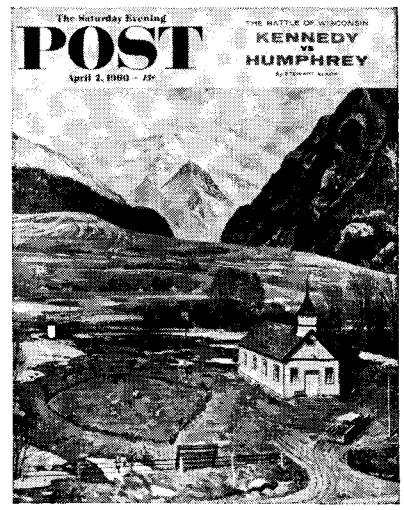
● *Tell the boy* The Post *comes out on Tuesday.* —*ED.*

For Shame!

Dear Sirs:

[Re your April 2 *Post* cover:] For shame! All them boys and girls, and only one "convenience."

C. E. BARNES
Oklahoma City, Okla.



Dear Sirs:

When I was a boy going to a country school, there was always two of them—one for the girls, and one for the boys.

C. F. NELICK
Walnut, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Is this "togetherness"?

GLADYS R. JOHNSON
Onarga, Ill.

● *The Pine Creek (Montana) School has had indoor plumbing for two years. Two "conveniences" were in use before that. One is shown at left on John Clymer's cover. The other, not shown, is to the right of this scene.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

If school is in session, where is Old Glory?

MARK B. SCURRAH
Albany, N.Y.

● *Sometimes the wind blows too hard to have the flag up, says teacher Mable Easton. But there's always a flag in the schoolroom.* —*ED.*

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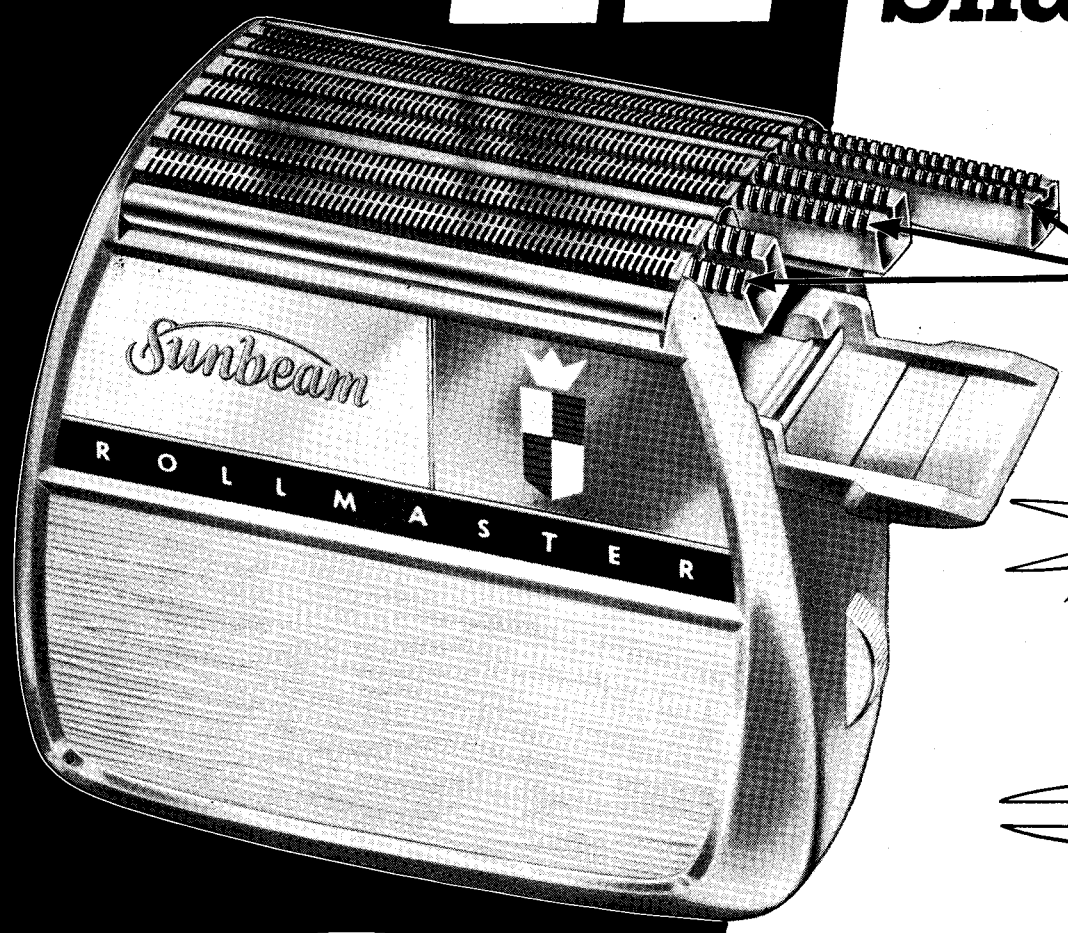
*Exclusive 11° Angle Scissor-Like Shaving Action



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Specially Ground Shaving Edges are Angled 11 Degrees . . .

and like scissor blades give a clean cutting action for closest, smoothest, fastest shaves.

Ordinary Shaving Edges . . .

are like separated scissor blades — they aren't angled...can't cut as clean!

Sunbeam Rollmaster ELECTRIC SHAVER

...gives Closest, Fastest Shaves

PERFECT GIFT for FATHER'S DAY and GRADUATIONS

EXCLUSIVE
Automatic Self-Adjusting Rollers

No need to stop and adjust Sunbeam's rollers — They automatically adjust to every face and beard—as you shave.

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A new ball pen triumph featuring

Three Scriptacular Discoveries

- First ball pen with a Filter Tip! New long-bore tip filter flows the ink, keeps it coming fresh and clean to the last drop!
- Pattern-grained, stainless steel R. J. ball, first to maintain true ball-bearing precision. So sure in its grip —so immune to wear, it adds years to trouble-free pen life!
- New slim-wall transparent ink reservoir provides bonus capacity in a streamlined pen. Holds 50% more ink!

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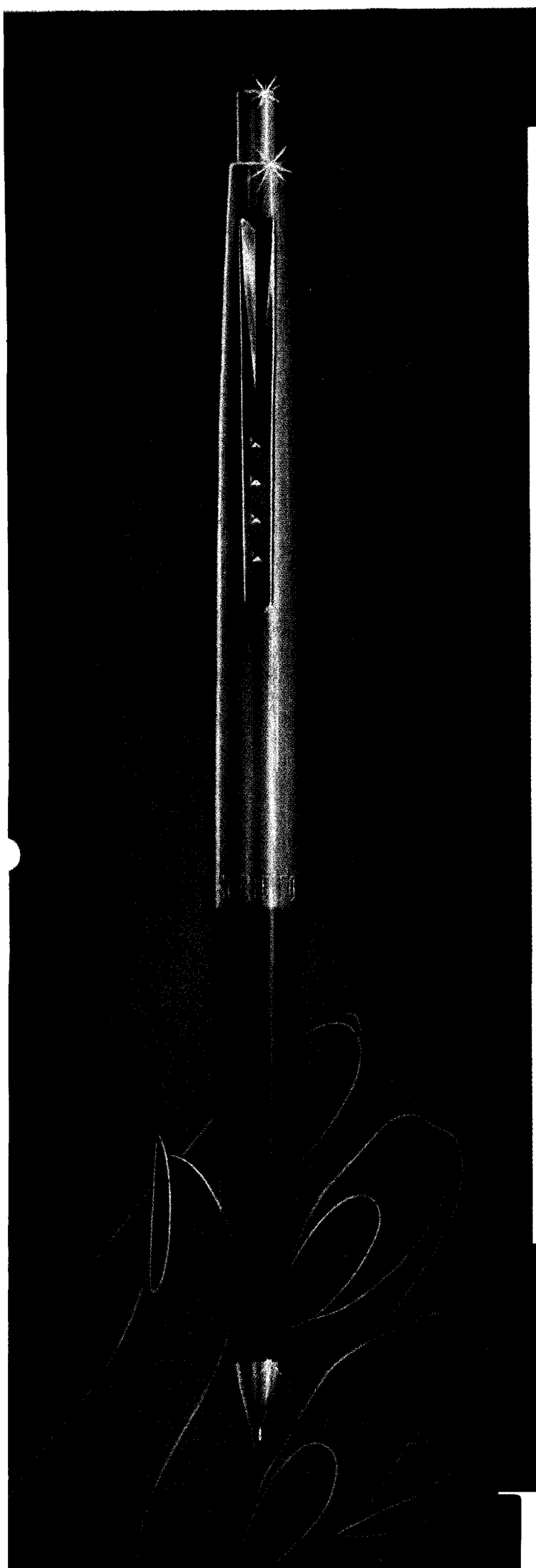
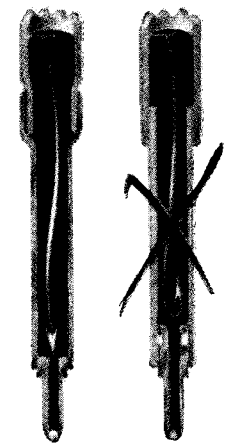


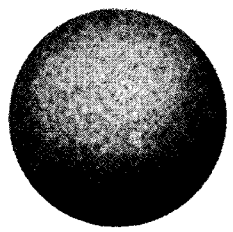
1 SCRIPTACULAR DISCOVERY

Built into the Scripto Escort is the world's first ball pen *Filter Tip*. A long-bore, brass tip that actually filters the ink all the way. Unlike ordinary short-bore tips that clog, you get a constant flow of fresh ink, clean down to the last drop.



2 SCRIPTACULAR DISCOVERY

Scripto's pioneering research has created the new Scripto Perma-Textured ball. This *pattern-grained* ball maintains true ball-bearing action. Practically immune to wear. Rolls *smooth*, grips *sure* for extra years of trouble-free pen life.



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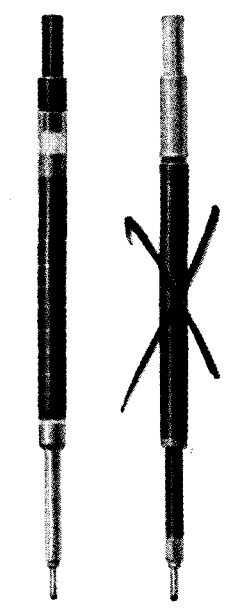
Transparent ink reservoir that is a triumph of slim-wall design. Bonus Capacity construction creates a pen that has more room *inside*. Transparent oversize reservoir (you can check your supply at a glance) holds *50% more ink!*



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Escort...$1.69

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Editorials

Perhaps It's Time to Give the Alphabet Another Chance!

Few Americans fifty years old and up remember schoolmates in the early grades who couldn't learn to read. They went through high school without ever hearing of "remedial reading" courses, and certainly, if they went to college or law school, they would have been astounded at the existence of advance students unable to put an English sentence together, or even to comprehend the meaning of English sentences written by others. If the deans of the law schools of Columbia, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Stanford universities found students in this sad state of ignorance, they kept it to themselves. In those days even the village idiot learned to read. He might move his lips while doing it, but he could read.

Now, after decades of supposedly scientific testing and investigating by psychologists, pedagogues and "achievement" measurers, we find colleges, professional schools, employers and parents raising the roof because too many young people can't read. Reading is supposed to be such a difficult "skill" that many children are not permitted even to try to master it. If they flunk their "readiness test," they are forced to sit in gloomy isolation while their classmates struggle with this mystery. Defenders of the prevailing method, pushed to the wall, take refuge in remarkable observations such as, "There is no reason why everybody should read any more than that everybody should play the piano!"

What happened? Perhaps the origin of this extraordinary retreat is best summarized by Mortimer Smith, editor of the *Bulletin* of the Council for Basic Education, in a useful little book titled, *A Citizens Manual for Public Schools*. "During the last thirty years or so," reports Mr. Smith, "one school of reading specialists, drawn largely from the educational-psychology departments of our schools of education, has come to dominate almost completely the teaching of reading in public schools. These specialists maintain that reading must start with whole sentences and then be broken down to phrases and words. This is done by memorization with the aid of pictures and context clues."

Undoubtedly some children learn to read by this "look and say" method. Others, when confronted with the picture of a dog, are as likely to say "bowwow" or "cocker spaniel" as "dog." Since they have not been taught that the letters *D*, *O* and *G* have any phonic significance, there is no reason why their response to the picture of a dog should be anything in particular.

In *Reading, Chaos and Cure* (McGraw-Hill), Sibyl Terman and Charles Child Walcutt, the former a teacher of "remedial" reading, the latter professor of English at Queens College, New York, point out that "a first-grade child has, by conservative count, already memorized 10,000 words. He has been working at this task all his waking hours for six years, and he has learned all these words by ear. . . . The second step—from the spoken word to the printed word—is not arbitrary; it is logical and simple; it consists of learning the alphabet, learning that letters are sounds and then getting the key of how letters are blended into sounds and words. . . . A child who knows *hat* and *cat* and *bat*—and knows his letters—will not have to sound out *fat* when he sees it printed."

The "look and say" educationists ignore this natural process and, in the words of Terman and Walcutt, "the child is asked to begin all over again, and to repeat the feat of memory that accumulated his 10,000-word 'ear' vocabulary. After he has learned these words-as-pictures for a year or two, his teachers begin to *analyze* them and *deduce* the phonic pictures from them."

In other words, the child finally gets the news that words are composed of letters which indicate sounds and, when put together, add up to the words he has already learned by ear. Of course, as the progressives point out, phonics will not supply the pronunciation of every English word ("I knew there was a new way to weigh a gnu"), but not even the "conformation" of such exceptions would prove much, either.

A revolution against this method will take time. After all, it's five years since Rudolf Flesch, in *Why Johnny Can't Read* (Harper), blew the whistle on the antireading educationists. However, there are already "long leaps forward" here and there. For example, in New Castle, Pennsylvania, Glenn McCracken, an English teacher in the public schools, has been carrying on a "revolutionary" experiment in the teaching of reading. What the experiment comes to is a modification of the look-and-say method through the introduction of phonics, plus the use of film strips. In *The Right To Learn* (Regnery), Mr. McCracken reports that pupils who have been told they are not ready to read learn quickly by this method. Other systems, such as the Hay-Wingo method, have done a lot to remedy the damage in some favored areas.

School administrators are conscious of public attitudes and, when the sounds of revolt are loud enough, they will permit American children to learn to read. Recently a professor of education actually urged parents to encourage young children to learn to read before school age! Something has to give somewhere, and the sooner the better.

Nehru's "Neutralism" Bit the Dust When Kerala Repudiated the Reds

The big news in the Kerala election last February was not the rout of the Communists, who got only twenty-eight seats in the 126-member Kerala legislature. What really happened has been largely ignored by the Indians and foreign press. It was the rout of neutralism under the nose of Prime Minister Nehru, neutralism's chief advocate.

In early 1957 the Communists were voted into power in Kerala, the smallest, most literate and most Christian state of India. After two years of Communist misrule, violence and plunder of the exchequer, as was reported in *The Saturday Evening Post*—COMMUNIST BY CHOICE, by Arthur Bonner, May 31, 1958—the people so hated the Communists that they rose in a mass upsurge. After a forty-eight-day-long turmoil throughout Kerala, the Delhi Government deposed the Communists from power and imposed the president's rule on Kerala. A few months later came the historic elections which brought the landslide victory over Communism in the first state to adopt it voluntarily.

One question is, what made the initial Communist success possible? It was the apathy of the voters, about one third of whom did not care to vote. The people, languishing in the hypnotic sleep of neutralism, failed to make a firm and determined move against Communism. Nehru's decade-long chanting of neutralism had soothed the natural antagonisms of the people and, while they drowsed, the ever-wakeful Communists moved in.

What made the later Communist defeat possible? The people rose up from their neutralist lethargy and voted in unprecedented numbers, setting a new Asian record in the percentage of votes polled—more than 85 per cent. There was a complete division of the vote between those favoring a firm stand against Communism and those favoring Communism. No Keralans supported the tightrope walking and sitting on the fence which are the characteristics of neutralism. A "look at the record" was enough to dispel indecision on the issue.

Present-day neutralism is bankrupt in another sense also; for, as Kerala has shown, neutralism has no base among the people. It is an unnatural philosophy imposed upon them by leaders from above. President Sukarno of Indonesia and other leaders around India should not miss its real significance.

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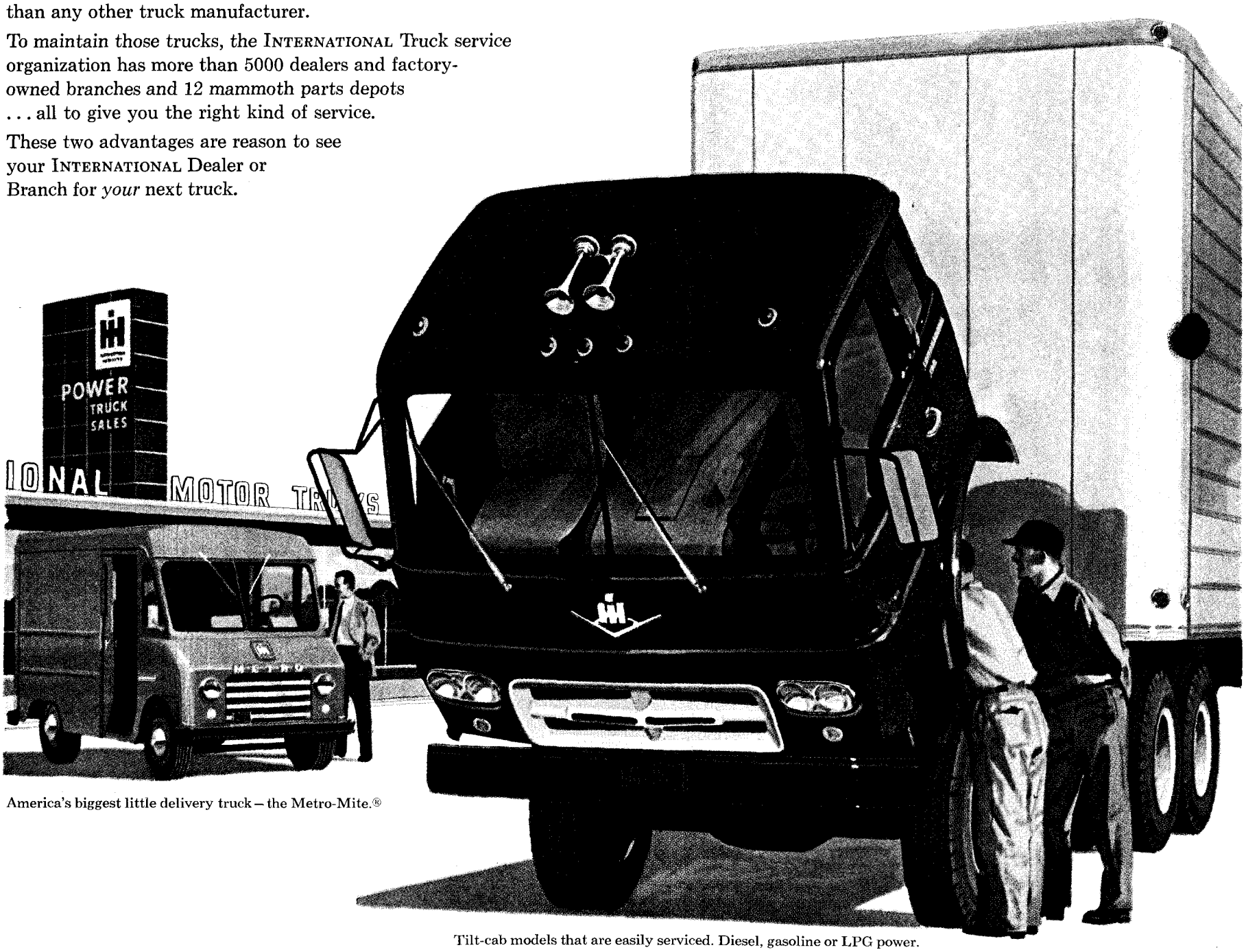
To maintain those trucks, the INTERNATIONAL Truck service organization has more than 5000 dealers and factory-owned branches and 12 mammoth parts depots . . . all to give you the right kind of service.

These two advantages are reason to see your INTERNATIONAL Dealer or Branch for *your* next truck.



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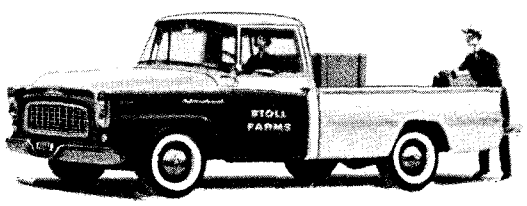
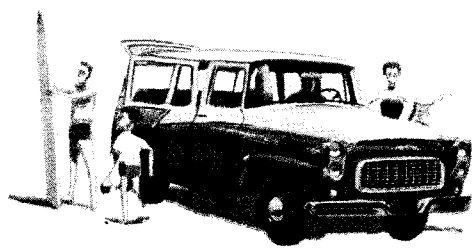
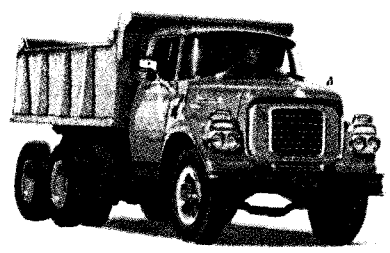


Extra-roomy Bonus-Load pickup



Versatile eight-passenger Travelall®



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Interstate 30 in Texas, 10 miles east of Dallas. ***Another highway of new-type concrete.***

SUCH PERMANENT QUIET...EXTRA COOLNESS, TOO, ARE BUILT INTO EVERY MILE OF ***NEW-TYPE CONCRETE!***

(No pavement could be stronger . . .

The happy miles whirl away smoothly under your wheels! You listen, but there's not a "thump" to hear or feel. This is new-type concrete. It's *sound conditioned* . . . laid continuously, with only narrow sawed-in cushion slits.

Life's easier for your tires, too. New-type concrete is *flat*—no waves and dips. Your tires do less flexing. Less flexing means less heat. Less heat—longer tire life. These benefits, like all the others you get with concrete, are *lasting* ones. New-type concrete is solid man-made rock that actually *grows stronger with age.* Adding to its "muscle" are specially designed subbases.

Even freezing and de-icing chemicals can't roughen new-type concrete. Billions of pinpoint bubbles put into it by "air entrainment" give built-in weather-proofing. There's built-in safety, too, with concrete's quick-stop grainy surface and its light color for better nighttime visibility.

As a taxpayer, consider this: only new-type concrete enables engineers to design highways expected to last *50 years and more*—with maintenance costs as much as *60% lower* than for asphalt. The moderate first cost isn't just a down payment! You can see why new-type concrete is preferred for the Interstate System.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION *A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete*

Newest Interstate System route to be completed in concrete. Interstate 83 . . . 70 miles of 4-lane highway connecting Harrisburg, Pa. and Baltimore, Md. Thousands of miles of new-type concrete are already in use on vital sections of other Interstate routes now being completed.

FOR HIGHWAYS WITH A SOLID FUTURE

NEW-TYPE Concrete

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this is the *Elegance* of the 'BOTANY' 500 LOOK

With an eye for good taste and the sensitive touch of a master, Daroff styles famous 'Botany' 500 clothes.

SPECTACULAR 2/80's™, a suit prized for its lightness and coolness. The fabric is a blend of the world's rarest wool and Dacron*. Its unusual qualities are yours to enjoy for only $65. Other 'Botany' 500 lightweight suits from $52.50.

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*DuPont Trademark for Polyester Fiber.
With the Added Quality Feature: Sanitized® Lining for HYGIENIC FRESHNESS

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL...for the Suit, Topcoat, Sport Coat and Slacks designed together as "Compatibles" to be worn together...in a pattern and color, fabric and model to please you. At your 'BOTANY' 500 dealer or write: **H. DAROFF & SONS, INC.,** 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Prices slightly higher in the West.

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BFG report to homemakers

"P-F"®:

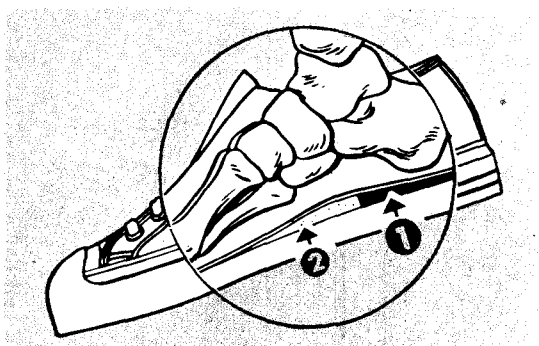
the wedge that put extra comfort into canvas shoes!

As every mother knows, separating a youngster from his "sneakers" is a *job.* From kindergarteners to teens, canvas shoes are a favorite. They're cool, comfortable, and, "Mom, *everybody* wears 'em!"

Millions of mothers are one step ahead of the game when it comes to buying canvas shoes for their families. These Moms look

for the green and white "P-F" on the heels of canvas shoes for their youngsters. "P-F" means the shoes have The Wedge; The Wedge means comfort.

Here's how it came about: B.F.Goodrich and Hood Footwear began research to see if canvas shoes could be built to help lessen foot fatigue and leg muscle strain. Normal



"P-F" means Posture Foundation

1. The important "P-F" rigid wedge helps keep the body weight on the outside of the normal foot, decreasing foot and leg muscle strain.
2. Sponge rubber cushion.

feet are usually more comfortable when body weight is placed on their outside border. So BFG and Hood devised a shoe to fit the pattern of a normal, healthy foot. Then they slipped a small rubber wedge under the insole of the shoe, where the heel would rest. Just ahead of the wedge a soft cushion of sponge rubber was placed, to fit under the sensitive arch.

The result was a highly comfortable shoe which helped proper weight distribution to the outside border of the feet. Best of all, the principle assisted in lessening foot and leg muscle fatigue, helped improve the endurance of the wearer and let him go full speed longer!

BFG and Hood called their idea "Posture Foundation." On heels of shoes equipped with it, they put a green and white "P-F" label.

Today millions of pre-high-school youngsters demand "P-F's" because they are sure the shoes help them run faster and jump higher. And, of course, "P-F's" do give the impression of extra agility because of the helpful "P-F" wedge. Teen-agers, too, insist upon "P-F's" because the styling is so right.

And to make everybody happy, BFG and Hood have applied "P-F" to almost all the shoes in their line, making a great selection of shoes for grown-ups, too.

Every shoe you see here is designed for comfort with Posture Foundation. See your BFG or Hood dealer soon!

For information on where to buy B.F.Goodrich or Hood Footwear products, write: President's Office, The B.F.Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.

B.F.Goodrich

Shoes that feel as good as they look

HOOD

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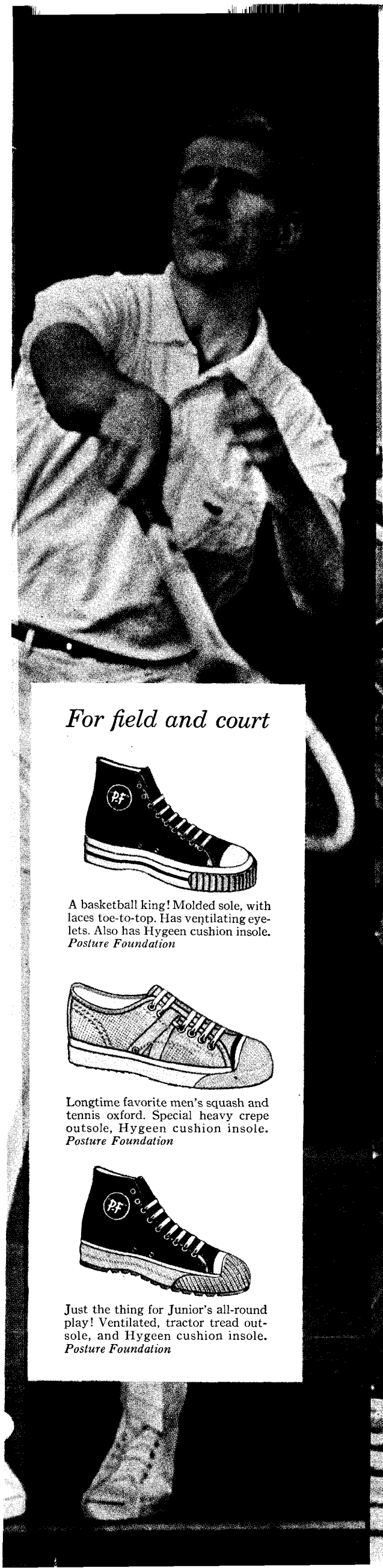

For field and court

A basketball king! Molded sole, with laces toe-to-top. Has ventilating eyelets. Also has Hygeen cushion insole.
Posture Foundation

Longtime favorite men's squash and tennis oxford. Special heavy crepe outsole, Hygeen cushion insole.
Posture Foundation

Just the thing for Junior's all-round play! Ventilated, tractor tread outsole, and Hygeen cushion insole.
Posture Foundation

For family fun

Shoe for youngsters—play-time colors! Rubber toe-cap, easy three-eyelet lacing. Hygeen cushion insole.
Posture Foundation

Fun for the sand-pile group! Elasticized instep slip-on. Has Hygeen cushion insole, with crepe design outsole.
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For dad's lazy-day activity—a thick mid-sole with raised heel. Coarse crepe outsole, Hygeen cushion insole.
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For the prep set

Court and all-purpose shoe. Non-skid outsole with Hygeen cushion insole and ventilating eyelets.
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Newest on campus—a corduroy oxford in gorgeous colors. Hygeen cushion insole, stylish velvety look!
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The girl's casual shoe for school. Classic design in white, circular vamp oxford. Hygeen cushion insole.
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Whatever the size of you

there's a FRIGIDAIRE FOOD

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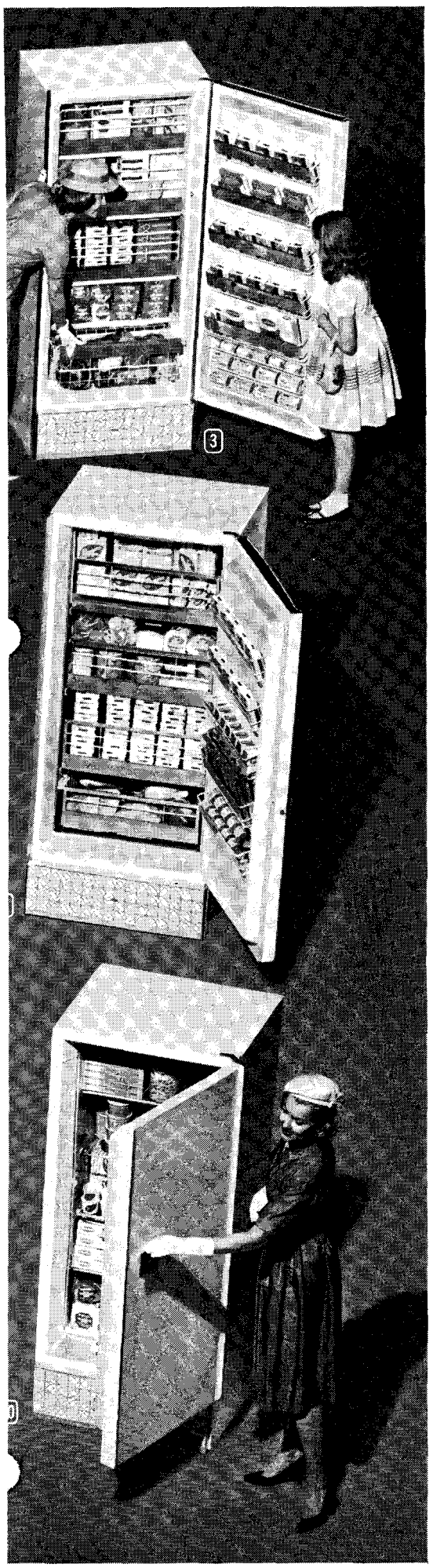
amily, home or budget...

FREEZER designed for you!



HERE'S YOUR SHOPPING GUIDE to food freezers from the most famous name in refrigeration! Get Frigidaire quality, Frigidaire service, the dependability and economy of the Meter-Miser cold maker. 10 different models. Priced right for every family, every budget!

Want the new wonder of no frost to defrost?

Frigidaire FROST-PROOF Freezers give you not just automatic defrosting but NO FROST AT ALL! No frost on packages or freezer walls! No messy defrosting, ever! More food space with no frost! Fast freezing everywhere—even in the door! Want *more* storage space in *less* floor space? Choose a model with Frigi-Foam Insulation. Own a Frigidaire FROST-PROOF Food Freezer and enjoy FREEZING without FROST!

[1] **FROST-PROOF DeLuxe.** 11.77 cu. ft.; 412-lb. capacity. Holds over 5 months' supply of frozen food for family of 4! New Magnetic Door Seal. 5 full-width door shelves with lift off fronts. H—64"; W—32"; D—30⅛". As little as $3.92 a week!*
Model UFPD-12-60.

[2] **FROST-PROOF DeLuxe.** 15.95 cu. ft.; 558-lb. capacity. Stores enough food to feed a family of 4 nearly 6 months! Sliding Basket-Drawer. Frigi-Foam Insulation. Sculptured Sheer Look beauty. H—69¾"; W—32"; D—30¼". As low as $5.10 a week!*
Model UFPD-16-60.

[3] **FROST-PROOF Imperial.** 15.95 cu. ft.; 558-lb. capacity. Stores over ¼ ton of frozen food *without frost!* Every advanced feature including Frigi-Foam Insulation. In 5 colors or *white*. H—69¾"; W—32"; D—30¼". As little as $5.51 a week!*
Model UFPI-16-60.

Want extra value? Extra features? Extra space?

Want to enjoy the finest in eating? Beat those food budget blues? Want real, honest-to-goodness *Frigidaire* quality at a price? It's all yours with a space-saving Frigidaire Upright Food Freezer—in the *right* size for *your* family—all the way from 12 to 20 cubic feet! Every one a *beautiful* buy!

[4] **DeLuxe Upright.** 12.29 cu. ft.; 430-lb. capacity. Space enough for nearly a whole side of beef! New Magnetic Door Seal holds air-tight all around. 4 deep door shelves. A Sheer Look lovely! H—64"; W—32"; D—29⅛". As low as $3.13 a week!*
Model UFD-12-60.

[5] **DeLuxe Upright.** 15.01 cu. ft.; 525-lb. capacity—space to store over 600 packages of today's delicious frozen foods! Big Sliding Basket-Drawer. 4 spacious full-width shelves. Meter-Miser economy. H—69¾"; W—32"; D—30⅛". As little as $3.63 a week!*
Model UFD-15-60.

[6] **DeLuxe Upright.** 20.59 cu. ft.; 720-lb. capacity—equivalent to the space needed to store the strawberries for 3,400 shortcakes—enough for an average high school! Juice can rack. H—70"; W—only 36⅛"; D—32⅛". As low as $4.59 a week!*
Model UFD-21-60.

[7] **Imperial Upright.** 15.01 cu. ft.; 525-lb. capacity. Room enough to store and serve Sunday Dinner for 18 months to a family of 4! Every most-wanted convenience feature *plus* the Sculptured Sheer Look! H—69¾"; W—32"; D—30¼". As low as $4.56 a week!*
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Want big-family thriftiness? Farm-size capacity?

Want performance-proved Frigidaire *quality* construction that's built better to last longer? Want year-in, year-out dependability? Prefer a chest-type freezer? Your Frigidaire Dealer has it—and your budget will cheer the price!

[8] **Chest-Type.** 13.52 cu. ft.; 473-lb. capacity. Imagine—enough freezer space to store 75 gallons of ice cream! Slide-Aside Storage Basket. Quick-Freezing Shelf. Feather-lift lid. Keeps all foods "wrapped in cold." H—35¾"; W—53¾"; D—29½". As little as $3.13 a week!*
Model CFB-14.

[9] **Chest-Type.** 19.55 cu. ft.; 684-lb. capacity. That's enough room to store over 600 frozen pies! Quick-Freezing Shelf. Built-in lock. 2 Slide-Aside Storage Baskets. H—35¾"; W—70⅜"; D—29½". A really *big* buy for as little as $4.25 a week!*
Model CFB-20.

*After small down payment.

Want the Value Buy of the year?

[10] You've never seen a Frigidaire Food Freezer at a price *this* low! It's new. 10.39 cu. ft. An Upright. 363-lb. capacity. Just right for a family of 4! Let your Frigidaire Dealer *whisper the price*. It will amaze you!
Model UFD-10-60.

Check the Frigidaire Food Freezer that's right for your family, home and budget. Then take this advertisement to your nearest Frigidaire Dealer—your "Food Freezer headquarters!"

FEEL LIKE A QUEEN WITH ANY FRIGIDAIRE FOOD FREEZER

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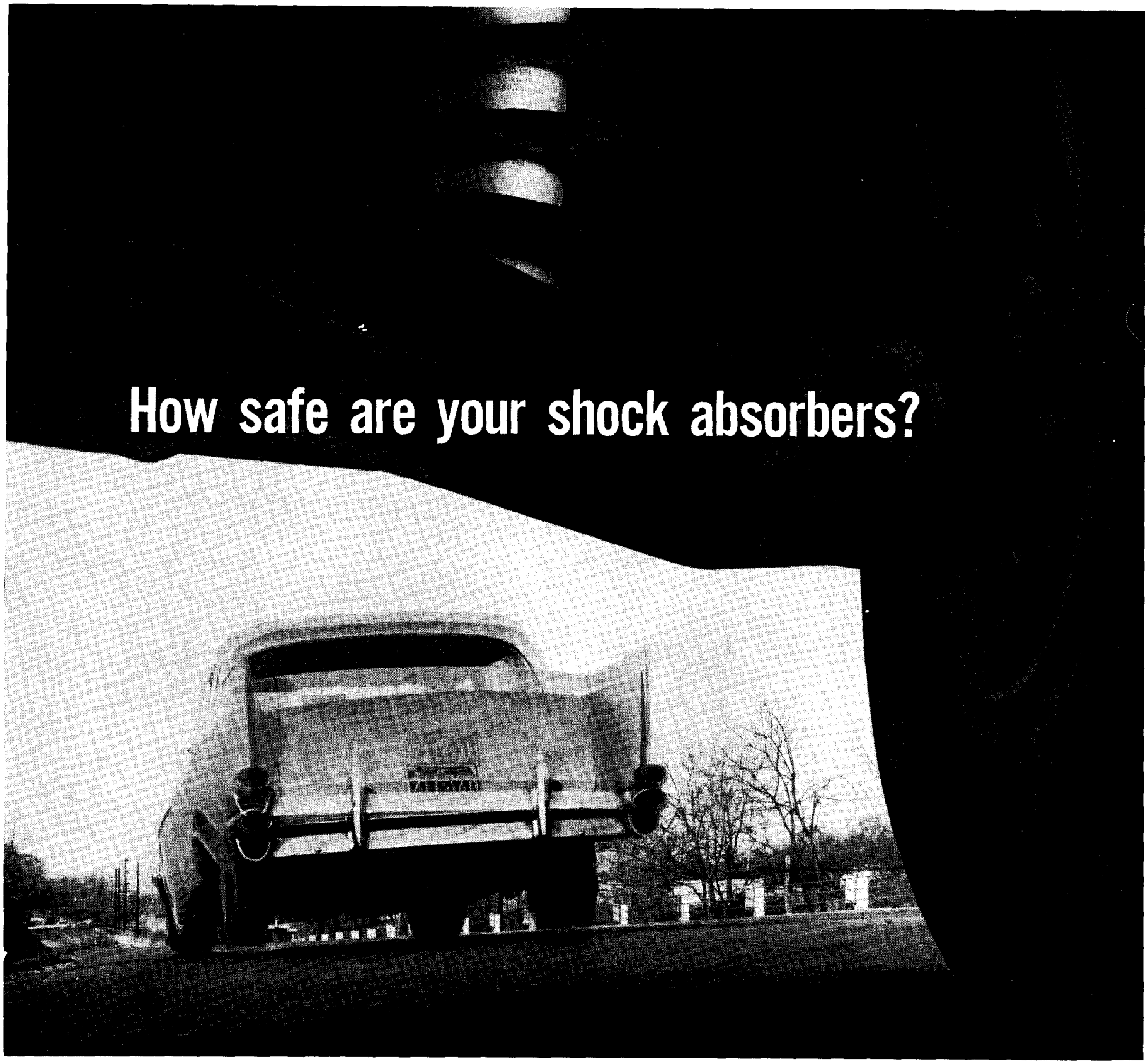

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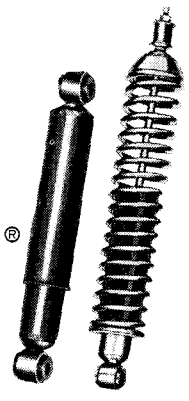

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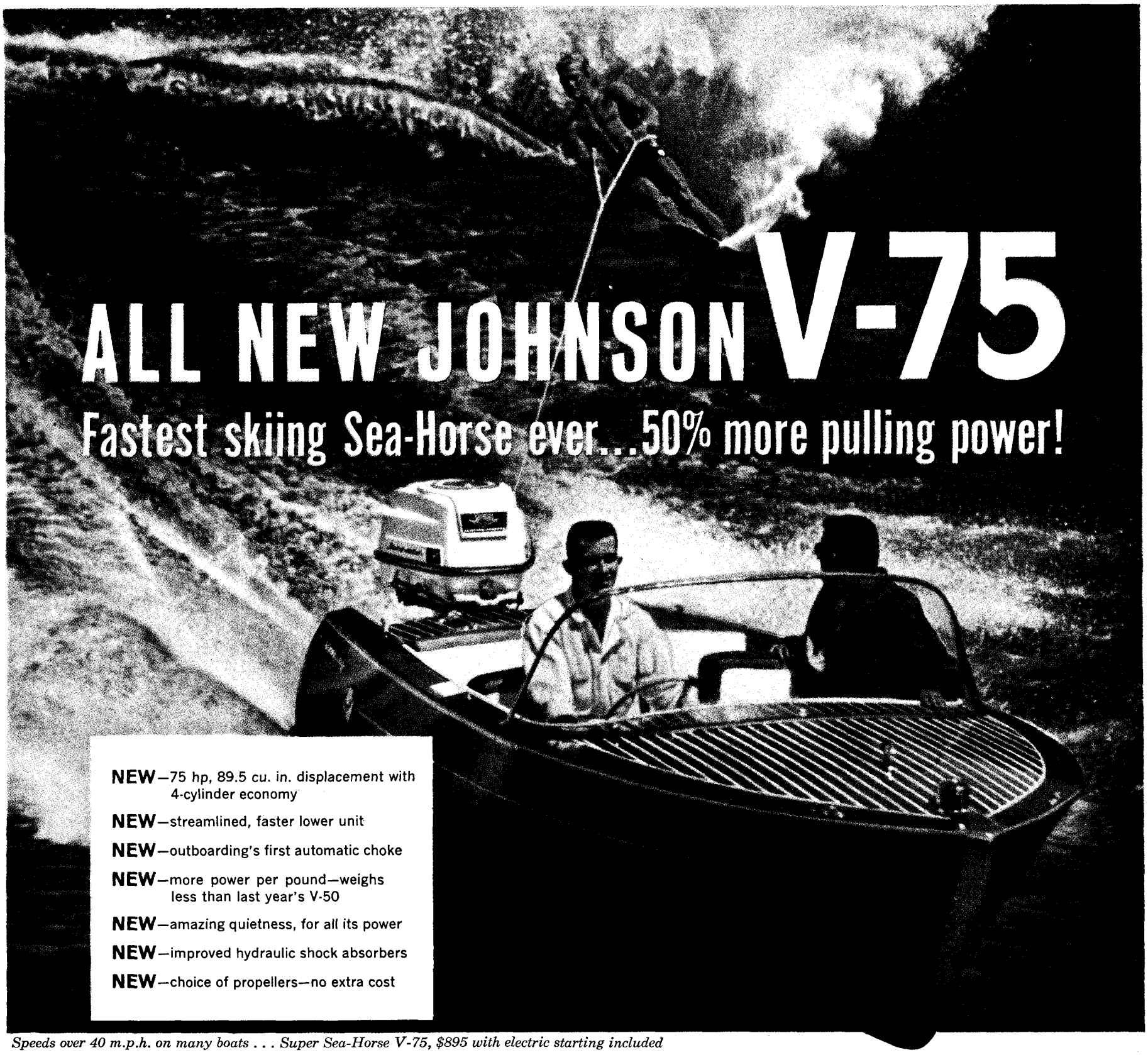
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NEW—outboarding's first automatic choke
NEW—more power per pound—weighs less than last year's V-50
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Speeds over 40 m.p.h. on many boats . . . Super Sea-Horse V-75, $895 with electric starting included

MORE SPEED-MORE POWER-FROM THE WORLD'S MOST DEPENDABLE OUTBOARDS!

This motor is the choice of the champions! Nancie Rideout, Buster McCalla and Mike Osborne are among the many tournament-winning water skiers who say the Super Sea-Horse V-75 gives the fastest, smoothest ride they've ever had behind an outboard. And not-so-expert skiers are equally enthusiastic. You'll be thrilled by its effortless, deep-water pick-up and fast, flat-waked scamper. Whatever your pleasure afloat, this great new Sea-Horse gives you *more* of what you want. It's whisper-quiet and velvet-smooth as only a Johnson *balanced-firing* "V" engine can be—and it's dependable as only Johnson's two-million-motor experience can make it. See all seven outstanding new Sea-Horses for '60, from 3 to 75 hp, now on display at your Johnson dealer's. He's listed under "Outboard Motors" in the Yellow Pages. Prices start at $160, f.o.b. factory, subject to change.

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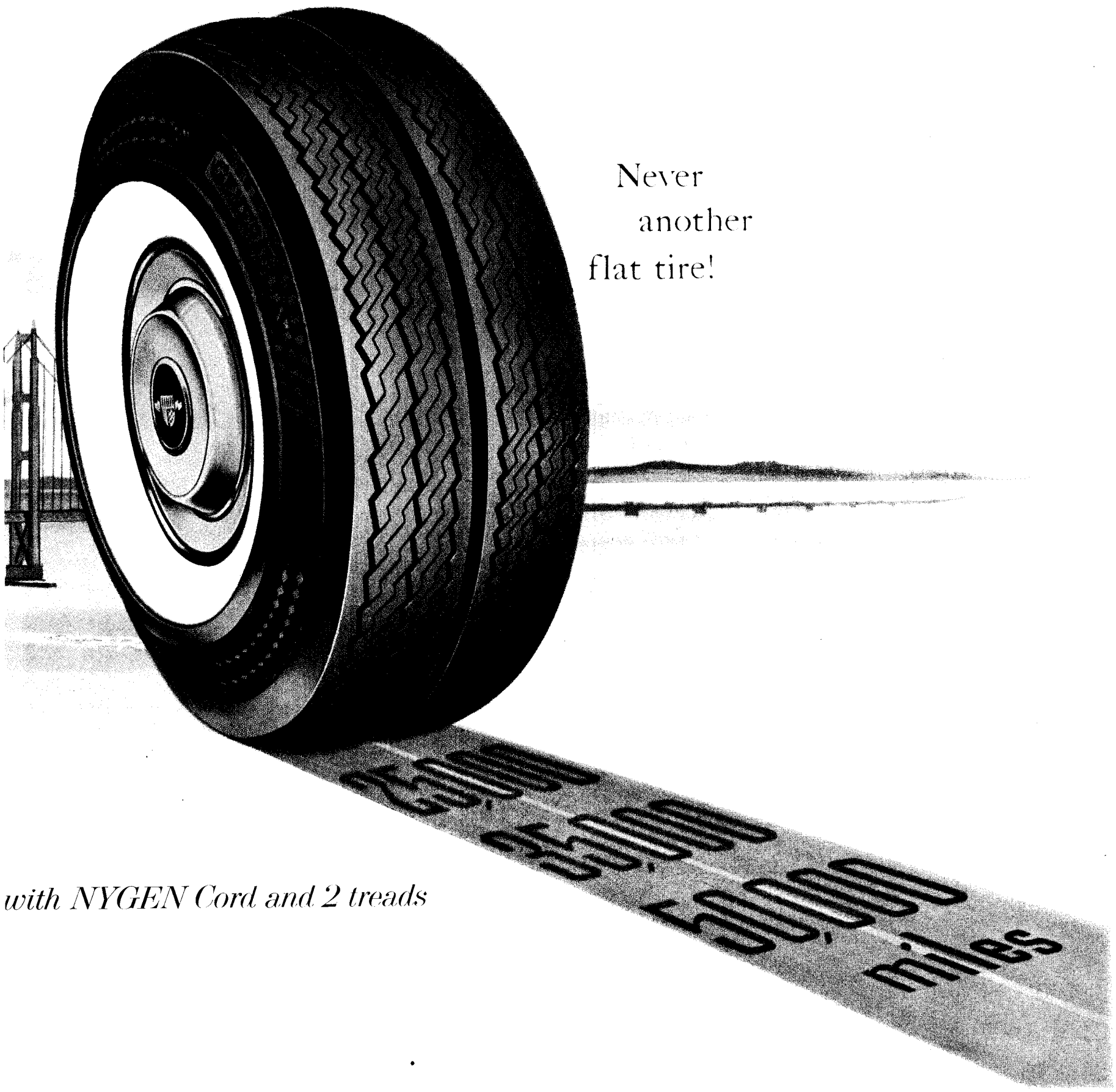

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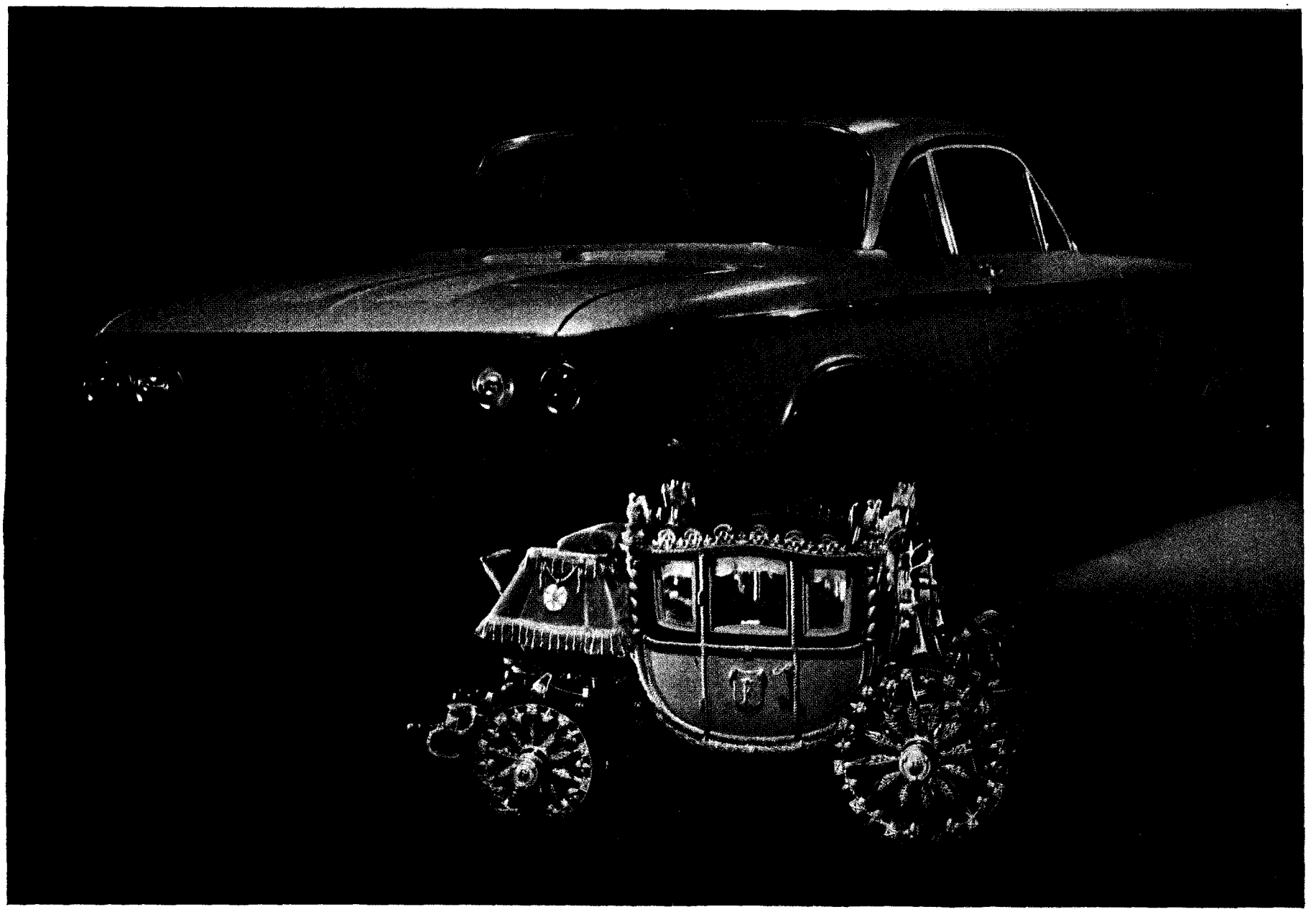

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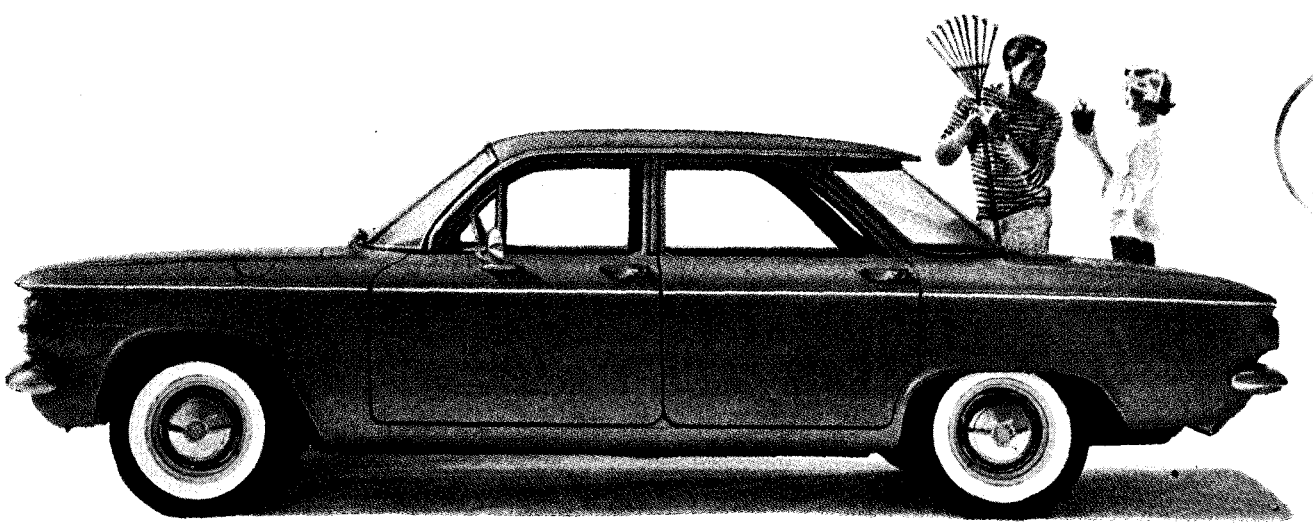

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The Saturday Evening
POST

HOW MY COMRADES LIVE

A Communist reveals what the daily existence of the Soviet people is really like.

BEGINNING ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

"Joseph Novak" is the pen name of a satellite citizen, a career man behind the Iron Curtain who recently completed a two-year sojourn in the Soviet Union. He lived all that time with plain Russian people, speaking their language, sharing their lives and their thoughts in an intimacy denied to diplomats and foreign journalists. Novak's inside report on Soviet man—his hopes, his secret fears and his shocking prejudices—begins here in the first of three articles. All are adapted from his book, *The Future Is Ours, Comrade*, published this week by Doubleday and Company. —THE EDITORS

Among the young, the author notes in this series, marriage is often "strategic"—contracted to avoid assignments to remote, difficult posts.

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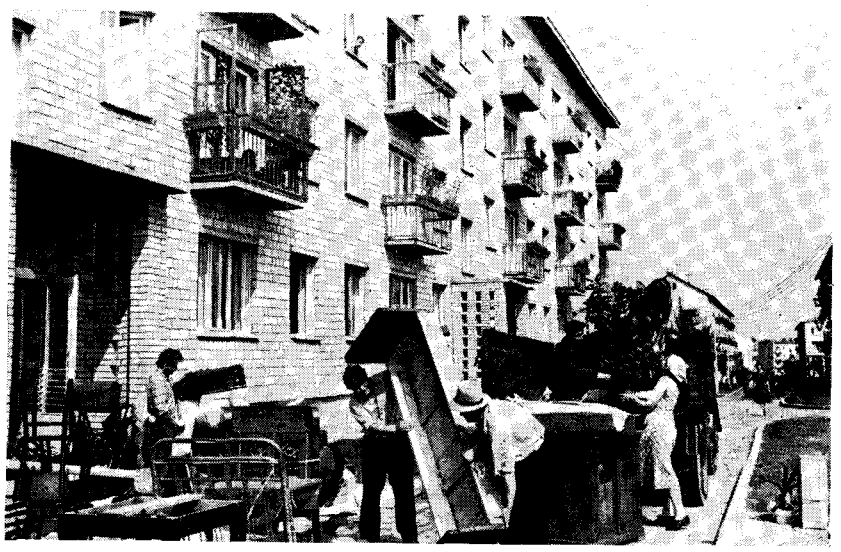
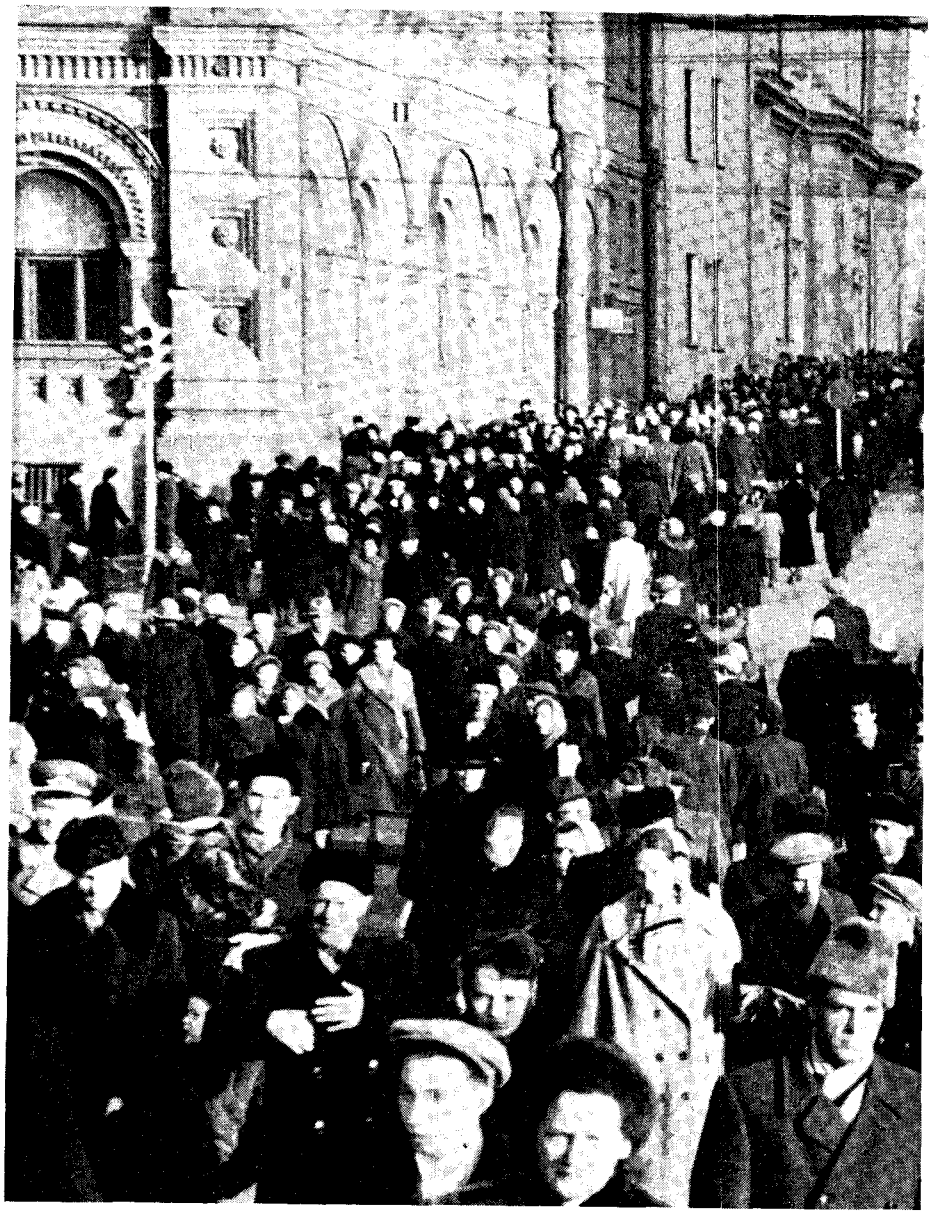


This family of six is moving into a two-room apartment. By Russian standards they are lucky. The housing shortage is so critical that 20 people may live in three rooms.



HOW MY COMRADES LIVE

First of three parts

MOSCOW, CITY OF DISCONTENT

We met as strangers, sharing a table in the crowded dining car of a train that was bound for Moscow.

When I introduced myself, speaking in Russian, the man opposite thawed enough to identify himself as a Soviet diplomat. I told him that I was a satellite citizen, paying my first visit to the Soviet Union.

"I plan a long stay," I said. "I want to study the U.S.S.R. seriously."

He beamed. "Young man," he said, "you are very lucky to be visiting a country that is altering contemporary history. Our today is tomorrow for your country, and the day after tomorrow for the whole world."

The train clicked rhythmically over the tracks. Outside the windows a never-ending landscape of fields, trees and spots of green moved slowly by. Small houses or cabins leaped into view suddenly, then disappeared.

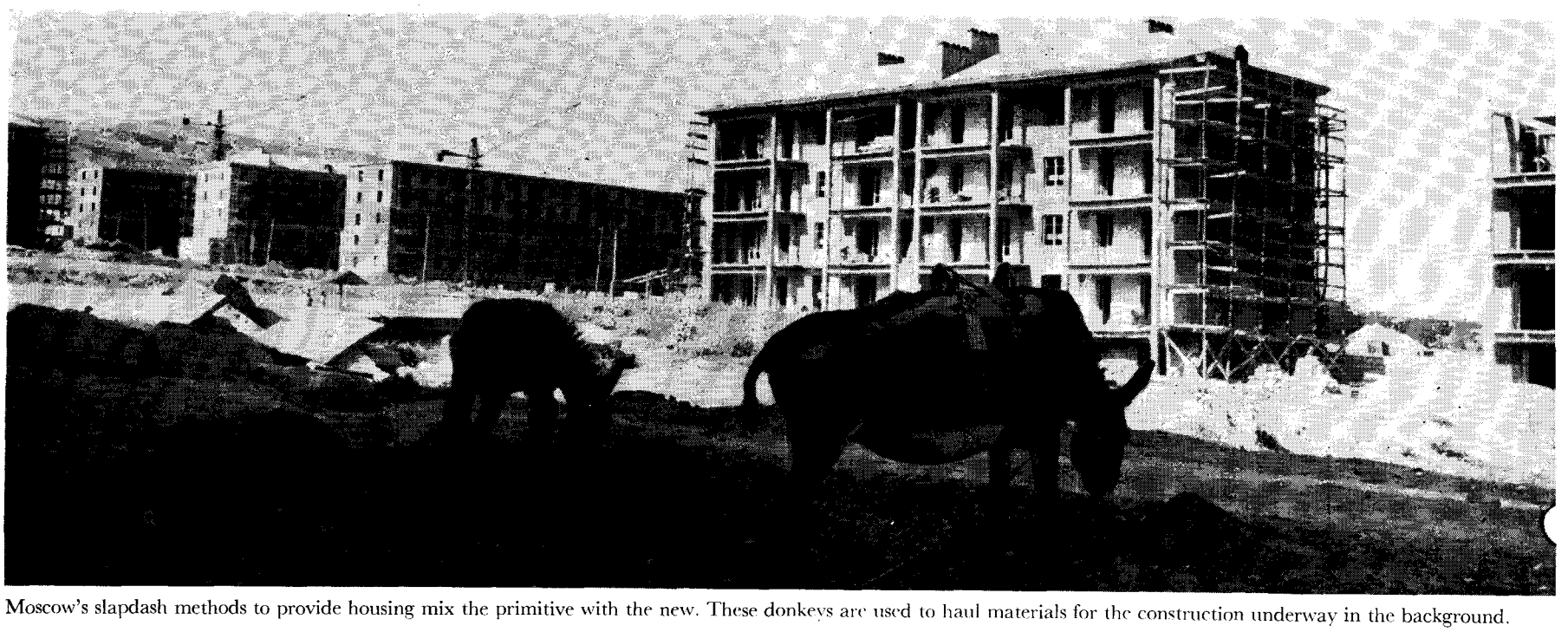
"You must bear in mind," the diplomat continued, "that the U.S.S.R. is a huge country. If you try to see everything, you'll end up seeing nothing. I'd advise you to concentrate on some specific field. The greatest pride of Russia, the main Soviet contribution to the march of mankind, is the Soviet man, the citizen of the first socialist country of the world. Fascinating scenery, heterogeneous cultures, and monumental architecture may be found all over the world. But the generations of *new people*, raised by us, can be found only in the U.S.S.R.

"Try to find in the daily life of the Soviet people the mechanism shaping the New Man, to whom the Soviet present belongs, and to whom will belong the future of the world ——"

The train braked sharply. Hurriedly the diplomat finished his compote.

"Here we are, it's Moscow. Do you want me to give you a lift? I have a car waiting. No? Well, then, good luck, young man. *Vsyevo kharoshevo!*"

My stay in the Soviet Union was quite unusual. As a minor bureaucrat from one of the



Moscow's slapdash methods to provide housing mix the primitive with the new. These donkeys are used to haul materials for the construction underway in the background.

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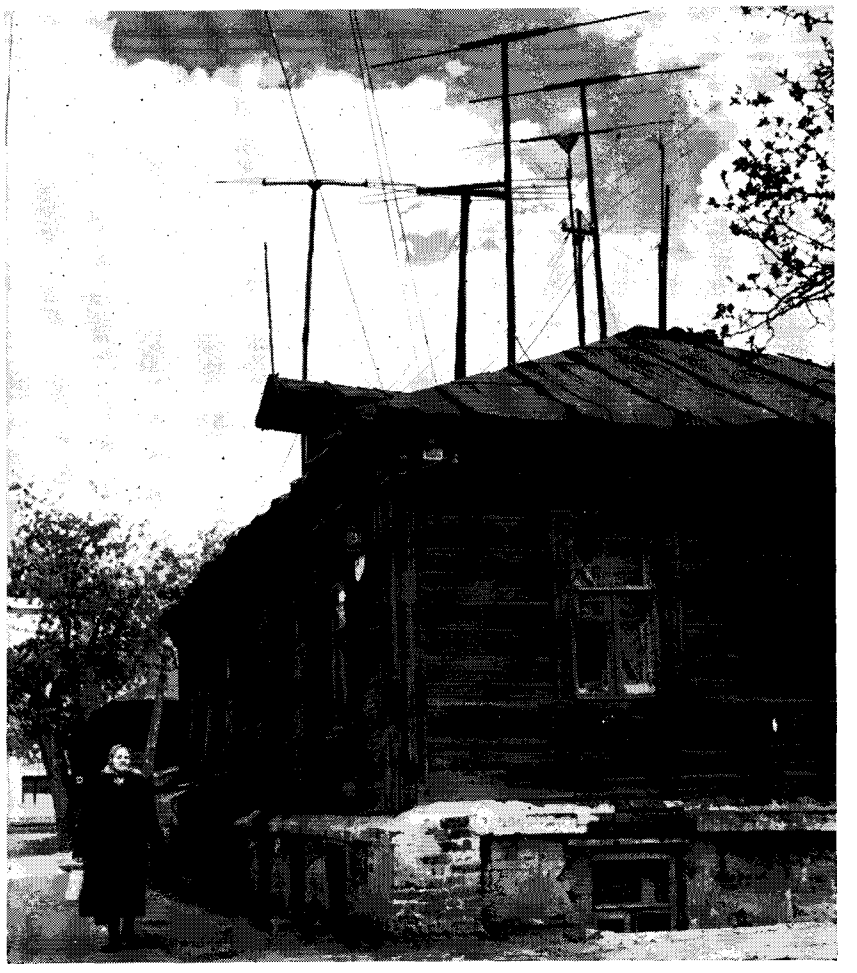
Left: Strollers on Gorki Street, the Fifth Avenue of Moscow, with St. Basil's Cathedral in the background. Walking through the city's broad, handsome streets helps Muscovites forget the dreary atmosphere of their own homes.

In Russia—as in America—many of the poorest families own television sets. These TV aerials indicate the multiple-family occupancy of this tumble-down dwelling.



satellite countries, enjoying the confidence of a number of highly situated U.S.S.R. officials, I had been invited to Russia for a prolonged visit and was allowed to do pretty much as I pleased.

Because I wanted to know what the daily life of the average Soviet man was like, I didn't ask for permanent quarters. Instead I made it a habit to ask people I met—and I met many—to let me stay with them for a night or two. So I lived in and visited homes of every description—apartments in the solid buildings of the czarist era, small wooden huts from the same era, apartments in houses built in "Soviet times" after 1917, in the 1930–39 period, and in entirely new housing projects of the 1945–57 period.

In the Soviet Union the basis for assigning people to an apartment is not the number of rooms in the apartment or the family bonds of the people in it, but the size of the living area—so many square feet, so many persons. This rule applies even if the apartment has only one room, and the persons are of different sexes and ages and total strangers to one another. The Residential Buildings Administration and the Housing Office make the decisions.

"Ours is the most difficult housing situation in Europe," a Russian newspaperman told me, "and there won't be any change for years to come." He was something of an expert, since he had to answer letters on this problem from readers of his paper.

"To our housing authorities," he told me, "the most important fact is that a man must live under a roof. Living in the streets, for example, would injure 'the honor of socialism.' But when twenty people live in a small three-room apartment, this honor is saved.

"The trouble is that industrialization of post-Revolutionary Russia brought hundreds of thousands of people from rural districts into the cities. Up to 1935 no mass renovation of housing was (Continued on Page 76)

Young folk dancers in a city park. By encouraging such "group activity" from a child's earliest years, the Communists condition him in "mass living."

Here two little students in one of the state-owned kindergartens admire a statue of an idealized schoolgirl.

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"This is your butterfly," she said.
"No one can take it from you."

A NEW SHORT STORY BY PEARL S. BUCK

THE SILVER BUTTERFLY

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BAMA

The man began to speak. "I tell you of my mother ——"

I closed my eyes in the hot darkness of a summer's night in Hong Kong. The man had refused to enter my room unless it was dark. He had slipped over the border of mainland China and he did not want me to see his face, only to hear his voice, his words.

The words ceased to be the spoken words of a man; the voice ceased to be the voice of a man. They were instruments, revealing to me in the harsh new light of today, a well-remembered scene. My imagination, living through the instruments, re-created the past. A village by the Yangtze River—and how often I had seen such villages, each a cluster of the brick-walled, tile-roofed houses of central China! On the street among poorer houses there was a gate opening into a walled compound. Inside were the courtyards of the landowners, rich by village standards, possessing perhaps twenty acres of land, which was perhaps twenty times what the other men in the village owned individually. This was his father and he was rich in more than land, for he had a concubine, perhaps more than one, but at least one.

"She was my mother," the voice in the darkness said.

Ah, here was the story. She was his mother. In the old days the tie between mother and son was very close among the Chinese. Young soldiers, village boys snatched from the quiet dusty streets and forced into military service, would cry out for their mothers. "*Wo-tih Ma! Wo-tih Ma!*" Thus, when they were dying in the battles of revolution they cried aloud for their mothers. Once on the streets of Peking, when students had revolted against the local warlord and had been shot down by the soldiers, I had heard them cry for their mothers.

"I had a brother," the voice in the darkness was saying. "He died when he was five years old, before I was born. My mother always loved him better than she loved me. I know that because whenever she saw a little child about that age, a boy, she coaxed him to come to her and she fed him sweets. And I was the child of her old age. She was more than forty years old when I was born, and it was her disgrace to be so old and still giving birth. She fought for me, nevertheless. She made my father treat me well, as well as he did the children of his wife. She would not let him forget that whatever she was, I was his son. I remember that she was good to me. I owe her a debt so long as I live."

The voice was silent, a silence seeming very long, but perhaps not more than a full minute.

"Then the new people came in. My father was accused, as a landlord—and by his tenants. They could not have forgotten all that he had done for them, how he had forgiven them his share when the crop was poor, how he had helped them settle their disputes. But when the party members took control of my village, their job was to teach the people to hate. If the tenants did not demand the execution of the landlords they, too, would be punished. So, good and bad, the landlords had to die. The new order must be established, we were told. My father was hung up by his thumbs on the tall dragon tree in our main courtyard and then was flayed to death. We, his family, were compelled to watch this. Then we were separated, my half-brothers and their families dispersed. My wife and I and my mother were moved into a small mud-walled one-room house, which had formerly belonged to our gateman. I was given work to do as a bookkeeper for the co-operative, since I have some education. They were called co-operatives at first before the communes came. I had

(Continued on Page 80)

Fact or Fiction? When we first read this story by the famous Pulitzer-Prize-winning author of THE GOOD EARTH and other novels, we did not know whether it was a report of actual events or invention. So we asked Miss Buck. She replied that THE SILVER BUTTERFLY is a work of fiction—but closely based on fact. —The Editors

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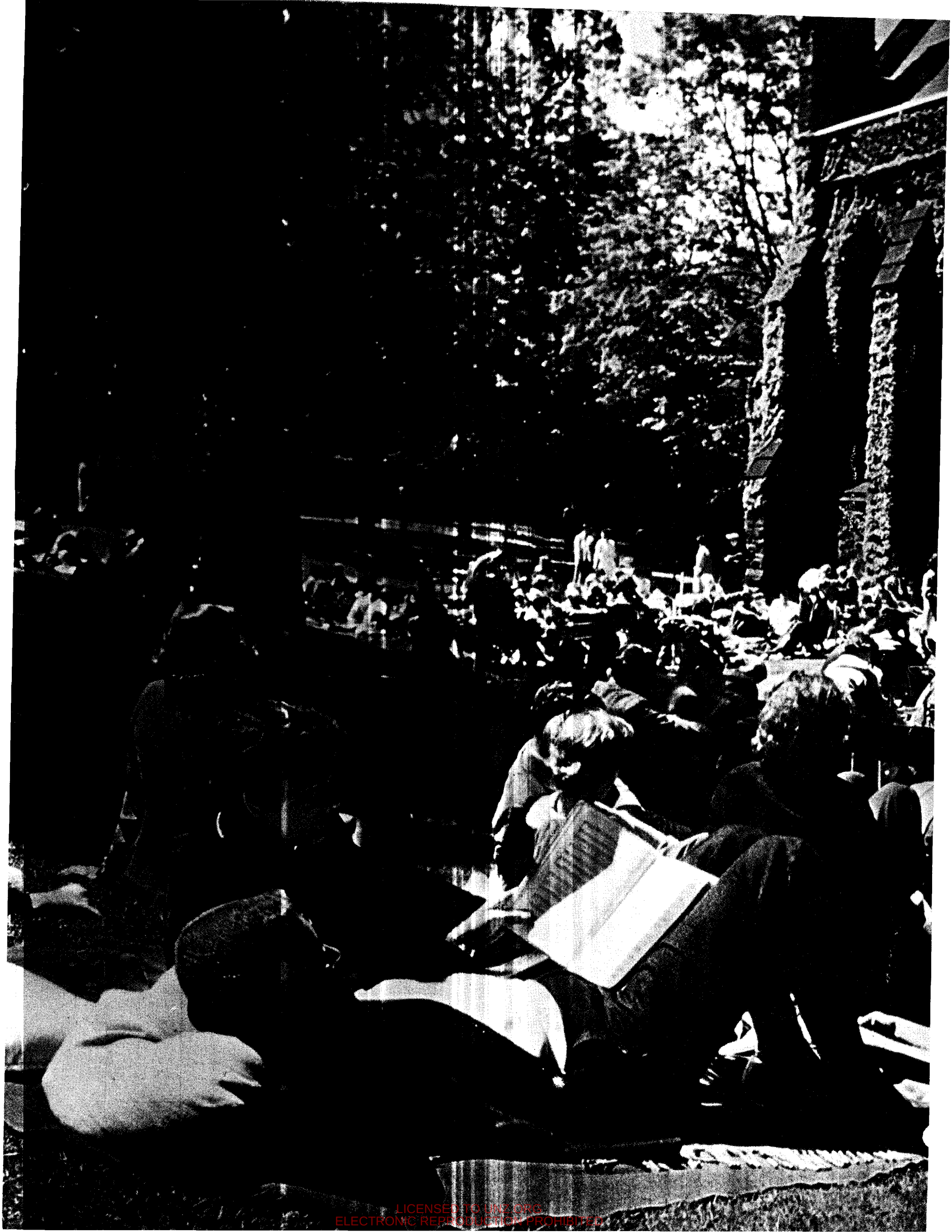

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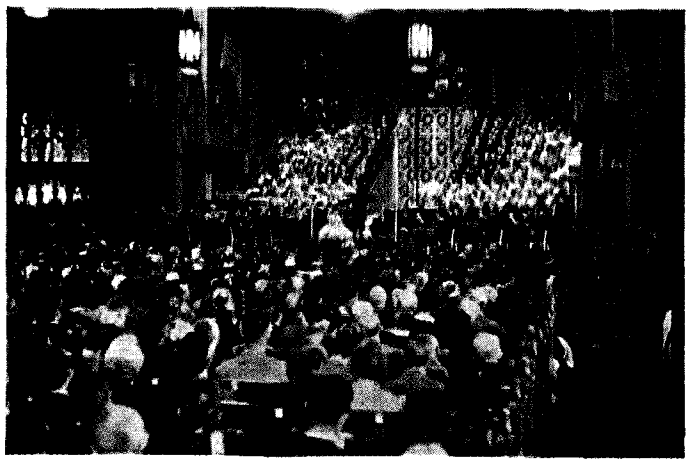
Magnificent Music

Two centuries after his death, Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750) is still acclaimed for his genius as a composer of church music. A modern critic has said, "He could force the most complex polyphony into the service of the profoundest emotional expression." In Bach's view, "The sole purpose of music is to glorify God." His feelings were shared by devout and musical Moravians who, in 1741, founded the city of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In 1898 the townspeople organized a Bach Choir which gains prestige with every passing year. There are 185 choristers now, Bethlehem housewives, students, executives and steel-mill workers, who rehearse nine months in the year. Now, in the second and third weekends of May, they are presenting the fifty-third Bach Festival, backed by a fifty-piece orchestra. Once again devotees swarm over the Lehigh University campus, jamming chapel pews (below). Others, overflowing the lawn, listen through opened windows to cantata, motet, and the immortal *Mass in B Minor*. Some follow the printed scores, bemused by a splendor of sound, Bach's offering *in nomine Jesu*. Photographs by Larry Fried



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"Don't you know it's dog eat dog here, Ben?"

EASY VICTIM

Was he a fool to have been so trusting?

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

On a late afternoon Peggy Weeden waited in the car and watched her husband go from house to house, selling—no, trying to sell—sets of world-literature books.

A wolf-pack wind snarled through the street, and she tugged at her coat, which was scarcely ample enough to cover her bulky pregnancy. She couldn't bear to watch Ben—to see all those doors open only a crack to him and then close, to see his shoulders slumping more and more in defeat. So she kept her eyes on the old graystone mansion on the corner, sitting like a proud aristocrat in this seedy street of the city.

Here was Ben approaching the last house in the block—the corner mansion.

He stopped at the car, and his grin was worn and frayed. "It's no use, Peg. Wasn't I the dope to leave a nice little burg and think I could sell these books while I got a degree at the U?"

With the wind whipping his dark hair that needed cutting, with his leather coat short in the sleeves and his chapped hands gripping his cheap briefcase, he seemed suddenly even younger than nineteen, and she, in a fierce maternal ache, felt older than eighteen—older than he. Her smile, too, was wobbly.

He started toward the house, turned back to add, "This is it. One more banged door—and we might as well pack up and go back to my filling-station job in Markley. I'm just small-town stuff."

She watched his halting progress up the stone steps between the stone lions, and she hated the city for what it had done to him. She watched him lift the knocker on the wide door. She saw it open wide and admit him.

In a few minutes a glowing Ben was leaping down the steps and opening the car door. "He wants you to come in. He said you shouldn't be sitting out here in the cold. The swellest old guy—his name is Felix Brown. He says his father built this house, and he's lived here since he was ten. He knows all about books—and he's going to buy a set. Come on."

Old Felix Brown matched the house. Though his hair was like white floss silk and he walked with a cane, he ushered the Ben Weedens into a high-ceilinged room off the hall as though they were honored guests. He bowed the unwieldy Peggy to a leather chair beside the grate fire.

(Continued on Page 98)

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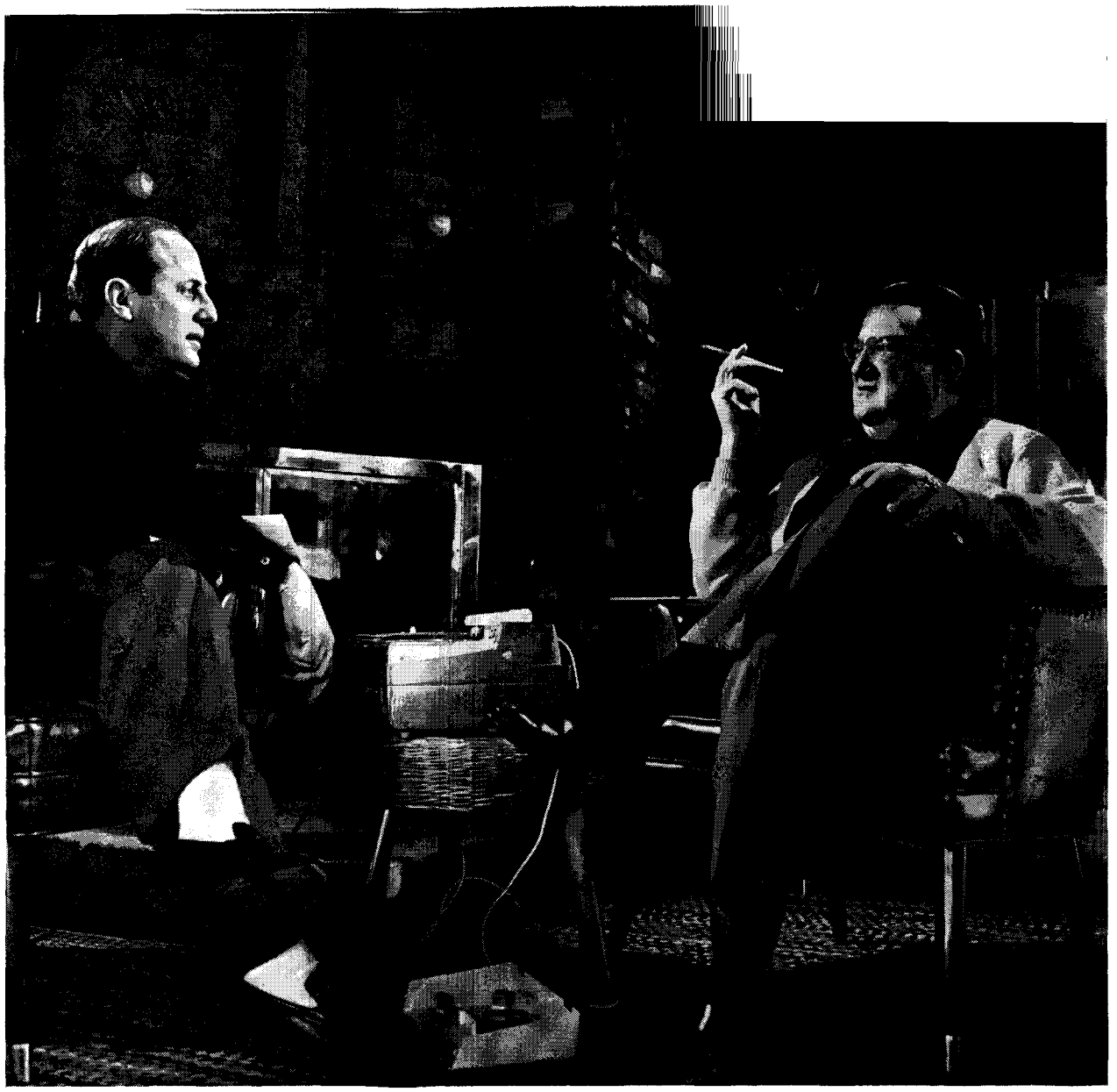

At left: the author with the Dodger boss in the O'Malley home at Lake Arrowhead, California.

A VISIT WITH WALTER O'MALLEY

By MELVIN DURSLAG

In spite of a raft of relocation problems, the controversial Mr. O'Malley's world-champion Dodgers are the most prosperous team in baseball.

It takes between two and two-and-a-half hours, depending upon traffic, to drive from Walter O'Malley's office in downtown Los Angeles to his home on the north shore of Lake Arrowhead in the San Bernardino Mountains. The distance is eighty-nine miles, of which the last twenty-four must be traversed over spiraling roads that ascend to 5200 feet and feature precipitous drops on the starboard side. Coming down the hill is less hazardous, except when winter snows leave the asphalt dangerously iced.

At the end of the journey is the $75,000 chalet to which O'Malley retreats each night from the rigors of running the Los Angeles Dodgers, the most prosperous franchise in baseball today. Sometimes, when business detains him in Los Angeles or when the Dodgers are playing a night game at home, he will sleep in a suite he maintains at the Statler Hilton Hotel.

Attired in an old pair of slacks and a red plaid shirt, and puffing his customary cigar in a holder, O'Malley welcomed me to Lake Arrowhead. He was deeply disturbed at the moment by a suspicion that the food freezer wasn't freezing. Walter cursed softly. "We'll test it," he said. "I'll put this tray of water in there and check it later."

On the kitchen wall, adjacent to the freezer, a sign read, "Keep Arrowhead green. Bring money."

The O'Malley home is a unique Alpine-type dwelling built in three staggered levels about 100 yards from the shore line, in a forest of cedar and pine. Mrs. O'Malley's description of the architecture is, "Crazy but comfortable." Scattered about the three levels are five bedrooms and three baths. The living room, located on the second level, commands a magnificent view of the lake, where the O'Malleys have a private boathouse and landing.

At fifty-six Walter is a rotund man of five-feet-ten and 240 pounds, with slick black hair and youthful brown eyes that flash from behind gold-rimmed spectacles. One of baseball's most controversial figures, O'Malley has been pictured by some critics as a cold schemer who would cast aside any loyalties in order to make a dollar. Others see him as a smart operator pursuing a maximum profit in the normal tradition of American business.

In Los Angeles, his operating base since 1958, O'Malley has been involved in a major land argument. Some citizens have resented the city's trading him 315 acres in an area called Chavez Ravine for Wrigley Field, which O'Malley purchased three years ago from Philip K. Wrigley, the Chicago Cubs' owner.

Shortly after the Los Angeles City Council had passed an ordinance embodying the contract between the city and the Dodgers, the anti-O'Malleys circulated a referendum petition on which they obtained 53,000 signatures, enough to put the question before the voters at the polls.

O'Malley was victorious by roughly 25,000 votes, but (Continued on Page 104)

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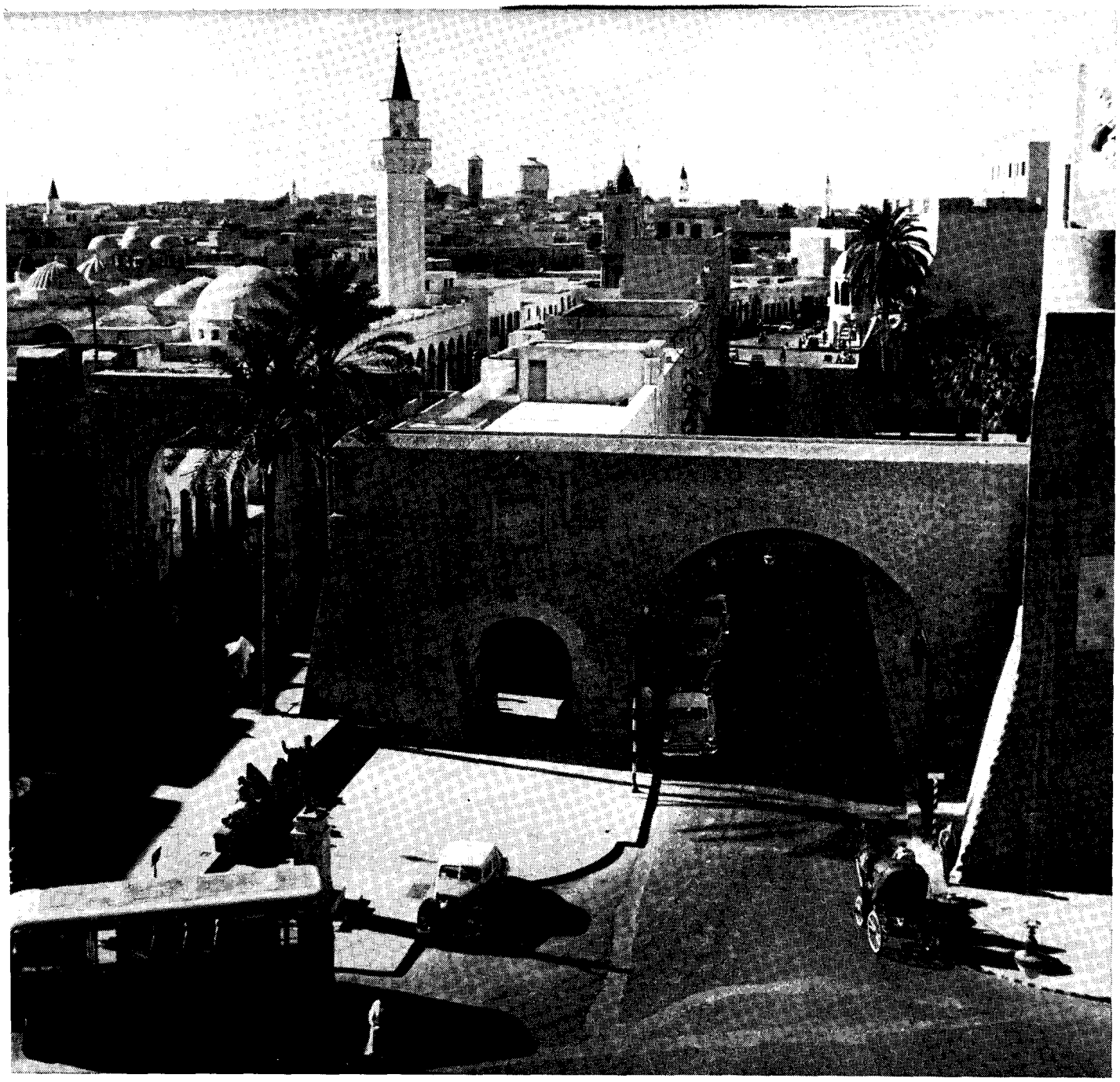


Tripoli, one of Libya's twin capitals. Here 170,000 people live in a "helter-skelter compromise" between the ancient and the new.

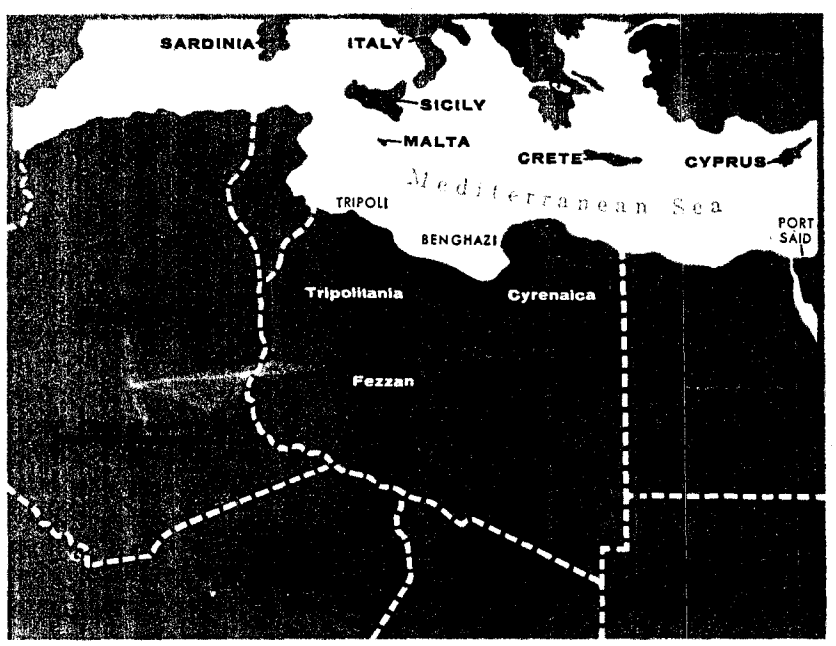
Above: King Idris, 70-year-old supreme ruler of Libya. Because of the unpopularity of his heir, Crown Prince Hassan (below), "the country's fate depends on the developments during the first 24 hours after the king's death," says one worried Libyan.

Country in Peril

Libya, a backward desert nation, will soon take its place among the five leading oil-producing areas in the world. Now, Pan-Arab firebrands reach hungrily for this prize.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Photographs by Claude Jacoby



Libya, which is more than twice as big as Texas, lies on Africa's strategic Mediterranean coast—and alongside Egypt and unpredictable, acquisitive Nasser.

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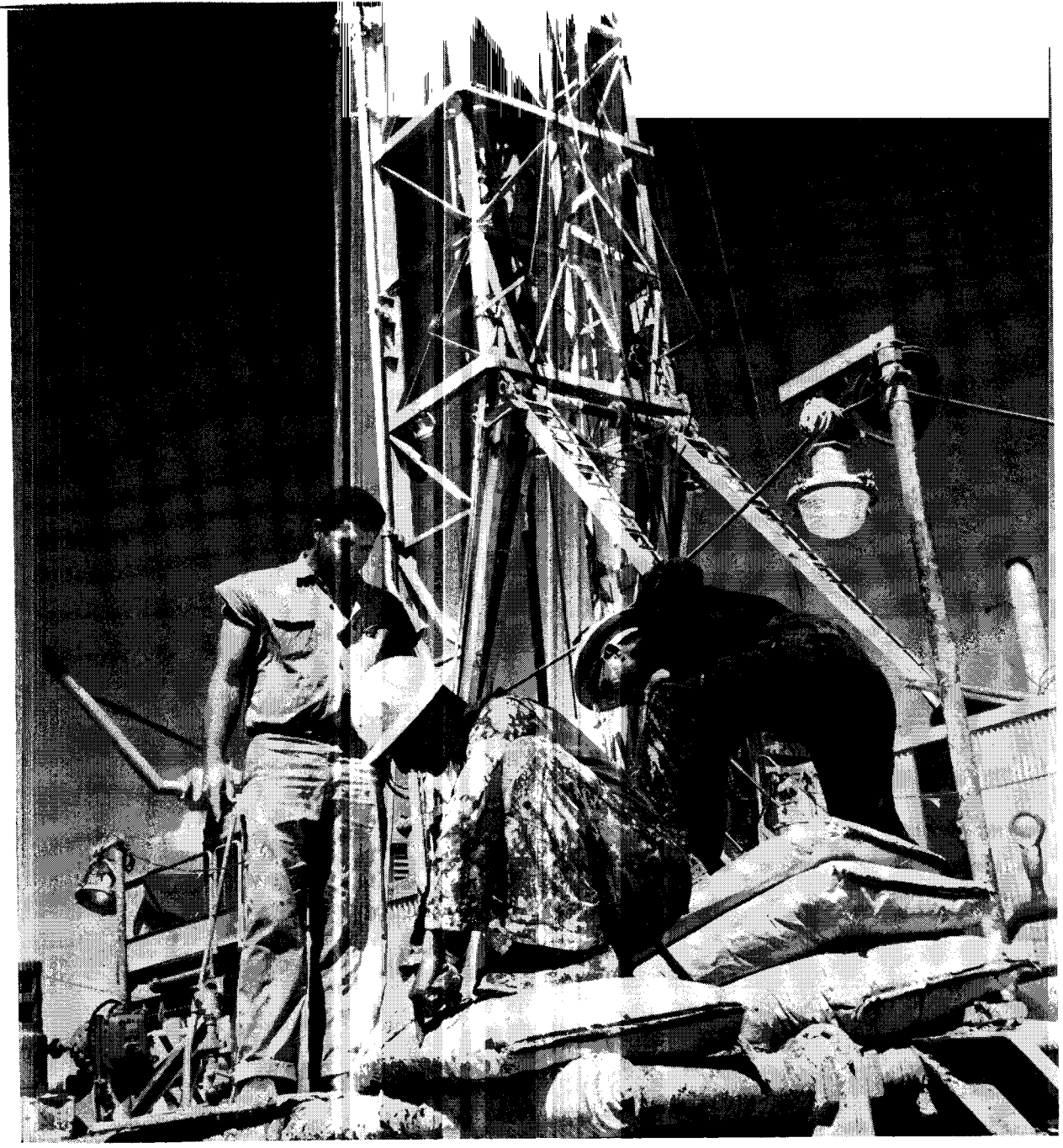
TRIPOLI, LIBYA.

You smell oil almost from the minute you set foot in Libya. The people who get off the plane with you are drillers, oil-company executives, geologists. Your hotel is packed with oilmen who, like yourself, have fought hard for a room. New, shiny brass plates at the doors of Tripoli office buildings identify their tenants as the X, Y or Z petroleum company. The local English-language papers—both of them weeklies—devote much of their space to progress reports on this or that new oil well and to plans for pipelines and refineries. The Libyan Desert, you will soon find out, has come alive with Texas and Oklahoma accents.

Great expectations are in the air. Already, on the strength of the most recent oil strikes, it is safe to predict that Libya will soon take its place among the world's five or six chief petroleum-producing areas. Wells with a capacity of up to 17,500 daily barrels, brought in during the last twelve months, justify the belief that Libya's petroleum fields will prove even richer than those opened up in nearby French Algeria. American oilmen, who have barely begun to scratch the surface here, envision wells producing 30,000 daily barrels, which would approach some of the best Middle Eastern yields.

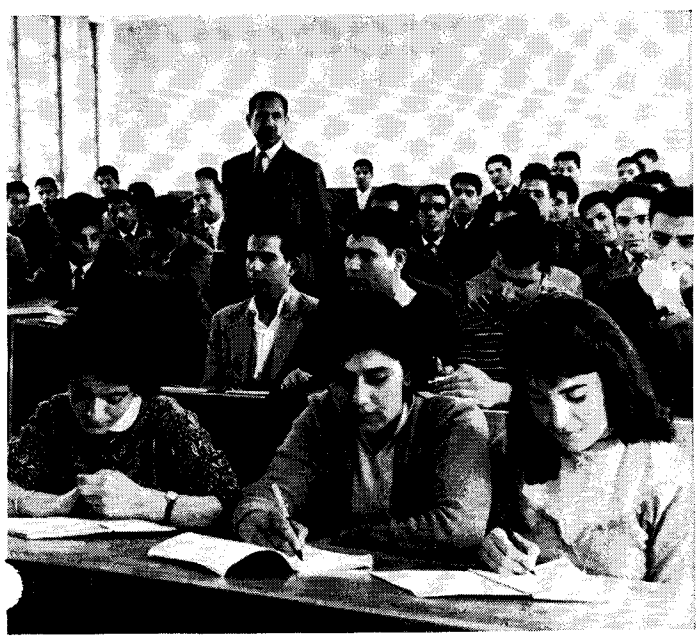
What makes the Libyan bonanza so interesting to Americans is that it lies outside the reach of Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser—and that it would presumably keep right on flowing if the whole Middle East went up in reddish smoke. Most of the oil concessions that now overlay, with their intricate pattern, the map of Libya, have been staked out by American petroleum companies. These companies mean business. One American group alone is budgeting $43,000,000 on Libyan development this year, and other companies are making comparable efforts. We are likely to hear a great deal about this sprawling, almost-empty desert kingdom from now on.

Whether the news from Libya will stay good is another question. By great good luck we are still on friendly terms with this eight-year-old nation whose independence the United States helped bring about. A huge American air base gives us an anchor here, an American aid program keeps well over 100 American technicians in daily touch with the Libyan Government and people, and a small, active military-assistance (Continued on Page 101)



Above: Max Burgett (left), an American, directs workers at a Canadian oil rig in the Libyan Desert. Foreign companies here must divide their profits equally with the government. The result: a new flood of wealth in a once-poor country.

Below: Master Sgt. Bonnie Sadler (seated) and Dr. Donald Farrell with their families at the ruins of the ancient city of Sabratha. The two families are among the 10,000 Americans stationed at Wheelus Air Force Base, in nearby Tripoli.



Libyan University, Benghazi: This school was set up with U.S. money, but most of the students here are violently anti-American.

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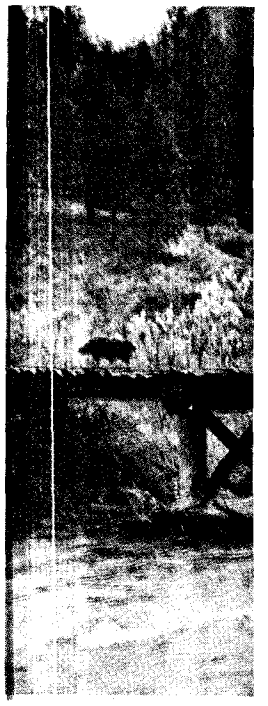
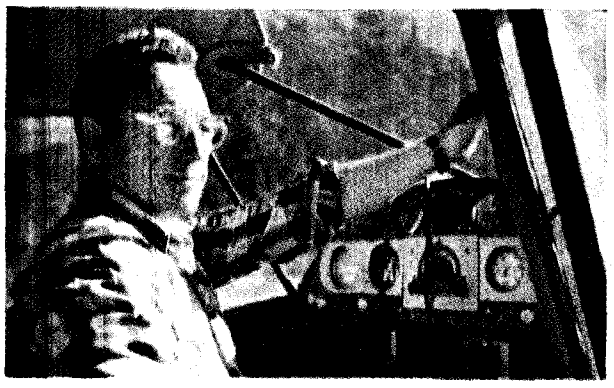
This lonely, beautiful valley is Paul and Marybelle Filer's "private corner of heaven." Ten years ago they settled here with "a mortgage, a prayer and a hunk of bailing wire."

Paul and one of his men lead a mare and a filly across the Salmon to the ranch. The tranquil appearance of the water is deceptive. Filer says, "You can't fight this river; she'll beat you every time."





Pilot Filer in his own two-seater plane. Before he learned to fly, he had to spend days on the treacherous Salmon River every time he went to and from his valley ranch.

The Pioneers of Lonely Canyon

By HAL G. EVARTS

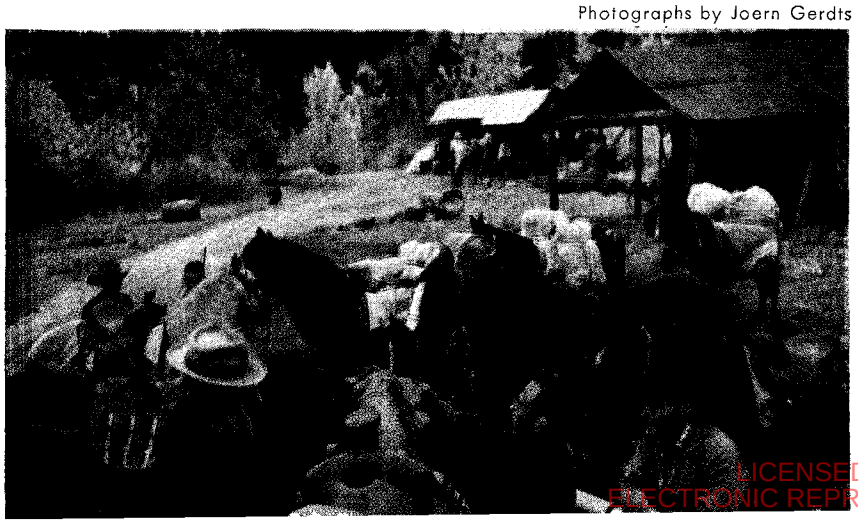
Paul and Marybelle Filer have carved a homestead and a livelihood out of one of America's last wilderness areas. Here is their story.

When Paul O. Filer, the youthful postmaster of Elk City, Idaho, announced his intention, back in 1950, to sell his general store and raise cattle for a living, friends and relations gloomily prophesied the worst. In the first place, they argued, he had no experience with cows. Second, a modern cattle operation is big business, requiring ample capital or credit, and Filer had little of either. But the most serious handicap was the spot he had chosen for his venture—a small remote homestead in the mile-deep trench of the Salmon River, in the heart of a vast and rugged wilderness area.

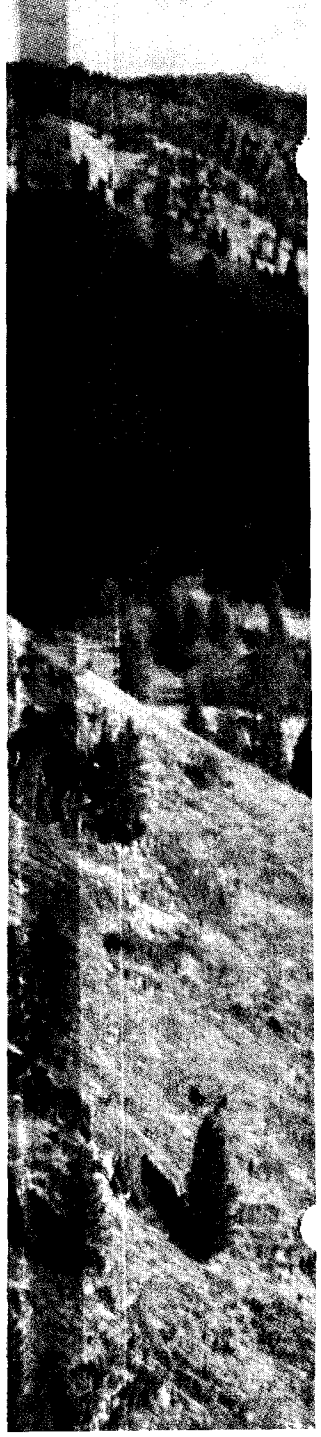
Explorers Lewis and Clark were turned back by this gorge while trying to find a route to the Pacific in 1805. Known ever since as the River of No Return, the Salmon has exacted a heavy toll of trappers, gold seekers, adventurers and would-be settlers over the years. Even today it is no land for the careless tenderfoot. The traveler approaching by air looks down upon a chasm deeper than the Grand Canyon, a ribbon of turquoise-green water far below spectacular crags, the habitat of bighorn sheep. Neighbors are few and far between. Most supplies are packed down steep mountain trails or boated downstream through dangerous rapids.

But Paul Filer was a stubborn man, and his wife, Marybelle, had faith in his ability to pioneer a new way of life. They took the plunge, as she says, "with a mortgage, a prayer and a hunk of bailing wire." Unfortunately the skeptics proved to be right. Caught in the beef-price slump of '51, Paul ended up with twenty-five steers that were hardly worth the (Continued on Page 128)

Photographs by Joern Gerdts



Filer (in red shirt) helps saddle up for an elk-hunting expedition to the hills near his ranch. Much of his income derives from paying guests who come to hunt.



The Shepp Ranch lies in a mile-deep gorge cut by the Salmon River (foreground). Note the tiny airplane—Filer's—at upper center.

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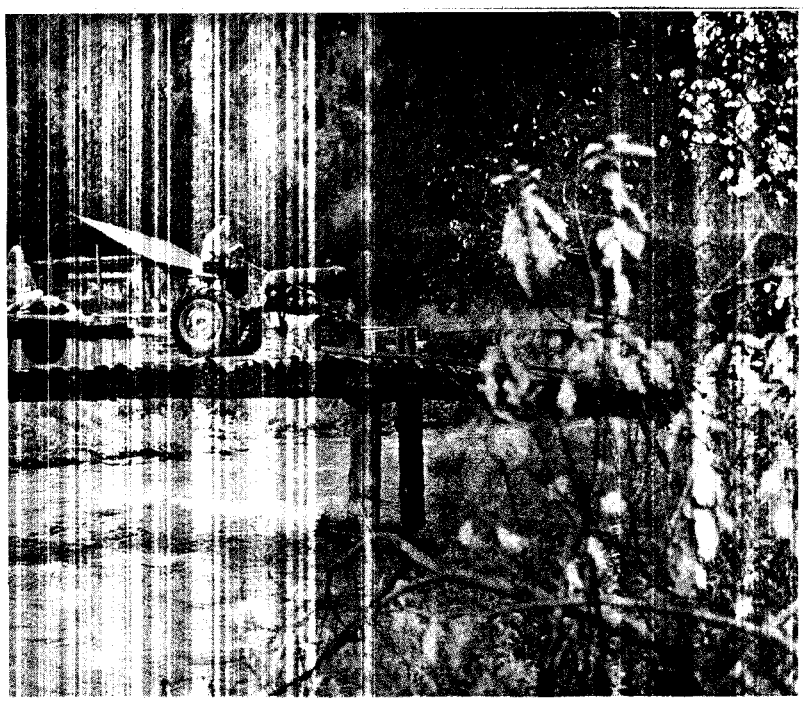
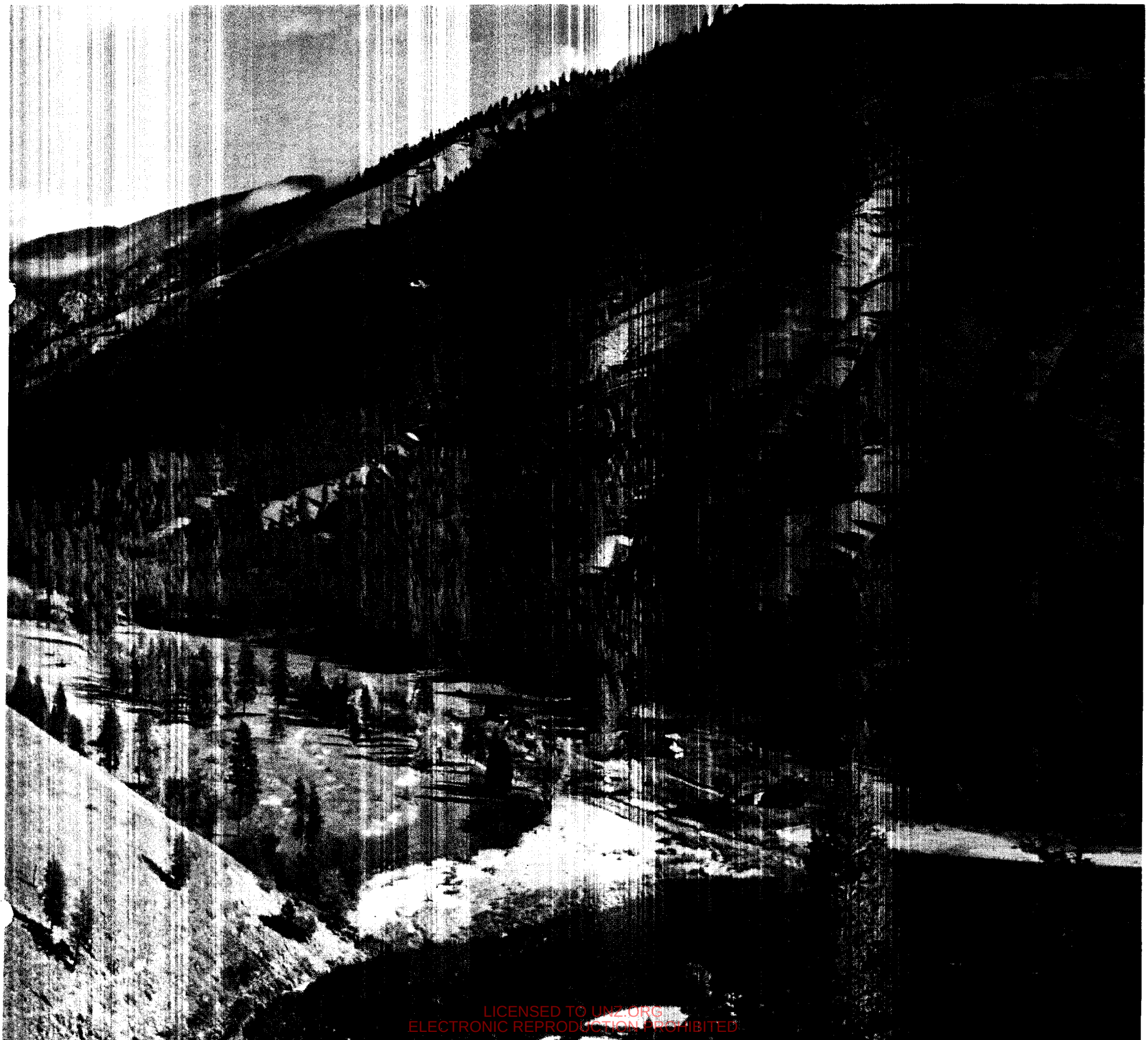


Paul and his wife, Marybelle, on the bridge which was his first major project when they arrived at the ranch. He had to walk 18 miles on snowshoes to get supplies for the bridge-building operation.

Filer (sighting in a rifle for one of his guests) with his partner, 78-year-old Pete Klinkhammer. Pete, a lifelong bachelor bought the ranch 50 years ago for "$500 and a lame mare to clinch the deal."



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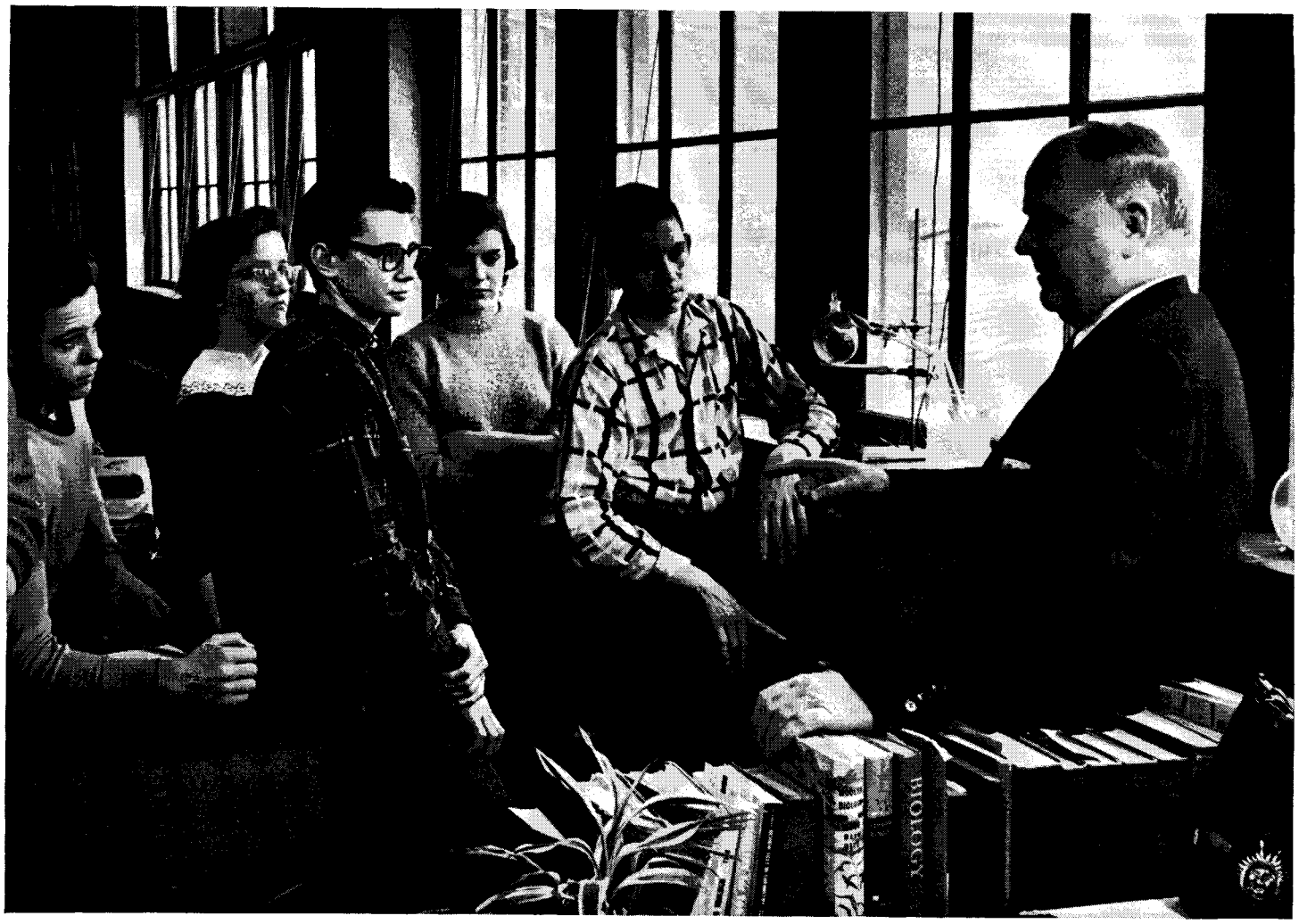

At right: The author visits a tenth-grade biology class in one of his high schools.

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR SCHOOLS

An angry educator, fed up with second-rate teaching and "the waste of a generation's mind," indicts our shortsighted school policies.

By CHARLES H. BOEHM
Pennsylvania Superintendent of Public Instruction
as told to
Anne Selby

I have been a public-school educator for more than thirty years, and I have reason to say that I am sick and tired of the nonsense that comes with public education today.

I think it is wrong that in the fourth-largest city of the United States—Philadelphia—some school maintenance men make more money than some teachers.

To me it is ridiculous to exalt memory so that in time a parrot may well be held the wisest of the Lord's creatures.

I find nothing that excuses school boards who put up new buildings and believe that mortar, stone and steel make an education.

And I am angry at those who say that education fails today because it does not emphasize the three *R*'s.

At the same time I am appalled that we think it right that a student spends forty minutes a day on English—and two hours on football.

But what makes me angriest of all are those who want a single scapegoat for public education's failures—and equally a single cure. There is neither. We have failed to look at the fundamentals of education. Let me tell you what you may not know about our schools today.

There is a new high school in the central part of my state. It is a triumph of modern school design; it cost more than $1,000,000. Naturally there is a fine library room in the main building. But on the day the school was dedicated the principal pleaded with parents to donate the books needed to fill the empty shelves. And yet no one thought it odd that $60,000 had been spent to equip the football field with lights for night games.

That school is not unique. In Pennsylvania and in other states across the nation there are many schools which don't come even close to the American Library Association standard of ten books per pupil. These same schools often have superb playing fields.

Does this mean that I believe our schools should immediately suspend all football and other sports? Of course not. For many years I was a coach myself. Sports are important to our youngsters—but lights for football are miserable substitutes for the books that stretch and strengthen their minds.

Today we even misuse the books we have. In my state, and (Continued on Page 132)

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WHIP THREAT

By MOLLIE GILLEN

He said he would kill her, and now was the time.

There was the tree, and there was the river, and there was the sunlight. You would think there was peace too, and you would be right—peace and quiet and something to warm the heart.

And yet a thing happened. Once, in Hungary, when I was cold, even in my bones, even my heart, I swore that one day I would lie in the sun and never be cold again, never in my life. In those days, and in that October, the sun was a word that some of us remembered and whispered about—as if it were a god, when we hid in the cellars and the cold ruined buildings, and afterward at night in the woods and the marshes when we fled.

When the end came and some of us had escaped and we were free, all I wanted of freedom was to be warm and to be alone. So I chose to come to Australia, the land they say is "down under," where the stars above are different and the Southern Cross blazes like fire.

I did not care where I worked. One place was like another, and people were people and meant nothing to me, none of them, any more. I said I would be a nursemaid to children when they asked me my choice. The children will grow up to be people too someday. But when they are small they do not matter. You do not worry about a baby tiger. If it growls and snarls and shows little white pointed teeth, you just laugh and roll it onto its back and tickle its soft striped fur. When it is a big tiger, you put iron bars around it and do not go near.

They sent me to this place. It could have been any other place. The train came from Sydney a long way into the country. I woke up once in the night and looked out across moon-whitened hills as the train rushed through the darkness. There were no lights from houses, and I was glad it was an empty land; everywhere in the country I left the air is heavy with the ghosts of human passions.

At a place called Murringo I changed to a small, slow train (Continued on Page 116)

The whip cut the air all around her with a whine.

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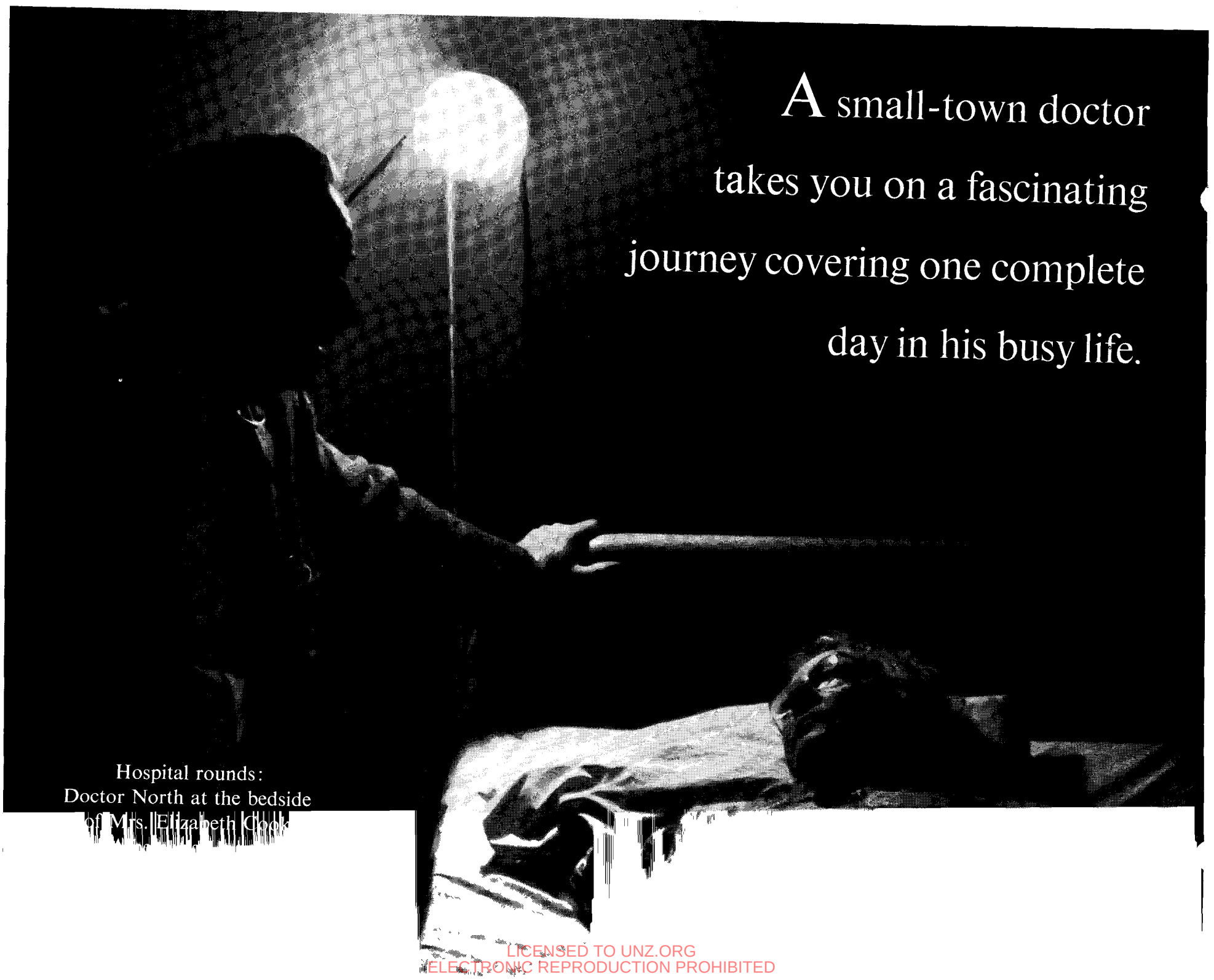
Doctor North and his wife Doris. His first telephone call of the day is often from "the Gasser," a female patient who'd talk twenty minutes if he'd listen.

My Clock Has 24 Hours

By E. H. NORTH JR., M.D.



A small-town doctor takes you on a fascinating journey covering one complete day in his busy life.

Hospital rounds: Doctor North at the bedside of Mrs. Elizabeth Cook

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Five A.M. The phone beside my bed was having a convulsion. I left my beautiful dreams and returned to the land of the living, specifically to Elizabeth City, North Carolina, where I practice internal medicine. As I groped for the insistent instrument, I once again muttered a curse on Alexander G. Bell—he should have an electric cowbell around *his* neck.

"Hello."

"Doc?" It was a woman's voice.

"Yeah."

"You awake?"

"Oh, sure. I always get up before sunrise."

"Doc, are you sure you're awake?"

"Yeah!"

"Are you going to be in the office today? 'Cause if you are, Marv wants you to check him over."

Marv? Marv. Oh, yes, he was an infrequent patient—a farmer. "What's his trouble?" I asked.

"Oh, Marv ain't sick, but it's raining, and he can't work out; so he thought it would be a good day for you to check him over, since he ain't been checked for a couple of years."

In his office Doctor North dispenses a "conglomeration of science and philosophy" to a troubled patient.

"Yes, I'm planning to be in the office today, but why call me at this unearthly hour just to know that?"

"Well, gee, Doc—I wanted to get you before you left for the hospital."

"At five o'clock in the morning?"

"Yeah, Doc. Marv will see you later, O.K.?"

"O.K."

I fumbled the phone back onto its cradle, fluffed up the pillow and settled back under the covers. But it wouldn't work. I was semiawake now and too irritated to relax. There was nothing to do but to get up and get started. A day that started on such a sour note was bound to be a killer. I'd better meet it head on.

Half asleep, half awake, I ran through the early-morning routine—dog out, cat in (or was it vice versa?), coffee on, thermostat up. The activity stirred my circulation and, by the time the pot was perking, I felt halfway human.

What the heck, I thought, *if it's going to be a lousy day, I might as well louse it up but good. I'll fill out some insurance forms.*

So, dripping coffee through the living room, I walked to the study, where I settled down to do some of the paperwork that they never told us about in medical school. Seems that nowadays every patient has anywhere from one to five insurance policies that require copies of the copies—in triplicate. Insurance is fine, but I occasionally begrudge the four or five hours that it takes out of each week to keep up with the blanks.

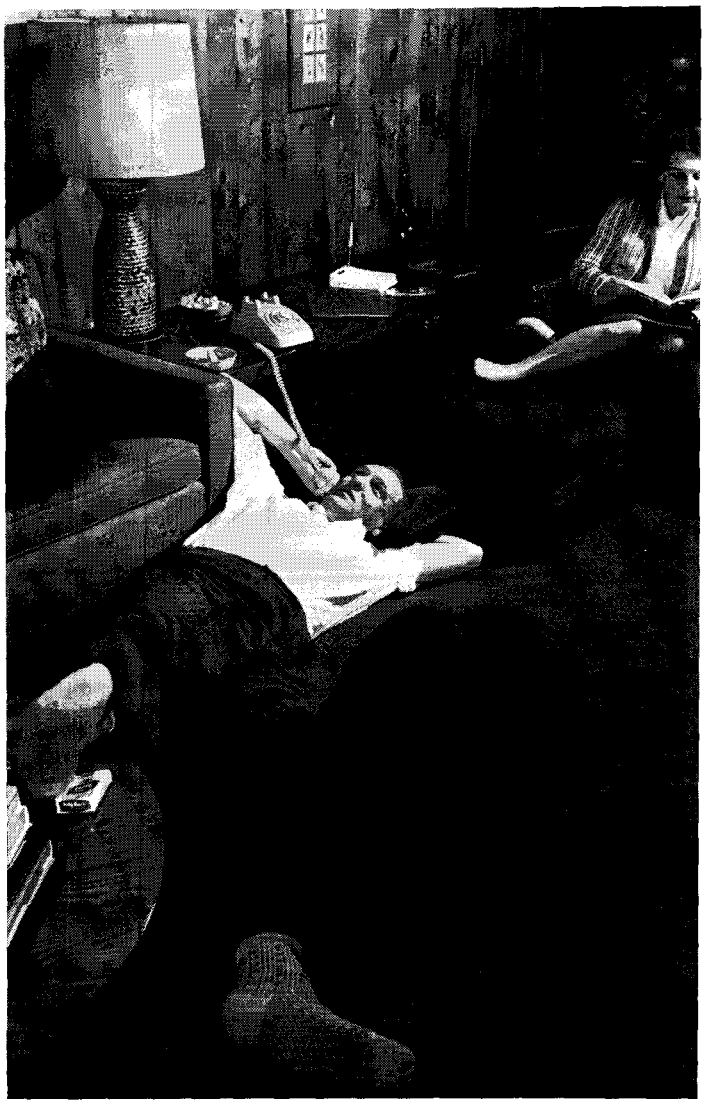
I labored away, putting the correct answers in the indeterminate little empty spaces until seven o'clock, when a dull thud against the house signaled the arrival of the morning paper.

I went out to get the paper. A glance at the headlines indicated that even the news was sour. The Russians had launched another one; our latest had fizzled on the pad. The cost of living was (Continued on Page 123)

A recent glandular-infection epidemic added hours to the doctor's day. Joe Tuttle was one of the victims.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

The walls of the author's examining room are papered with "drawlings" contributed by his young patients.



An evening at home with Doris, the dog Koko and, on the phone, "the Gasser," of course.

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Should a girl ever put her true feelings down on paper?

THAT FICKLE FEELING

By ROBERT STANDISH

It is essential to an understanding of the characters about to appear upon our small stage that we absorb some of the background against which they live their lives. Some people manage to dominate their backgrounds, but when, as in this case, their lives are lived around an English cathedral close, the converse is true.

Thankerton Cathedral itself is so overpowering that it tends to cut men and women down to size. Its immense flying buttresses and the exquisite, painstaking craftsmanship within make the most arrogant of men feel small and humble. Which is as it should be, for this splendid poem in stone was erected to the greater glory of a God who rates humility high among the virtues. Then there are the bells, whose deep-toned voice is clearly audible at five miles' range, unpleasantly loud at two miles, while at the deanery, which is situated at precisely one hundred and eighty-seven measured yards from the base of the bell tower, it becomes a crashing medley of metallic sounds almost too frightening to be borne. It is said of the chimes, which ring four times hourly on the quarters, that theirs is the only voice able to compete with that of Mrs. Martha Hemingway, wife of the Very Rev. Joshua Hemingway, D.D., the dean of Thankerton.

The Bishop of Thankerton surprisingly has little to do with the life around the close, for he—good and wise man that he is—lives nearly two miles away at Thankerton Without, where he enjoys, but scarcely merits, the reputation of being a humorist.

In medieval times, Thankerton Cathedral and the town which sprang into being around it were enclosed within a fortified wall. Then, some time during the seventeenth century, after a long period of prosperity, Thankerton spilled over the encircling wall and a new town was built on the other side of the river. Instead of calling this town New Thankerton, which was the obvious thing to do, the citizens called it Thankerton Without, doubtless an abbreviation of Thankerton-Without-the-Walls. Since the town wall no longer exists, its stones having been used to build the railway embankment in 1840, and the only apparent dividing line between Thankerton proper and Thankerton Without is the river, strangers may be forgiven—but seldom are—for believing that this carefully drawn distinction is somewhat absurd.

The lord bishop, as mentioned earlier, lives at Thankerton Without. "Without what?" ask the uninitiated. "Without those bells!" replies the bishop to a chorus of laughter from a dutiful claque of minor canons and lesser clerics under his discipline. Vice presidents in charge of the more obscure operations of large industrial concerns have been known to laugh just as heartily at worse and staler jokes cracked by the big boss—and to let him beat them at golf, God help them!

Well, there it is. The stage is set. All that remains is to raise the curtain and bring on the characters, which isn't so easy as it sounds, if we are to make them credible. Take Martha Hemingway, the dean's wife, for example. Hers is a small part in this story, and yet she hovers over it like a storm cloud or a helicopter, dominating the scene without ever really becoming a part of it. Martha Hemingway is a woman who uses words like a muleteer uses a whip. In some strange way it is the things she does not say, but which those in her immediate entourage know that she will unfailingly say if the occasion arises, which influences their lives far more profoundly than her utterances. Remember this—for the chief characters do much of what they do, or refrain, as the case may be, in the light of Martha Hemingway's probable reaction.

There is a crisis at the deanery when we meet its occupants, a crisis whose root cause is the almost complete inability of Mrs. Hemingway and her daughter Matilda each to understand the other's viewpoint. Clothing, for instance. Mrs. Hemingway billows. She wears shapeless garments which reveal no more of her limbs than her wrists above and her insteps below, in the outmoded belief that thus only can female modesty be preserved. Attired for the street, she resembles a frigate of the line under full sail. Matilda, on the other hand, is trim, streamlined, in tune with the phenomena of her time. Her most moderate use of lipstick and face powder is characterized by her mother as "painting" and behaving like a "fallen woman." When Matilda won the ladies' singles in the Thankerton tennis tournament, the pained expression worn by Mrs. Hemingway on contemplating the shorts which helped to make Matilda's victory possible not only curdled all the joy but was far more eloquent than anything she might have said.

Matilda is good-looking, gay and altogether wholesome, sparkling with good humor and *joie de vivre*. Colonel Bullifant, who is Mrs. Hemingway's brother and who has lived at the deanery since his retirement, once hit the nail on the head in defense of Matilda by saying, "My dear Martha, if mere safety is as important as you believe it to be, the safest place to keep the world's art treasures would be at the bottom of a coal mine, where nobody could see them and where, therefore, the fact that they were beautiful would be of no importance whatsoever. Let Matilda live her life, not shelter from it."

Nothing Matilda did was wrong in Colonel Bullifant's eyes, for she was the daughter he never had and the chief joy of his declining years.

Of the dean himself there is little to say—at least, insofar as this story is concerned. In the greater world which lies beyond Thankerton he enjoys a reputation for piety, wit and wisdom, but within the walls of the deanery his importance shrinks pitifully to something near the vanishing point. (Continued on Page 112)

It's those letters I wrote," she confessed. "They could be made to sound terrible."

Illustrated by Robert Jones

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The Economic Revolution

By BARBARA WARD

Three quarters of the human race today is involved in a vast movement of revolutionary economic upheaval. They are attempting to modernize their economies—to move from the old patterns of static agriculture and limited commerce which made up the general pattern of the human economy for millennia on to the new productive, dynamic economy of modern industry, technology and science. The change is not so much a matter of choice as of stark necessity. Everywhere among the emergent peoples, populations are doubling every generation or so. Resources must at least keep pace if even present standards are to be maintained—and these, incidentally, allow each person an average income of no more than $120 a year. If life is to be a little more secure and healthy, a little better nourished, housed and clothed, a trebling of resources would hardly be sufficient. But there is no possibility of such expansion under the old economic methods. Static agriculture has only one means of growth—to take in more land. But in most of Asia there is no more land. Unless economic methods are radically recast, the outcome in the next forty years must be deepening misery, anarchy and despair.

This world-wide revolution of economic modernization is one in which the wealthy West is fundamentally involved. It was in the Atlantic area that the revolution began. It was under western influence that the first impact of the new methods reached the other continents and determined decisively the conditions under which they in their turn would seek to modernize their economies. Thus to ignore or to be indifferent to the present world-wide movement of economic change would be the equivalent of canceling at least 300 years of western experience. Worse, it would entail withdrawal from the greatest contemporary human effort to remold society and remake the face of the earth. And it is a fact of history that those who seek to withdraw from its great experiments usually end by being overwhelmed in them.

We cannot fix a date for the origins of the modern economic revolution. A hundred different conditions, influences and decisions set it in motion, and *CONTINUED ON PAGE 52*

About the Author

Barbara Ward (Lady Jackson), writer on international affairs and economics, was educated in England, France and Germany, being graduated from Oxford University with an honors degree in philosophy, politics and economics in 1935. A onetime governor of the British Broadcasting Corporation and a participant in its *Brains Trust* program, Miss Ward has been an editor of *The Economist* for twenty years. Miss Ward gives an annual course of lectures at Harvard and is also widely known as a journalist and a speaker on economic subjects. She is now working on a Carnegie fellowship in the field of economic-assistance programs. She is married to Sir Robert Jackson, Commissioner of Development in Ghana, and lives in Accra. Sir Robert and Lady Jackson have a three-year-old son. Photograph by W. Suschitzky

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Journey Into Danger

By STUART CLOETE

Now she was his prize. The price—a human life.

"We are the subjects of the English and would be free burghers," Barend Beyers told Willem Prinsloo. As Francina, Willem's grandniece, eavesdropped, she heard Barend and his brothers beg *Oom* Willem to lead their trek to the north of South Africa and help them form an independent Boer republic. But *Oom* Willem refused because he felt he was too old for the perilous thousand-mile journey.

The next day, Capt. Jack Robinson arrived with five English soldiers. Their mission was twofold—first, to bring back Blaubooi, the famous thoroughbred stallion which they had traced to the Prinsloo farm; and second, to find Harry Bates, the English deserter who had stolen the horse and sold it to *Oom* Willem five years before.

To Francina, this magnificent animal was hers alone; her fierce devotion to Blaubooi worried her grandmother, *Tante* Maria. And Solomon Rosenberg, the itinerant peddler now visiting the farm, was amazed at this beautiful girl's love for a horse. Now, determined to keep Blaubooi, Francina mounted him and led every horse on the ranch to the open veld—and then even the soldiers' horses joined the stampede.

"You slept with the brigands?" *Tante* Maria demanded. "How many brigands, may I ask?"

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

II

Captain Robinson had his mouth open to speak. He reached the half door in time to see the troop horses swept up into the stampede. He caught, or thought he caught, a glimpse of a big gray horse that might have been the stallion he was looking for. His face became suffused with angry blood.

He was not going to be able to recover the gray. He could not even prove that he was here. There had been a high percentage of grays and roans among the horses that had galloped past. But he could make nothing of it, whatever he believed to be the cause, nor would there be any chance now of capturing Harry Bates. It was even impossible to distribute more leaflets. They had disappeared in the saddlebag of his orderly; so had everything else—his silver-mounted pistols, his cavalry cloak. All had gone with his horse, a valuable Irish hunter. He put his hand to his neck, almost choking now. In all the world there was nothing so utterly helpless and absurd as a dismounted dragoon, dragging his saber, hardly able to walk in his jack boots. Someone was going to pay for this!

The troopers stood staring at the dust made by the escaping horses, their minds still bemused with brandy and girls—only dimly, as through a fog of sound, did they hear their captain's shouts.

"By heaven, I'll have you flogged. Neglect of duty. Desertion in the face of the enemy! Loss of government property—and my property! My black! My pistols! By thunder! I'll—I'll ——"

He turned to Willem Prinsloo. "Well," he roared, "what are you going to do now?"

"*Niks*," *Oom* Willem said. Then he shouted, "And *magtig*, I will not be shouted at in my own house. No one shouts here but me."

Tante Maria thrust herself between them. "No one shouts at the *oubaas*," she said. "He is the master here. This is our home. You have no right here." An idea struck her. "Have you a warrant? If not, by what right do you thrust yourself upon us, frightening the life out of our maids and bolting our horses. *Ja*," she screamed, "a warrant. Show us your warrant."

"I am not a policeman," Robinson said, giving way as *Tante* Maria forced her bulk against him.

"Not a policeman? You are worse than a policeman. They only put innocent men into the *tronk*. You soldiers, you—you are murderers. You cut men to pieces as if they were strings of sausages. You tramp them under the feet of your horses. Well, now you have no horses. It is a judgment. God has swept them away."

"He swept away ours, too," *Oom* Willem said.

"The ways of God are inscrutable," was *Tante* Maria's answer.

"Get food," *Oom* Willem said. "Get food, woman. We must feed these men and set them on their way."

"I must have horses," Captain Robinson said. "We must go after our chargers."

"Horses?" Willem said. "There is not a horse within ten miles."

"You mean you cannot mount us?"

"Mount you?" *Oom* Willem roared with laughter. "*Meneer* officer," he said, "I will feed you and your men. Then I will have a

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team of oxen inspanned and send you to Sandfontein in a wagon. You should be there by dark. There you may be able to get a horse or two and send a message to Cape Town."

By now *Oom* Willem had guessed what had happened. Francina had realized that the gray stallion had been traced to Groenplaas. Somehow she had got rid of the troopers who were standing with their horses and had bolted their chargers with the horse herd. He knew as well as if he had seen her do it. She had ridden Blaubooi barebacked, and he had led the herd. He was proud of the girl. What a boy she would have made! He went to the back, leaving the Englishman. He wanted to talk to the colored girls. (Continued on Page 84)

In an instant
Bates drew his pistol
and fired.

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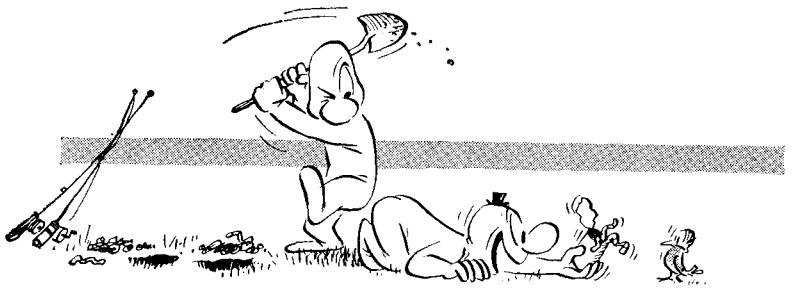
Post Scripts



They Say Some People Don't Even Dig This Stuff!

"Good morning. I'm the editor of *Current Poetry Magazine*. Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes. I'm Darrell Andersby, and I've written a poem I think might interest you."

"Oh? What kind of a poem is it?"

"Well, it's a modern poem, I guess. It's sort of hard to describe, but—well, I guess you might say it's an expression of my innermost subconscious feelings."

"Would you care to read me a verse or two?"

"Thank you, I would. Well, the title is *The Oneirocritic and the Periwinkle*."

"Sounds good. Go ahead."

"'Oh, pochard, portentous, like leaf and lodestar—Fly manward, to nephelinite rock, in nescience ——'"

"I like the first two lines very much! They capture a person's interest."

"Thank you. 'Pandanus, pandanus, pandanus—The margay is gone, but howks the inaudible ——'"

"*Very* good!"

"'Incarnadine the color, inchoate, meridian—The messuage, comatose, down, down and down ——'"

"Wonderful! I think the poem gets even better as it goes along! I'm anxious to hear more."

"'Columella and grub hoe, up, up and up ——'"

"A nice change of pace!"

"'Disillusive and exstipulate, but extramundane—Oh, Hyades, Hyades, Hyades ——'"

"Hold it just a second, Mr. Andersby. I think it might add strength if right before that you'd include a line—something about—let's see —— Maybe something like: 'Lithia water, literati, over, over and over.'"

"Say, I like that! Let me write it down. Now, then, these are the next lines I have: 'Moldwarp, octennial, a frock coat and gonfalon—The kraits and the mallow leaf ——'"

CHARLES MATTESON

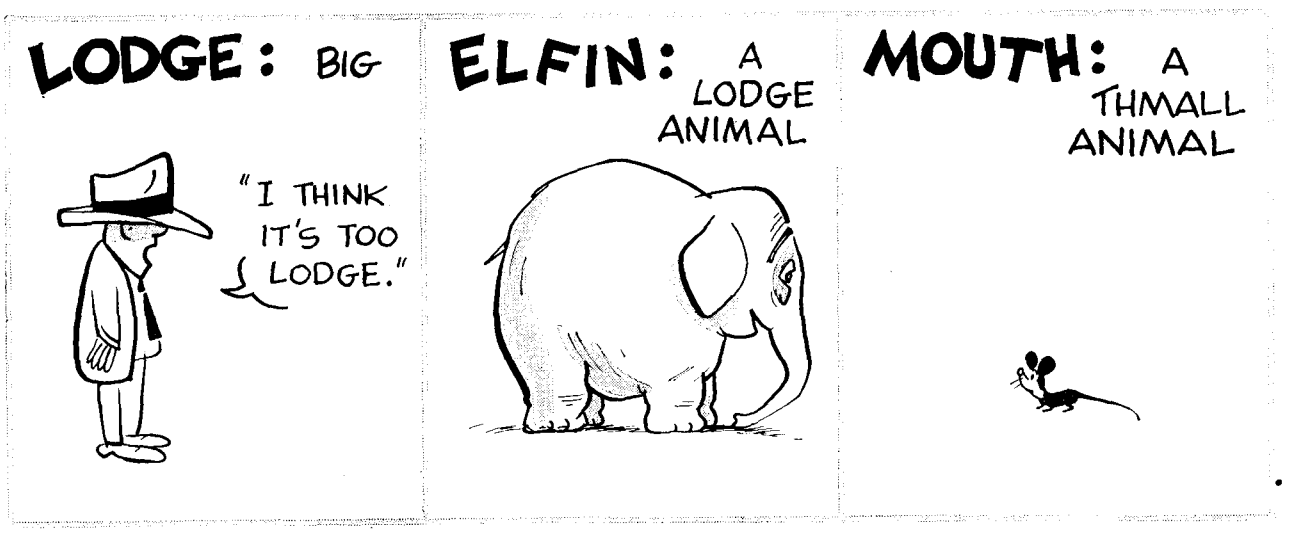
"I was trying so hard to pay attention, I didn't quite hear what you were saying."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let's see now, where was I?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BIL KEANE

Let's Face Facts

I noticed first the clear, gray eyes
That looked both mischievous and wise;
The chin, I saw, was resolute,
He'd brook no nonsense in dispute;
The cheekbones made their own admission:
Here was a man of some position;
The level mouth, the close-hung ears
Bespoke contempt of doubts and fears;
With effort I left off this raving
And lathered up and started shaving.

DICK EMMONS

Payola in Reverse

The very discs disc jockeys played
Because they got a lot to
Are those I would have gladly paid
Them generously not to.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

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Good things begin to happen . . .

when the lady of the house has soup for lunch

She's the star of the tricycle set—and anyone can see what good things are happening to her! A good healthy appetite. A nice, happy disposition. It's a sure bet *her* mother knows what good things soup can do for little girls (and boys, too).

For soup has proteins and vitamins and minerals to help boys and girls grow good and strong. And soup looks so good, smells so good, tastes so good—children just naturally clean the bowl.

That's Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup our little miss is wolfing down. Sunny, golden broth. Tender chicken meat. Fluffy, long-grain rice. No wonder she loves it so.

And it's only one of dozens of wonderful Campbell's Soups that make lunch nourishing for boys and girls. Vegetable Soups. Beef Soups. Chicken Soups. Soups that can give the whole family an extra measure of good nutrition every single day. Soups that make it easy to keep the healthy, happy habit: Once a day—every day—Soup!

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's*, of course!

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MAP MAKER for millions

For thirty-seven years free road maps produced by Otto Lindberg's General Drafting Company have been a boon to countless Americans traveling at home and abroad.

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

When conflicting road signs confused this couple on a highway near Denver, Colorado, they referred to a map made by General Drafting to solve their dilemma

A man I like is Otto Gustave Lindberg, a silver-haired pink-cheeked cherub with a frequent smile, a stubborn underlip and a flinty mind. He is seventy-four years old. He is a draftsman, the firm proprietor and almost sole owner of a company of some 200 people. Lindberg is a hugely successful man, not perhaps in the industrial-titan sense, but in the fact that if he had his life to live all over again he would not change a step of it. Only a successful man can say to his secretary, as Otto Lindberg often does, "Isn't this a wonderful business?" or "My, but this is fascinating work. I'm so glad to be here."

Lindberg has the blue eyes of a sea captain, the precise speech of one to whom English is an acquired language, and a voice lilt that says "Scandinavia." He was born a Finn, although the event took place in Russia, and he grew up in the Swedish language, not uncommon in Finland. He has been an American for forty-three years and until her death in 1958 had been married for forty-seven years to Edith Allen, descendant of the Green Mountain patriot, Ethan Allen. They had two sons. The youngest was lost in World War II; the eldest is second in command of his father's business. Lindberg lives in a pocket-size Buckingham Palace at Mountainside, New Jersey, and his office is a bedroom in a castle, a replica of sixteenth-century Compton Wynyates in Warwickshire, England.

None of these facts has much bearing on why I admire Otto Lindberg. As an acquaintance I approve what I know of him. I am sure he would make a durable friend, for his record is full of long and loyal friendships. But even if he were detestable I would still like him, because Otto Lindberg makes road maps and I am a long-standing and incurable road-map buff. I react to road maps like a patellar ligament to a test hammer.

It is the contention of road-map makers that there is more information in a square inch of a modern road map than in any other equal area of printed matter; that if one picture is worth a thousand words, one road map is worth a thousand pictures. I don't know about that. Nor do I understand the loftier kind of map fanciers who form cartographic societies and collect ancient maps. Let the cartographers have Anaximander and Ptolemy, with all their quaint inaccuracies. My kick is an up-to-date, accurate, free automobile road map.

What grabs me is a thin line, a charted squiggle that runs from that place to that other place. If it is a line along which I have traveled, the sight of it triggers a pleasant retrospection. If it is not such a line, I am a little

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saddened, because here is a road that I have never seen and probably never shall. There are so many roads.

The oil companies which give away these meaningful folded papers should love me. I am their patsy. They want me to burn gasoline, and I am an eager victim of their subtlety. I spend enjoyable hours poring over their bait. It hurts me to throw away an old map, and I seldom do. For twenty years I have kept a complete portfolio of state and major-city maps once published by Shell Oil. I have a couple of long Conoco routings older than that. On a thoroughly beaten-up old United States map I habitually fill in the roads that I have covered. It looks like a drunkard's cheeks.

My hero, Otto Lindberg, is one of the causes of my affliction. So are Mr. Rand, Mr. McNally and Mr. H. M. Gousha. The Rand McNally and Gousha companies make more maps than Lindberg, whose corporate form is the General Drafting Company of Convent Station, New Jersey. General Drafting is a close third among these big three road-map makers. The G.D. annual output is about 36,000,000 maps. All map makers together produce from 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 road maps a year—no one quite knows how many. General Drafting, however, has now, and has had for thirty-seven years, what is very likely the biggest and best customer in the road-map field, Standard Oil of New Jersey and its affiliated companies. In those thirty-seven years the Esso family has distributed more than 300,000,000 free road maps.

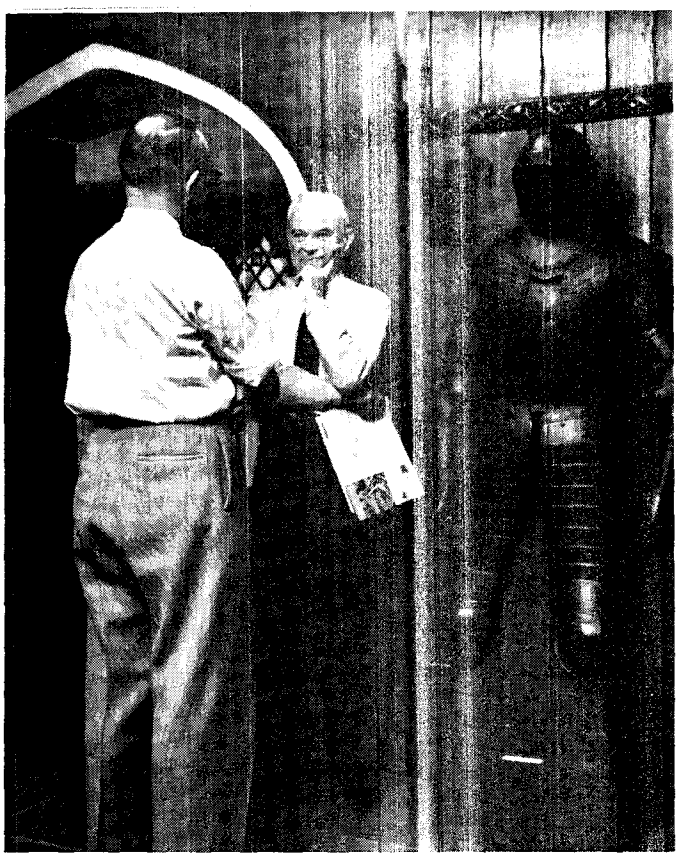
General Drafting is no map-making mouse. It also provides maps for Standard Oil of Kentucky, Esso's largest petroleum customer. For these two marketers, General Drafting maps all the East and Gulf coasts clear around through Texas (Humble Oil) and Mexico. In addition there are maps for affiliates in the Pacific Northwest (Carter) and at least three dozen foreign countries. Lindberg will not publish a map for any competitor of these clients. "We can," he says, "make only one best map."

The free road map available at filling stations is more than half as old as the automobile itself. It has spread abroad now, but for many years it was a peculiarly American institution. It was born in Pittsburgh in 1914 as a map of Allegheny County. William Akin, a motorist who tired of losing his way, prepared the map and it was given away at the brand-new and only service station of a small refining company. The small refining company, Gulf, has since grown a bit.

No one knows to what degree the availability of good free maps has fostered travel on American roads. Their impact must have been tremendous. Certainly the old blazed-trail systems of colored bands on telephone poles could never have stimulated the travel or achieved the universal penetration of American life that the road map has. And the cost has been small. Less than a gallon of gas per year will pay for your share of the country's road maps. General Drafting's volume maps bring six to seven cents each, and the company's entire business, even though it is the third-largest producer, amounts to only about $3,000,000 a year. A million road maps can be had for less than the price of many single television shows.

Familiar as it is, the American road map remains to many people a slight mystery, which includes how to fold it. It folds exactly like an accordion. The gulf that sometimes occurs between what the map is trying to say and what gets through to the map reader is often very great. General Drafting once published a cartoon pointedly caricaturing one small instance of this lack of rapport. A wife, scanning a road map as her husband drives along, is saying, "Let's go on to Cleveland. It's only another inch and a half."

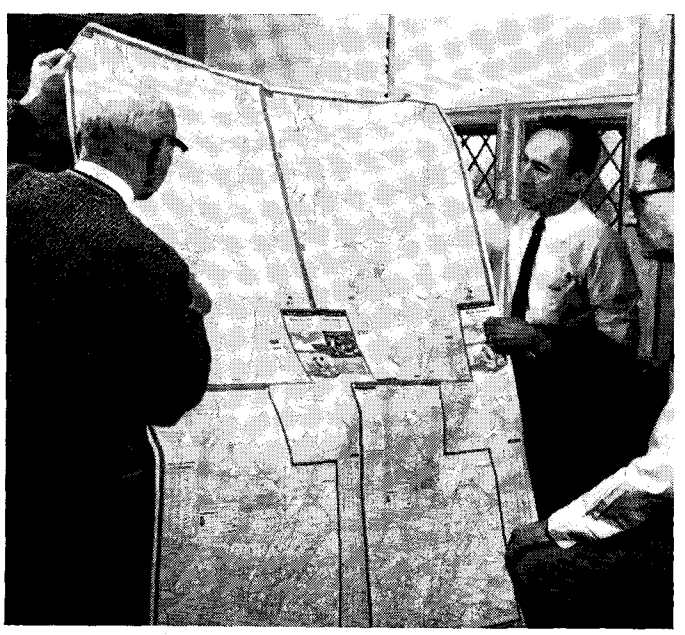
To illustrate the knowledge a map can impart General Drafting uses a two-inch square of one of its state maps. Within that small area are thirteen separate categories of information and, of course, many times that number of specific facts. There are still motorists, however, who miss such obvious things as the coding system of Federal highways. United States highways running east-west carry even numbers. These numbers start low across the northern part of the (Continued on Page 108)



President Otto Lindberg and his son [illegible]. Their company is located in a replica of a sixteenth-century English castle in Convent Station, New Jersey.

Joane Berglund inking in air routes on a map of the U.S. for American Airlines. The company makes 36,000,000 road, air and specialty maps annually.

Colombo, Ceylon: Mrs. John Tiedeberg (right), the wife of an American oil-company executive, and a Ceylonese friend consulting a road map before making a sight-seeing tour of the island.



Members of Lindberg's staff examining a press sheet containing four maps of New Jersey. After being printed the maps are separated and folded for distribution.

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THE TEWKSBURY FEUD

It was a daring bluff. If it failed, the Tewksburys would be wiped out.

By AMELIA BEAN

"I want Andy Cooper used up—now!" Daggs told a bounty hunter named Houck. The Daggs brothers were out to take over the whole of the Tonto Basin cattle range for their sheep.

Houck made a mistake and "used up" Billy Graham instead. Andy Cooper convinced the Grahams that it was Breed Tewksbury who had done in Billy, and that the Tewksburys had made a deal with the Daggs brothers to take over the Tonto. The Grahams joined forces with Cooper and his renegade Hash Knife riders to wipe out the Tewksburys.

"Ride and pass the word," Tom Graham said. "I figger to hit the Tewksbury place come sunup!"

VI

Old Crip muttered, cursing the milk pails which were coated with frost, and their handles felt like icicles in his stiff hands. His squinting gaze blamed the slow-rising sun, which left the valley in chilly shadow. He let himself into the pasture, dropping the bars, and took his milking stool from where it hung on a post. Then he proceeded in his bow-legged, slewed gait along the ditch, mumbling toothless obscenities about the cows as they began a slow retreat from him, forcing him unwillingly to quicken his creaky hobbling.

The long rays of the sun suddenly tipped and stretched down into the valley, and Crip felt the faint warmth of it on his grizzled face. His watery old eyes surveyed the valley below him. Two figures came from the back door of the smaller Tewksbury house. Crip squinted and made them out to be Johnny and Jacobs, heading for the saddle string to catch up the day's mounts. His glance moved back and saw a woman crossing the dooryard toward the small granary. The pale sunlight caught in her red hair, and Crip knew it was Stella, going for grain to feed her hens. The old man's mouth stretched in a toothless grin; his face became dotingly fond. He figured he'd just step into her kitchen after he milked. Stella knew, without the asking, how a slug of brandy in a cup of coffee could oil an old man's joints.

The thought of the brandy energized him, and he quickened his steps. He drew a short length of rope from his pocket and looped it about the neck of the nearest of the now resigned cows. He was setting his stool when he stopped suddenly and raised his head. Two shots had boomed out, shattering the crisp silence, fired so close together that their clapping echoes intermingled. They had been from the west, down near the lower horse pasture.

At first it seemed all dusty confusion. The horses were plunging in milling circles; they stampeded for the far fence and the leaders crashed into it, knocking the poles down. Then Crip saw a man, struggling on his hands and knees in the middle of the pasture; and as his stupefied brain sought to comprehend, the flailing arms went limp, and the man fell on his face. Crip now saw that there were two men down, and that they lay not far apart. It must be Johnny and Jacobs—and both of them lay still now.

A rattling barrage of shots poured from a ridge west of the Tewksbury houses. To Crip's appalled ears it sounded like a massed army of gunmen. A flutter of movement jerked his eyes back to see that Stella was still in the chicken run—shielded somewhat by the small hen coop; but there was open ground all around it; and he could see the geysers of dust explode and plume as the bullets thudded in a hail of lead. She was crouching against the corner of the coop, and Crip sensed her fright and indecision. "Stay put, honey," he begged aloud, "for God's sweet

(Continued on Page 62)

"In the name of the law," Meadows roared, "I order you to cease and desist."

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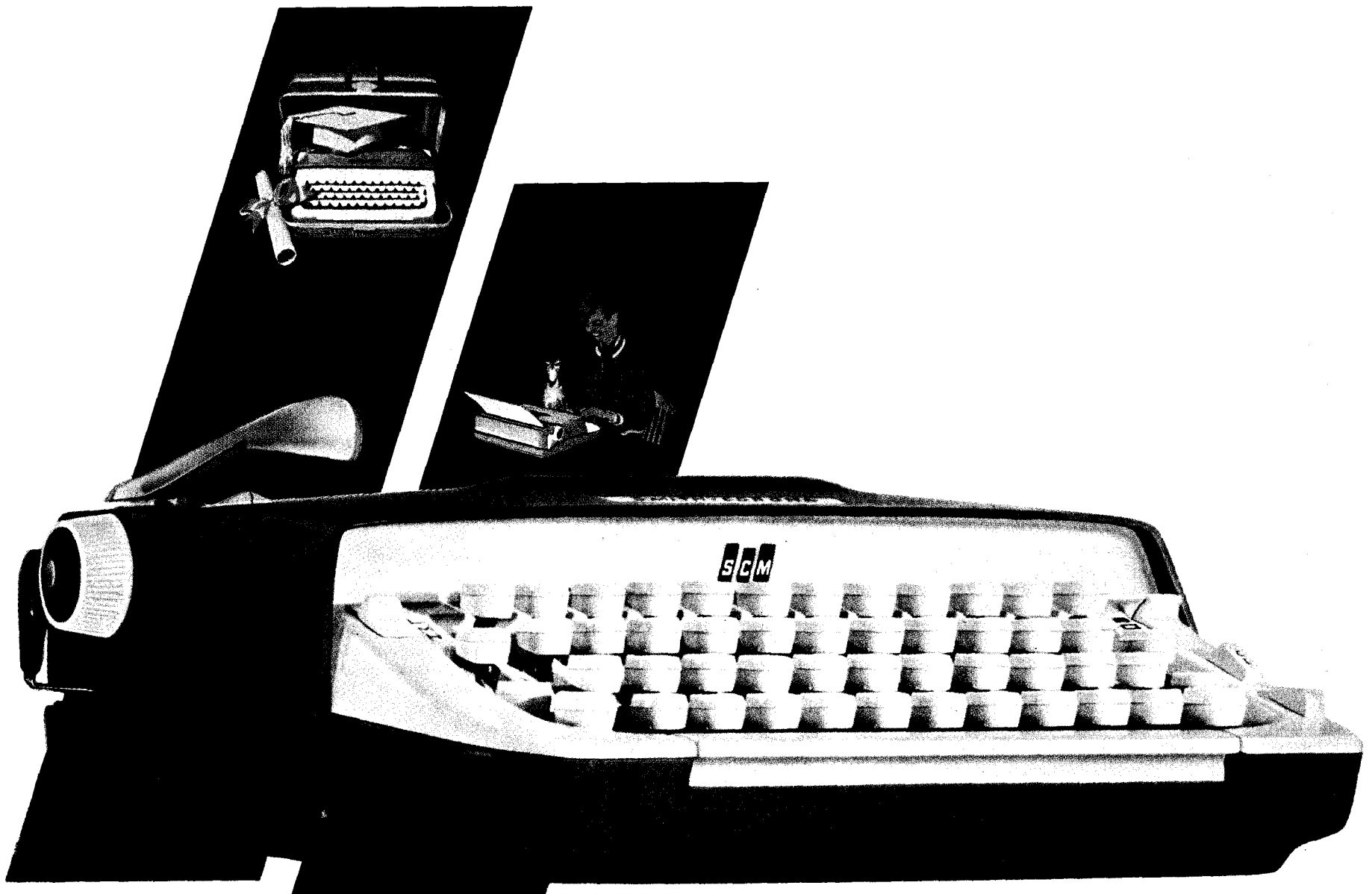
Give the Smith-Corona Galaxie...new in style, speed, spirit!



For graduation or any gift occasion give the fastest, finest portable that ever went back to school! The new Smith-Corona Galaxie will help your favorite student do better work . . . get better grades . . . sail through school and college courses to come!

Add new ease and elegance to modern typing with the Galaxie's convenient features and clean styling. It's lighter and livelier, with a more responsive touch. The top rolls out for easiest ribbon access. Full 88-character keyboard, wide-range touch selector, keyset tabulator, easier margin setting. Many special types available at no extra cost. And the Galaxie is quieter and sturdier than any other portable!

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The Economic Revolution

(Continued from Page 43)

the changes came cumulatively over several centuries. In part, it was rooted in medieval Europe's constitutional development which gave the merchant what he never had in the Orient—status, security and inducements to save. Calvinism played its part, teaching that hard work in pursuit of profit was blessed by God and that money so earned should be saved, not spent in luxury. The scientific temper of the eighteenth century encouraged progressive landowners and aspiring artisans to experiment with new methods of production. In Britain toward the end of the eighteenth century all these separate streams—of acquisitiveness, of work, of invention—had begun to flow together into that flood of economic and technological change which we loosely call the Industrial Revolution.

The men who made this revolution did not know what they were doing in any general sense. Each pursued his own interest and profit, and the sum of interests made up the working of the system. But with our hindsight we can disentangle the essential principles, the changes without which dynamic growth is impossible—the preconditions, therefore, of modernization anywhere else.

The two most important principles underlying the revolution of economic growth are productivity and saving. Productivity results from any method which helps men to produce more goods for the same output of effort and resources. The decisive changes in productivity in Britain's early industrial revolution were better agricultural methods and the application of a new form of power—steam from coal—to machines made by new processes of iron founding. The new machines began to flood the market with cheaper consumer goods—which incidentally wiped out handicrafts imported from Asia. Expanding trade created the need for better transport, bigger towns and harbors. New industrial techniques called for steadily increasing education.

These were the first steps. Since then invention has multiplied a thousandfold the effect of every instrument of growth. Above all, vast new sources of energy have been discovered—electricity, the atom. But the basic requirements of modernization have not changed. Now, as then, they are better farming, more education, "infrastructure"—roads, power, ports—and industrialization.

All these techniques of greater production depend upon saving—that is, upon the postponement of consumption. In the eighteenth century, Coke of Holkham postponed direct returns on his farms when he experimented with crop rotation. The fourfold increase in output paid him back handsomely and provided capital for further ventures. Similarly, when the duke of Bridgewater built the first canal to Lancashire, he took laborers and materials away from the immediate tasks of farming. When, as a result of the saving on transport, the price of coal in Manchester was halved, resources were available to recompense the duke and to provide for further experiment. John Wilkinson used his savings—and other people's—all his life to pioneer new methods of iron founding and new uses for cast iron. One result was the steam engine and the first fundamental revolution in energy, that greatest of all sources of productivity.

Even the most primitive economies save a little—putting aside seed corn for the next harvest. Perhaps 5 per cent of national income is saved in this way. Economists reckon that, as a general rule, when the level of productive saving has reached about 15 per cent of national income, the economy has reached the point of "break-through" and can generate each year enough savings to insure the expansion of both savings and consumption in the future. This process—the process of self-sustaining growth—is the ultimate objective of all developing economies today.

One can see that it works in a cumulative way. The more techniques of progress there are—better methods, more powerful machines, more skilled labor—the easier it is to save. Yet there is always a period during which the original investments have to be made. Consumption is postponed for the first investment in better farming, for the first machines, for the first expansion in power. As a general rule, increases in capital at this stage have come from agriculture because in all preindustrial societies farming is the occupation of nearly 90 per cent of the people. And the chances are that the process will entail great hardships for them. Saving is, after all, not-consuming. Farming people in a static economy are not, in general, very rich. Their surpluses are small. If they are to consume less and send off their surplus to the towns, they are likely to be poorer, unless—as in America and later in Japan—farming is actually expanding at the time of the transfer.

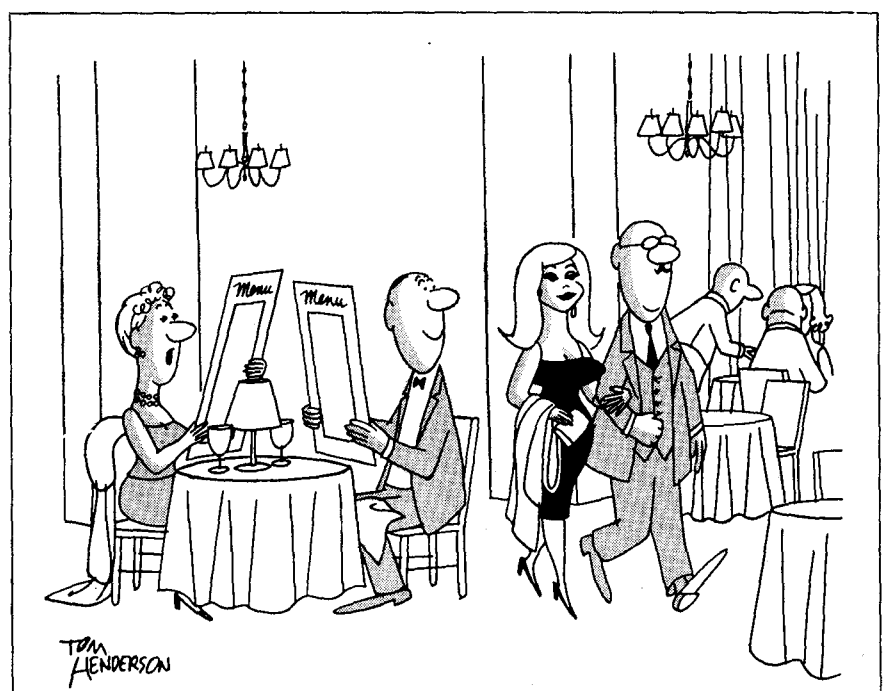
Nor is this the end of the difficulties inherent in beginning to save. If in Britain after 1810 all the output of the new machines had been consumed at once by the thousands of workers herding into the new industrial cities, there would have been no margin for further expansion. The organizers of the new wealth—the rising industrialists, the bankers, the landowners—kept the surplus created by the machines and devoted it to increased investment. In Britain between 1820 and 1860, little of the new production directly benefited the bulk of the workers. It was not until the system was fully established and goods began to pour out from the new processes—and workers themselves were beginning to organize and bargain for better wages—that a general rise in living standards began.

Since then Britain's national income has increased on the average by more than 3 per cent a year; and this is the general figure for the industrial West. In recent decades the pace has even quickened a little owing to higher levels of investment, both public and private, and new methods in technology. Today, therefore, the harsh times of original saving are quite forgotten. America's 176,000,000 people enjoy a national income of nearly $500,000,000,000. For years now 15 per cent and more of this income has been set aside for further investment while the citizens' own consumption has steadily increased. But in free Asia, in Africa and Latin America more than 1,000,000,000 people have a total income of only $120,000,000,000. Take 15 per cent of this for investment, and every form of consumption has to be cut. Saving is as harsh a discipline as it was in Britain in the 1850's. In fact, it is harsher, for the pressure of population is greater and the task of cutting consumption correspondingly more drastic.

It is in the context of these early grinding days of forced saving that we can best grasp both the origins and the continued appeal of Communism. All Marx's thinking was conditioned by the grim conditions of early industry in Britain. His contemporaries, as we have seen, had no very clear picture of the forces molding the new economy—nor apparently had Marx. He saw that a vast release of productive forces was taking place and gave the industrialists credit for it. But his attention and energy were fixed on the appalling conditions of the workers, and he denounced, like an ancient Hebrew prophet, the ugly fact of exploitation.

In part, he was right. The organizers of the new wealth were undoubtedly rewarding themselves handsomely—as commissars were to do a century later. But he missed the other facet of their policy—that the saving sweated from the workers provided the necessary capital for extending the whole base of the economy. In fact, Marx did not grasp *how* in practical terms a modern industrial society had to be built. He assumed that the *bourgeoisie* would first look after that; then the workers would take over a functioning machine once their deepening misery had driven them to revolt. There are thus no blueprints in *Das Kapital* for a modern economy, and when in 1917 the Communists found themselves with the whole of Russia on their hands, it was to their own pragmatism, not to Communist theory, that they had to look for guidance.

Russia had some beginnings of modernization. But the country was flattened by war and revolution. The first efforts of Communism—turning the factories over to the workers—made the confusion worse. In 1921 Lenin in fact decreed a modified acceptance of the market economy, hoping that peasants and traders would get the economy somehow back into motion. But by this time a fully integrated industrial society existed in the West which could be copied. The tremendous armaments built up by governments in the First World War showed what central direction could do to accelerate heavy industry and to mobilize the people's savings and work. It was Stalin's fateful achievement to use total state power to transpose to Russia the techniques of production evolved in the industrial West. The first Five Year Plan and its successors established the "infrastructure" and the heavy industry of a modern advanced economy by government fiat. At the same time it set in motion the vast schemes for education which would keep trained manpower in step with the machines. At first technicians and engineers were borrowed from abroad. But within a decade Russian development was self-sufficient. The breakthrough had been achieved—and at horrifying cost.



"What looks good to you, Walter?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Communist Russia could not, any more than could capitalist Britain, avoid the iron necessity of beginning to save. There had to be capital—for the new sources of energy, the new factories, the new machines—and only the people at large could do the saving. But driven by his totalitarian daemon, Stalin pushed the percentage of national income devoted to saving far above the western figure. He compelled the Russians to save not 15 but 25 to 30 per cent of the fruits of their labors. Nor was this the end of the matter. Fearing an independent peasantry, he forced the farms to deliver their entire surplus to the government. They revolted, killed their animals and starved during the terrible imposition of collective farming. Far from agricultural techniques' improving, output actually fell. But relentlessly the saving went on. Conditions in Russian farms and Russian cities were more appalling than in Victorian slums. Consumption was less, the "trickle down" even slower. For a decade at least, the great foes of exploitation exploited their own people as no capitalist had ever done, and squeezed out of them the last kopeck of saving.

But this is only one side of the story. Russian modernization was accomplished at breakneck speed. It had advanced far enough by 1941 to withstand Hitler's invasion. It achieved prodigies of postwar reconstruction. It has driven expansion onward at a rate of some 7 per cent a year. In four decades it has come within sight of America's military and industrial power. Today, even consumption is at last improving. To the peoples in emergent lands the speed and vigor of the transformation, accomplished in so few decades, is a matter of hope as well as fear. The times of iron discipline and ruthless saving in Russia are receding. What is more in evidence today is the growth and power. Inevitably the Soviet achievement seems to present an alternative to the slower traditional western method of reaching the point of "economic breakthrough." Among the preindustrial societies of today, China has already chosen the Russian route. And few other governments can hope to escape indefinitely from the dilemma of this choice.

The western nations are more or less aware of how much they, too, have at stake in the decision. If a third of the human race despaired of the open society with its flexible experimental methods and mild disciplines, and chose instead the iron path of (*Continued on Page 57*)

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The neighbors will think you've hit the jackpot when you drive home in your new Dodge Dart. Dart is so smart and stylish looking, you can't blame them for thinking it costs a pile of money. The fact is Dart is priced model for model with other low-priced cars.* And Dart's new Economy Slant "6" really stretches gas. So don't keep the neighbors in the dark. Give them the happy facts about Dart. Please?

DART: So much fun for so little money!

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PIONEER	Fairlane 500	Belvedere	Bel Air
PHOENIX	Galaxie	Fury	Impala

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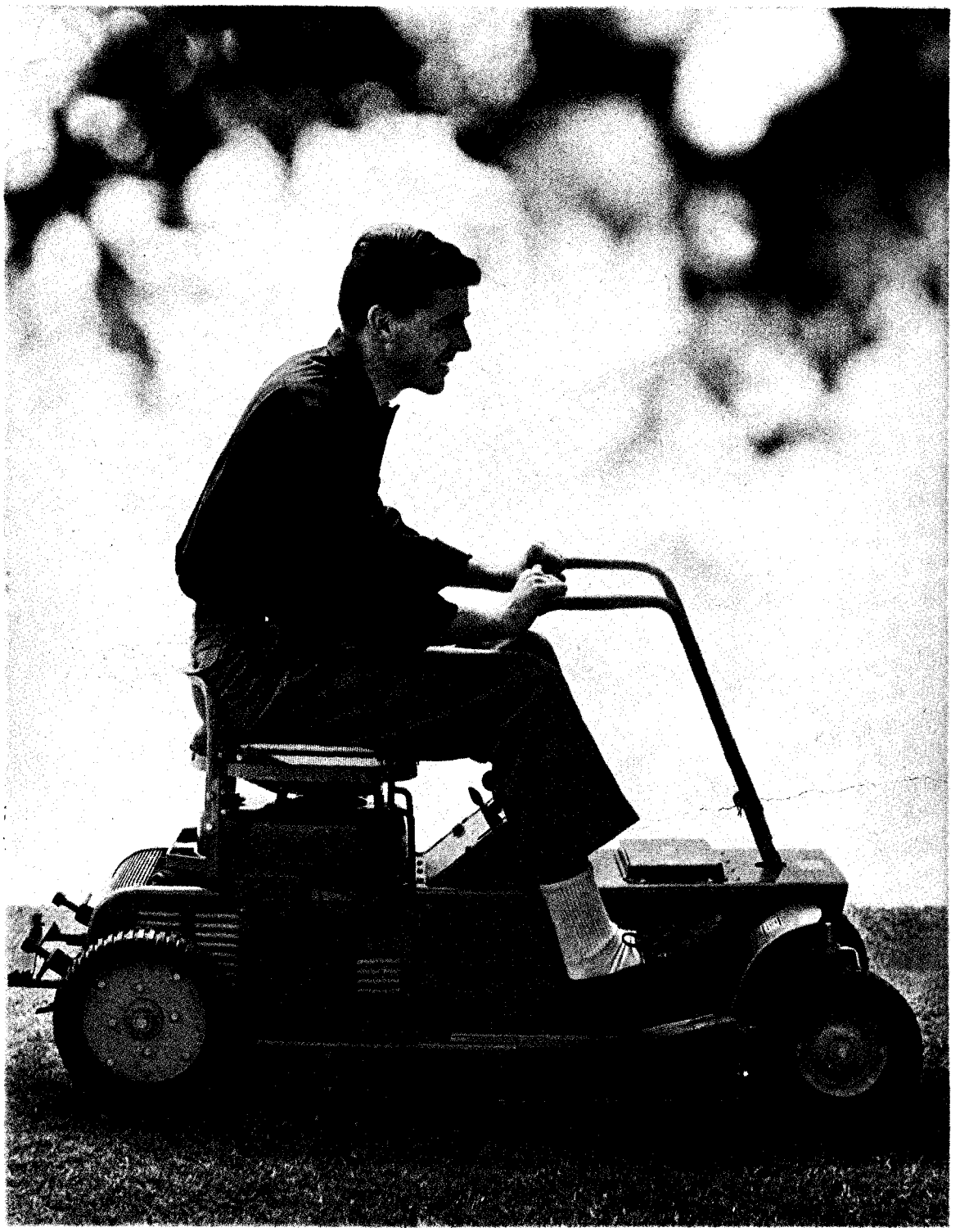

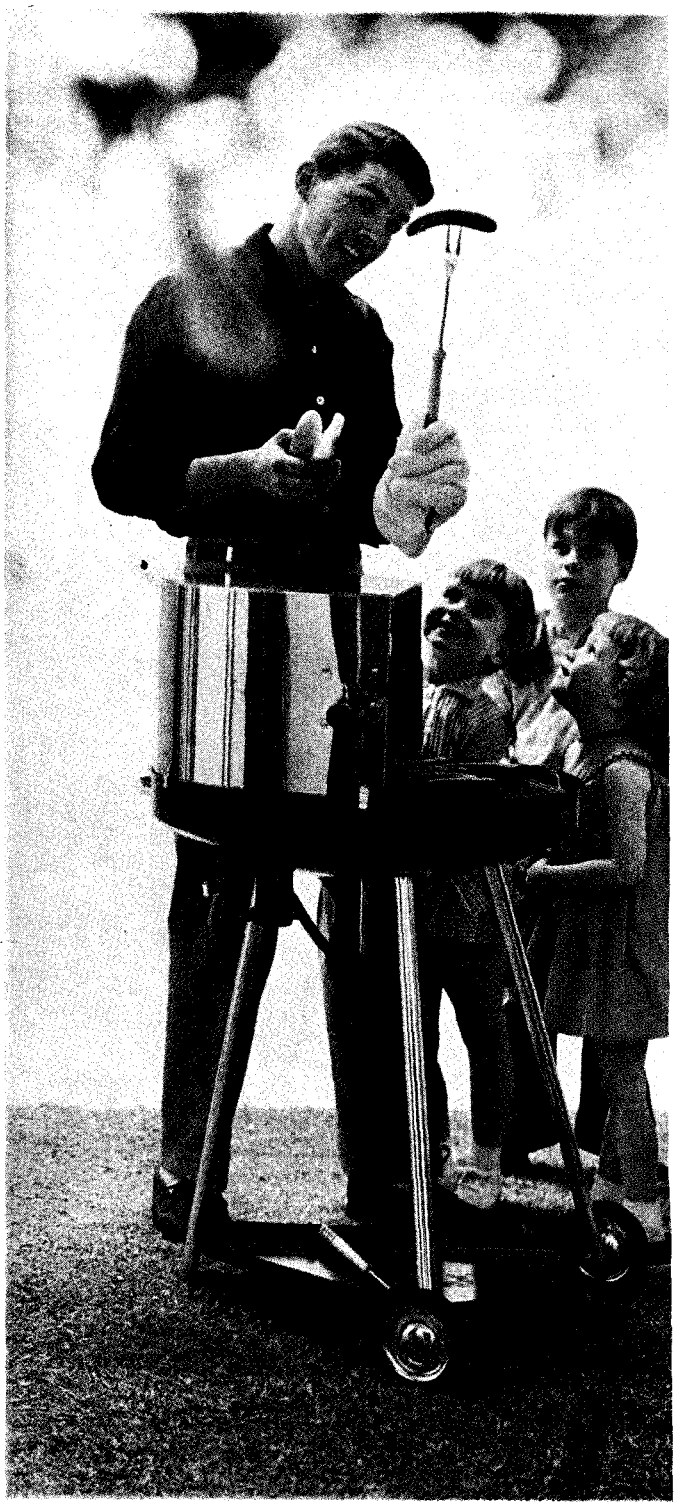

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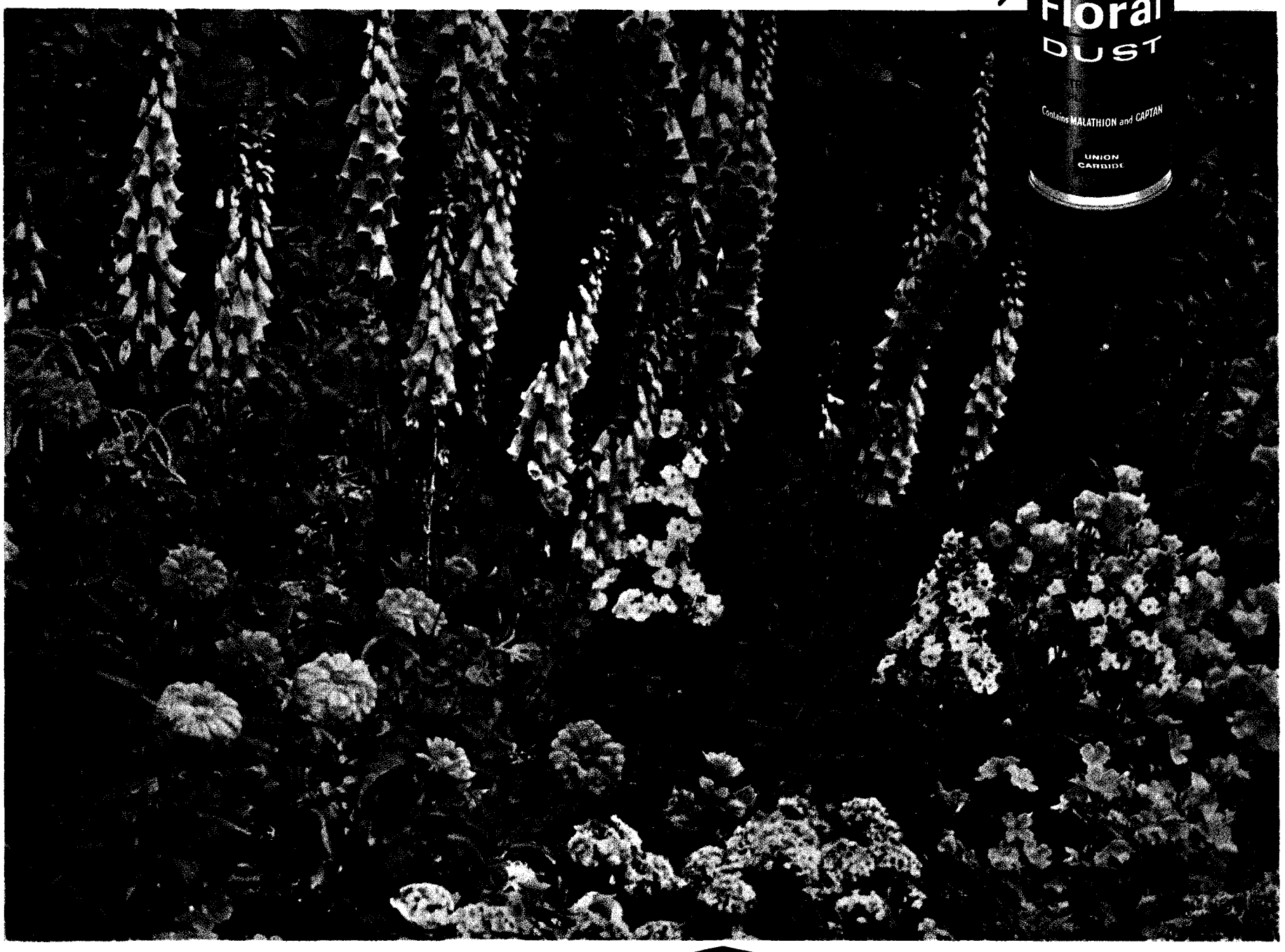

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(*Continued from Page 52*) total Communist control, the balance of freedom in the world would be perilously upset. Not only would the emergent peoples lose their liberty. The West itself might suffer from that loss of nerve and breakdown in confidence which occurs when societies have the impression that their ways are not the ways of the future—that history is leaving them behind.

What is perhaps less clearly realized is the extent to which the West has influenced and, if it will, can still influence the outcome. The conditions today under which the emergent peoples are trying to modernize their economies have been brought about almost entirely by western policies and western influence. As late as 1939 most of the world was still controlled either by settlers of European stock—as in all of America—or by colonial rulers of the same origin. In Asia, it is true, the westerners came out to trade, and it was only where local authority collapsed—as in Java and India—that they took over political control. But their economic influence undermined Manchu power in China, and Japan could not have resisted them after 1850 if it had not forcefully westernized itself. In short, western control or western influence determined virtually the entire pattern of development in Asia from the seventeenth century to the end of the last war. Africa in the last hundred years has similarly been under total western domination.

The western contribution to the four levers of modernization proved uneven. Peasant agriculture remained static, and the new plantations mainly benefited western interests. Modern education began—especially in India—but in 1936 there were still only 516 university students among Java's 40,000,000 people. A start was made on infrastructure, roads, railways, ports and power—again, India led the rest—but industrialization lagged far behind.

At this point we reach one of the consequences of the western impact which, though unintended, may have given a decisive setback to Asian development. Until the nineteenth century China and India were exporters to Europe of manufactures—hand-loom textiles, silks, pottery. In addition, peasant income all through the vast countryside was supplemented by local handicrafts. In Britain such centers of artisan enterprise were often the starting points of mechanized industry. In Japan after 1870, they were to prove so again as thousands of small workshops were moving to production with power and machines. But in India and China as the nineteenth century developed, this widespread preindustrial system of manufacture was wiped out by the flooding in of machine-made textiles and gadgets from the West. Local centers were extinguished. Peasant income fell. Indigenous growth ceased. Later in the century, modern factory industry began; but often, as in China, it was overwhelmingly foreign. In India, given Britain's doctrines of free trade and *laissez faire*, Indian enterprise did not secure full tariff protection until after the First World War. Industrialization was thus slow in spreading and would have been even slower if two world wars had not hastened it a little.

The small extent to which modernization was encouraged by western colonial control can best be illustrated by the opposite experience of Japan, the one Asian country to exclude the westerners. After 1870, a policy of thoroughgoing modernization was carried through by the Japanese themselves. A land reform gave the peasant a stake in production, extension services helped him to increase output by 50 per cent between 1870 and 1910. Most of this surplus was transferred to the towns, where the state expanded roads and ports, railways and power, began a drive for universal literacy, sent young men overseas to train, established industries, sold back the big concerns to the clans—the Zaibatsu—and encouraged cottage industry to supplement them. Every lever of modernization was thus brought into service, and in a few decades the Japanese economy was within sight of self-sustaining growth, saving enough each year to increase the volume of savings thereafter—and this in spite of a population which was increasing as rapidly as any in Asia.

We cannot fairly assess the western impact without this background of population pressure. China already had a vast population and gross rural poverty when western economic influence became predominant after 1850. But in India and Java it was western control that helped the spurt. A hundred years of peace probably doubled India's population between 1800 and 1900. In Java the numbers grew from just over 3,000,000 in 1795 to nearly 30,000,000 by 1914. In the twentieth century, sanitation and medical services began to speed the rate of growth. Keeping pace with this increase would have required measures as vigorous as those of Japan to insure that economy and population grew together, each kind of growth stimulating the other as it did in the West. But under the impact of partial modernization—which best sums up Asia's western inheritance—population growth in most of the Asian countries began to accelerate before the economy had reached a position of self-sustaining growth. And this is perhaps the most fateful of all the legacies from the West.

Saving, it must be repeated, means not-consuming. The more mouths there are to feed in a static economy, the harder it is to postpone consumption. The only answer is to save more drastically and thus achieve growth. But how can this drastic saving be done when—after a century of rapid growth in population, combined with economic stagnancy—per-capita income has sunk to the margin? How can a government increase savings to 15 per cent of national income if—as in India—the citizen's average income is only sixty dollars? This is the dilemma which most of Asia has inherited from the West. And this is the dilemma which could lead—as it has done in China—to the choice of the Communist alternative. In Communist discipline, in Communist techniques of forced accumulation, in Communist readiness to wring the last ounce of saving from the countryside, there seems to be a possible escape from the Asian impasse.

Equally the dilemma of saving could give the key to an effective western policy. The broad aim over the next two or three decades should be to bring the flow of investment in the emergent lands up to the level needed for self-sustaining growth. Thereafter there would continue to be foreign investment on a normal business basis; but the period of emergency help, designed to overcome the obstacles created by partial modernization, would have to come to an end.

If the present position is taken as a starting point, one can broadly estimate that the emergent peoples in the free world—1,000,000,000 of them—with their annual income of about $120,000,000,000, manage to save the 5 per cent traditional in static economies. To this $6,000,000,000 is added each year about $3,000,000,000 of outside capital, public and private. These figures are roughly half of what is needed. But they cannot be doubled immediately because the local people lack the margins for tougher saving and because the ground is not yet prepared—in public utilities, in transportation, in technical training—to absorb a sudden startling increase from outside.

The process is essentially long term. But a reasonable aim might be to double the flow of capital from outside over the next two decades. If this extra injection of saving—of the order of $6,000,000,000 a year, both public and private—were used to increase local skills and infrastructure, domestic capacity to save would certainly increase, although a doubling of the level is perhaps too optimistic. But even if domestic savings increased by 50 per cent over the ten years, the next decade would open with total savings at least within sight of the goal of 15 per cent of national income. The second decade could complete the transformation of the local economies, and thereafter special assistance would taper off.

Such a scheme is, of course, no more than a statement of intent. The actual content of the program would vary from country to country and region to region, and would reflect the varying degrees of modernization achieved during the period of direct western control or influence.

Since the old colonial governments were not very active in the field of basic agriculture, most underdeveloped areas require at least a quintupling of expenditure on the land so that men and resources can be transferred from it to other sectors without imposing Stalinlike controls. Education, particularly in Africa, also needs really ambitious expansion. On the other hand, the colonial record of infrastructure is normally more lavish. Roads, railways, public utilities exist. It is usually a question not of starting from scratch, but of extending an existing system sufficiently to permit a frontal attack upon industrialization. Infrastructure is, incidentally, pre-eminently an area for public investment, since private enterprise is not attracted by the low returns over long periods which public services provide.

The sphere of private enterprise now as in the past is likely to be the development of raw materials for export and all the myriad forms of industry—processing plants, consumer goods—which expanding wealth can support.

Not all the emergent peoples are ready for all these policies at once, but where—as in India—much of the infrastructure in both men and services already exists, investment plans can be more immediate and ambitious, and outside assistance can be mobilized on a larger scale. In fact, India might well be made the model of a speedy, efficient, co-ordinated effort of internal investment and outside help. In spite of their desperate poverty, the Indians have increased their domestic savings by 50 per cent in the last decade and hope to have doubled the annual rate by 1966. Even so, it still falls below the 15 per cent needed for self-sustaining growth. If, however, outside capital from all sources—public, private, international, national—could reach $1,000,000,000 a year during the third Five Year Plan, the point of break-through would be in sight at the end of the period; and the largest free community in Asia, in which live 40 per cent of the free world's emergent peoples, would have demonstrated that without totalitarian discipline, without the suppression of freedom or the imposition of forced saving on a murderous scale, an underdeveloped land can achieve full modernization and the possibility of sustained growth.

There is one proviso to this hope. At some point in the next decades there must be a check to the rate at which India's population is increasing—a need of which the Indian Government is well aware.

You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Cyclist Sam tried to pass Roscoe's car just as Roscoe started to turn off the highway. Motorcycle and car crashed, injuring Sam. He sued, charging negligence.

"Roscoe must have heard me coming behind him," Sam argued, "because my motorcycle has no muffler and makes more noise than a dozen horns. Hearing me, he should have let me pass before he turned."

"Sure, I heard that rumpus behind me," Roscoe replied, "but how was I to know he wanted to pass? The law says a driver must signal, and Sam didn't even beep his horn once."

If you were the judge, would you make Roscoe pay for Sam's hurts?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

No. The court said that a noisy exhaust "certainly is not the equivalent of the statutory signal of an intention to pass and hence does not excuse (failure to give) such a signal."

In other words, Sam should have honked.

Based upon a 1959 State of Washington decision.

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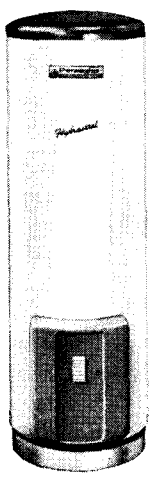

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But, in fact, the connection between rapid economic development and a more stable birth rate is exceedingly close. In a desperately poor society the birth of many children is an insurance against tragic rates of infantile mortality and, in some measure, an economic investment as well. It is only when parents, convinced of the chance of better health and rising standards, can hope to give their children surer prospects of survival and nurture, that they will feel inclined to raise a smaller family. It need hardly be stressed that in a free society, whatever measures are pursued by government, the decisive choice rests with the parents. Thus—as in the West—a measure of economic advance and expectation is virtually a precondition of a slackening in the population's rate of growth.

A target therefore may be set for the western nations of $5,000,000,000 to $6,000,000,000 a year in investment of all forms—public and private, from national and international agencies—with an immediate plan to allot $1,000,000,000 of this sum each year to India's crucial experiment in growth. That such an aim is easily within the West's resources requires little demonstration. It is no more than 1 per cent of the combined national incomes of the western nations; and since the recent rate of growth of these incomes is of the order of 4 per cent a year, to allot 1 per cent to a world investment project requires no diversion of resources. It merely entails a slight postponement in the rate at which consumption is actually increasing. To call this a strain or a sacrifice is an abuse of language.

But the mere availability of resources will not determine the result. The fundamental political question has to be decided—whether or not the western powers accept the need for a sustained, long-term policy of world investment and world growth. The arguments from self-interest seem overwhelming. We are beginning—after a decade of uncertainty—to see that the direct political appeal of Communism is on the wane. Hungary and Tibet are reminders that Communism can be the stalking horse of a new form of imperial control. Communism's chief appeal is therefore social and economic—that it can throw out the landlords, revolutionize agriculture, build industries at breakneck speed and achieve modernization in a decade. To people caught in the impasse between saving and rising population, its techniques of forced accumulation can still appeal—unless there is an alternative, the alternative of western aid. Sustained world investment is thus a fundamental weapon in the struggle against Communist expansion.

But even if there were no Communists, the wealthy white western minority of the world could not hope to prosper if most of the rest of mankind were foundering in hopeless poverty. Islands of plenty in a vast ocean of misery never have been a good recipe for commercial success. As western industry and agriculture expand with rising investment and revolutionary changes in technology, wider markets, wider areas of consumption, greater sources of supply become a necessity. They cannot all be found round the North Atlantic. A developing world is now the precondition of prosperity for an expanding West.

It is not simply an economic interest. Times of misery and despair are also times of anarchy and war, as were the recurrent cycles of ancient China when population overtopped resources and the empire fell into a welter of civil war and destruction. The sterile expenditure on arms needed for security on a despairing planet would certainly far exceed any sums now proposed for world investment.

But more than economic profit or national security is at stake. In this century, owing to the work of historians and archivists, of archaeologists and explorers, we know more than men have ever known about the fate of civilizations. Our western forefathers could take their society for granted as the end product of a unique historical progress in which, little by little, the inventiveness and faith of free men had come to set up a world society under western influence and control. Today we know that progress is at best a fluctuating line; and that along the march of humanity many proud experiments in political organization, many essays in empire, many great and affluent societies have foundered by the way. We know, too, that again and again they failed not from any inherent lack of means and resources, but from something more subtle—a failure of the spirit, a loss of nerve or faith or inner control.

In the eighteenth century no society on earth seemed more splendid and self-confident than the Chinese Empire under the greatest of its Manchu emperors, Chien Lung. European philosophers admired it without stint. Voltaire exclaimed, "They have perfected moral science." And Leibnitz asked for Chinese missionaries to teach Europe "the aim and practice of natural theology." But the high confidence, the apparent wealth covered a flaw. The Chinese rulers dismissed the rest of the world as barbarians. No isolationism in the West has ever equalled their contemptuous dismissal of every foreign thing. Yet these same foreigners revolutionized their scientific and industrial techniques, and before a century had passed, China's pride and China's wealth alike were humbled. Westerners controlled its policy and its economic life. The ignored and neglected outside world poured in. Traditional China disappeared in the torrent.

The temptation facing the western world today is comparable. It is supremely wealthy and, on the whole, supremely confident. A deep instinct is to let the rest of the world go hang, ignoring Communist efforts to organize it and the Communists' steady drive to secure growth and power. Can we be certain that the fate of the Manchus does not await us if, like them, we rely on our affluence and superiority and leave the world at large to its present prospect of deepening crisis and Communist manipulation, with the ultimate possibility of total loss to the side of freedom?

But the temptation of indifference and superiority to which China succumbed is not the end of the challenge to the human spirit in the West today. There is no greater defeat for a man or a society than to set a great experiment in motion and then to abandon it before it is half done. The modernization of the world is such an experiment. Casually, unconsciously, but with deadly effectiveness, western man all round the globe destroyed the traditional gods and the ancient societies with his commerce and his science. Now that the old world is dead, is he to make no special effort to bring the new world to life? He has plowed up the continents and scattered the seeds of new methods and hopes and ambitions. Is he indifferent to the harvest? Does it mean nothing to him if great areas of the world, where western influence has been predominant, emerge from this tutelage unable to return to the old life, yet unfitted for the new? It is hard to believe that the future could ever belong to men demonstrating irresponsibility on so vast a scale.

But the greatest challenge is also the simplest. The element above all others which western man has brought into history is the belief in its moral dimensions. When one considers the rise and fall of empires, the predatory imperialism, the violence, the irrational destructiveness which has marked so much of mankind's story, one is tempted to see in it only "sound and fury, signifying nothing." But in the Christian, rational and humane tradition of the West, the attempt has been made to rescue wider and wider areas of human existence from the tyranny of man's grasping, irrational and violent instincts—and a fundamental element in this search for moral order, of which Communism itself is a perverted by-product, is the belief that men should not prey on other men but that they are, in very truth, their brother's keeper.

In the past this principle has been limited by the few resources available in any society for active help. Private charity could lessen misery, but the levers of economic growth were not available for a frontal attack on poverty itself. The Industrial Revolution has removed this inhibition. Within western society the principle that the wealthier, luckier and healthier should assist the less privileged to acquire the education and well-being needed to advance themselves—the principle of general welfare—has brought about a wider and wider sharing of the new wealth.

Today resources exist in such abundance that a world-wide extension of the principle of welfare is physically possible. All that is lacking is the political decision to do so. Is it possible that a society which boasts of its humanity and its Christian inspiration should ignore the challenge? Is it conceivable that such a society, having done so, should deserve to survive?

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Ward, Barbara
Interplay of East and West
Norton
$3.50

Ward, Barbara
Five Ideas That Change the World
Norton
$3.75

Rostow, W. W. and Millikan, Max
A Proposal: Key to an Effective Foreign Policy
Harper
$2.75

Zinkin, Maurice
Development for Free Asia
Essential Books
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Stevenson, Adlai E.
Call to Greatness
Harper
$2.25

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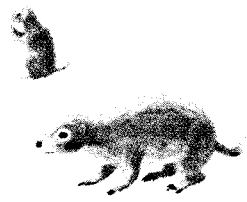

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The Tewksbury Feud (Continued from Page 50)

sake, stay put—don't make a run for it!"

A nearer, heavy booming of rifles from the houses began to answer. Crip detected a flurry of hasty movement along the ridge as the attackers flattened down behind the scraggly bushes. There seemed to be an awful number of them; hard to tell, though, because there was a lot of cover along there. He took a fearful mental count: Johnny and Jacobs downed—that left Breed and Jim, old Jonathan and Roberts. Four against God alone knew how many. And they were trapped inside—doubly trapped, for there were women and kids in there too.

Crip wasted no time wondering what it was all about—or who composed the besieging riflemen. He had a more important problem—inasmuch as he was the only one not nailed down and was thus far undetected.

Crip had seen his share of frontier war. His game leg was a souvenir of a clash with Cochise's tough veterans. He looked down at his crippled, misshapen person with total disgust—it had been years since he had worn or carried a gun.

The accurate returning fire from the houses incited a smothering, blasting roar from the concealed attackers. Crip figured he'd best get out of there while he still could.

He untied his rope from the cow and stowed it in his pocket before dropping to his belly. Cursing the thorns which tore his clothes and ripped his hurried hands, he wormed through the bushes and up the hillside, scrabbling low and crabwise from bush to tree to rock. He gained the crest of the hill and slithered behind a rubble of ice-shattered boulders. From here he crept to a crack between two of them to peer back and down.

The smoking, rocking clamor of the guns was lessened from here—the panorama of it was spread clear to his urgent gaze. He could make out the dark forms of the bellied-down men on the ridge, and as his eyes followed along he saw hunched figures skulking, fanning out. Far to his left, but too close for comfort, he glimpsed two men creeping in his direction. He dropped down, slid and scrambled to the draw at the foot of the hill, along which he scuttled, driving his brittle legs without mercy, smothering the grunts of pain he could not control. He was dripping with tortured sweat by the time he reached the pasture in the wooded ravine where a small herd of horses grazed. He was thankful that Breed's tall, gray gelding was among them, for Bullet lifted his head inquiringly at the first low whistle, and when it was repeated, he came across the pasture and stood while the shaking old man circled his neck with the short rope he carried.

For a little while Crip hung onto the rope, leaning against the horse's shoulder, just resting thankfully. Bullet swung his wise head around and nosed him, smelled the strong odor of fear. He stood quietly while Crip got his breathing back to something like normal, then he allowed himself to be led alongside a rock and stood while the old man climbed on his back, hoisting and pulling himself by clutching the thick mane. Once astride the smooth, bare back, Crip kneed him cautiously and sighed with relief as the gray moved out at once with his swinging, comfortable single-foot.

They traveled east until the sound of the firing diminished in the distance. After a wide half circling they came out on the rutted wagon road that led to Payson—the Tewksburys had friends there, and maybe the deputies Judge Meadows had promised to send to the Tonto were in the neighborhood.

Crip measured their progress against the position of the sun. They were making good time, but if it took him long to roust up help —— He wished they knew back there that he'd got away and was riding for help, for there wouldn't be any from any other source. He had to make it. He felt cold with the fear he tried to shut out of his mind. It had been a long time since he'd needed to ride hard. Crip muttered and mumbled along another almost forgotten pattern, as he did his best to pray. It wouldn't hurt a bit for the Almighty to know what was going on, and the Tewksburys, he assured God, were awful good folks.

Stella poured a generous measure of feed into her sacked-up apron and was scattering it for the busy, clattering hens, when the two shots sounded. She whirled about to stare in the direction of the sound and saw Johnny struggle convulsively on all fours and then collapse on his face in the dust of the horse pasture. She dropped her apron and began to run toward him. But she sprang back again, for a hail of lead thudded all about her and she stood dazed behind the

"Now, there's my idea of a real ship christening."

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hencoop She sank weakly to her knees, crouching by the corner of the coop and with her fists punishing her mouth, she stared at Johnny. She noted hysterically that Jacobs lay not far from her husband and that their complete stillness was unmistakable.

The startled horses had plunged away and stampeded to the far side of the pasture. Those in front had been shoved against the slender fence poles, which had tumbled, allowing the horses to clamber through, escaping into the hog pasture beyond.

Shots sounded from very near, and Stella realized that the men in the house were answering the attack from the front windows. A single rifle began shooting rapidly from her house—Jim was there; he had eaten breakfast with Johnny and Jacobs. Her baby was there, too, and she sobbed with relief, remembering he was in the far corner, near the rock fireplace wall—the safest location possible.

She heard shouting from the main house, and then Jim came to her back door. "Breed says," he yelled, "all best get to the main house!" Stella's insides turned over as he went on. "I'm takin' the youngun—you be ready to jump and grab 'im if they get me!"

She started to call out in protest, but he had disappeared back inside. Then a thunderous barrage rumbled from the front of the house—the three riflemen were covering for Jim. The shooting from the west thinned, almost stopped as the attackers ducked down. Jim leaped from the back door of the small house, his long legs spreading and reaching, going fast. He had his rifle in one thin arm, the baby clutched tight to his chest with the other and he ran, hunching protectively, shielding the tiny body with his own.

Stella screamed as he seemed to stumble, but he caught himself and went on with great leaps, made it inside the back door, which had been held open for him by Tildy. She snatched the baby from him, eying him severely. "You're all bloody," she accused. "Strip back your sleeve."

Jim looked down at his arm, blood soaked his sleeve, oozed down his bony wrist. He pushed the sleeve above his elbow. "Jist a splinter," he scoffed. "Won't bother me none."

"Just you hold on now," Tildy ordered. "Scratch or whatever, I'll tend to it—and right now." She settled the baby and competently removed the embedded splinter, washed the arm and wrapped it in bandages.

Breed placed Jim in his own position by the front window—the glass had been knocked out—and came to the back door to see about getting Stella across the yard and into the house.

She was at the corner of the hencoop, her back toward him so that he saw her loosely knotted hair had escaped the pins, tumbled below her shoulder blades. She was bent forward and her hands went shaking against her ears as he heard her begin to scream. It was a tortured keening sound, and her body twisted and writhed.

But she heard his booming voice and turned. "Stella! Stella! Are you hit? Wait—I'll come ——" Her mouth was wide, her eyes had a staring, insane look. And then she screamed a jumble of words at him.

"The hogs—the hogs—in the pasture! Johnny—Johnny ——"

Breed could not see the bodies—the hencoop was between—but across the pasture he now saw the high, rounded spines of big hogs advancing deliberately. He shouted to the riflemen in the front of the house, "Cover me—now!" Rifle in hand he leaped out. He could shoot the hogs from the hencoop.

A scattering of bullets struck close to him before the barrage forced the attackers down, but he gained the hencoop—to find Stella gone. He could hear her screaming as she ran out into the open pasture. The screaming was oddly accompanied by a dog's hoarse barking.

Stella had gathered up her skirts and, as she ran, her long coppery hair streamed behind her. From where he had been crouching, the big gray dog, Smoke, had leaped out and now bounded along beside her.

Breed groaned aloud as he hurriedly set his rifle down. In the very act of leaping out he stopped. Sudden silence had enveloped the valley with the shock of a violent thunderclap.

The startled riflemen held their fire from the instant their astonished eyes recognized the woman's form and hair. And as she sped across the pasture straight into close range of the hostile guns, those in the house were able to see her too. And a dead silence hung, hushed and waiting, acrid with gun smoke and dust.

The enormous hogs and their mean-eyed sows raised bloody, belligerent snouts as Stella charged them, whipping off her apron and flailing it across their astonished faces. They milled, grunting angrily, but they moved back from the bodies, for Smoke had also launched a furious attack. The hogs were no match for the two of them, and they balkily turned and lumbered with a chorus of ponderous squealing and grunting back across the field. When they had all crossed the fallen poles, Stella lifted them back in place while Smoke chased them deep into their own pasture.

The men behind the ridge, jaws agape, had moved not a muscle as they watched. They stirred uneasily now, not looking at one another as Stella went back to the bodies, kneeled beside her husband and turned him over. Her head went down to his, and the shimmering cascade of hair covered them both as her shaking mouth left the saltiness of her kiss on his face.

Smoke, his jaws wide, his long tongue hanging, came galloping back across the pasture. A rifle barked and the dog went down in a yelping, scrambling heap.

Stella leaped to her feet, saw Smoke roll over and up, come crippling toward her on three legs. She ran to meet him and placed herself between him and the ridge. He halted to lick whimperingly at the torn shoulder, leaning against her shaking legs.

Stella threw back her head, her chin lifted defiantly, the bronze mane of hair whipped like an angry banner. She raised her fist and shook it. "Damn you!" she screamed, and the listening men cringed inside themselves for every word was clarion clear. "Damn you all to hell!"

There was only silence in answer, and she turned to gather the dog up in her arms. She staggered under his weight but she turned her back, contemptuous of the rifles, and crossed the pasture to the houses.

Back of the ridge a low voice said, "Why the hell you go and throw down on the dog?" The man's face betrayed his unease at the furious cursing they had received.

The rifleman near him turned a face striped by the angry red of unhealed scars. "It was that cursed dog got me these"—he motioned toward his wounds—"that fracas when we had 'em holed up in the box. The dog come down in the brush and flushed us out for Tewksbury! Hank got it dead center. I'd ruther tangle with Apaches than that Breed and his dog."

The oddly hushed silence held for a short space after Stella disappeared from view. The shooting began again as the men behind the ridge had a brief glimpse of Breed leaping back to the main house.

Not long after, the Tewksburys knew they were completely surrounded The

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shots now thudded from a wide circle and struck the house from new directions. The four men inside were spread thin—one to each outer wall of the house. The women kept several rifles loaded and at hand for each man.

The firing from the ridge slackened, although it never stopped as the afternoon wore away. It was obvious that the plan was to hold them down until dark, when the circle would be closed. And the Tewksburys knew they could not withstand a close-in night attack against the number of guns comprising the siege.

They decided to abandon the house in favor of the stone springhouse, which had but one door, no windows and a sod roof—which would not burn. Lydia stiffened, her eyes were haunted in a chalk-white face. "I'll not leave my house," she insisted. "They'll burn it ——" She looked pleadingly at Breed. His somber gaze understood, but there could be no mercy now. "If we're still here when they come, they *will* try to burn us out, Miz Lydy." He paused and then added, "You got only the one choice now—your house or your life."

Her wide eyes dropped and she stared down at her thin hands. When she spoke it was with that old, icy correctness of composure. "Of course, Edwin," she said, "I will gather together some food and blankets. It will be chilly in the springhouse for the children. Fortunately we shall not lack for milk and water." Part of the stream from the spring had been diverted into a wooden trough which ran through the springhouse, rendering the small interior cool for the keeping of milk, butter and eggs, even in the hottest weather.

Breed waited until the women were busy in the kitchen, and then he and Roberts held a whispered consultation. They were agreed that the two of them would fight outside the springhouse—taking swift, silent care of those who crept in close. With this in mind they checked their revolvers, and each added an extra heavy-bladed knife to his gear.

There was a heavier firing as the sun lowered. The attackers felt safer with the blaze of it directly in the eyes of the Tewksburys. Above the smoking clamor of the valley the sun shot crimson streamers aloft, transforming the billowing clouds into towering, rosy pillars.

Jonathan gave a startled grunt and leaned perilously close to his window, shading his eyes against the sun. They all heard it clearly—and getting louder—the drumming beat of a running horse.

Straight down the road from the north tore a huge white horse, streaked with its own sweat, foam slobbering around the bit in its mouth. Its huge rider turned from the road, galloped to the center of the horse pasture and pulled the horse into a rearing, fighting circle right under the snouts of the suddenly silenced guns.

He stood in the stirrups, and the red glare of the sun reflected on his white mane of hair and beard. "In the name of the law"—his stentorian roar spread and rang like a deep-toned bell—"I order you to cease and desist!"

A threatening growl swelled from the throats of the concealed men, and Judge John Meadows shook his fist at them. "I've got one of your men," he warned. "I know who you are—and Mulvenon's posse will be on your tail any minute!"

There was dead silence and then a restless, shuffling of consternation as the men glanced back and around them and then at one another. Meadows pulled the snorting white horse about, arrogantly presented his broad back and rode to dismount before the main Tewksbury house. He whipped the dust from his clothes, brushed back his hair and directed a majestic, angry stare toward the west. His commanding stance, boots wide spread, eyes fierce under the beetling brows, did not betray his anxiety that his bluff might not work. Satisfaction curved his mouth—for he now detected the movement of hasty withdrawal. The besiegers were pulling out, not aware that Mulvenon and his men could not possibly reach Pleasant Valley before the next morning.

Presently, from the trees bordering the creek, two riders appeared, driving a man on foot before them. The astonished Tewksburys recognized the tall, gray form of Bullet long before they identified as Crip the stooped and weary rider on his bare back. The other horseman was an Apache tracker who held the end of a rope that bound the wrists of the man on foot. Crip slid from the sweat-stained horse and hobbled into the house, almost falling into the huge grasp of Jonathan, who shouted and pounded the little old man in a way that nearly completed his collapse.

He had met up with the judge and his men—a deputy and the Apache tracker—this side of Payson. The deputy had been sent back to Payson to hurry Mulvenon's gathering together a posse.

Crip limped kitchenward, followed by a clucking, admiring Tildy. "I'll make you some fresh coffee," she offered, and the old man was astounded at this expression of respect from the gaunt and horse-faced woman, who'd never so much as allowed him the time of day heretofore. His bony shoulders straightened and he tried not to limp as he walked to the kitchen table, not to groan as he lowered himself into a chair. "I'll have a shot of brandy in that there coffee," he tested, darting a surreptitious peek to see how far he could take this.

"All right, Crip," Tildy said, in the same matter-of-fact way. She stoked wood into the stove and pulled the big kettle forward onto the flame while the old man watched her bony back with growing satisfaction. "My name's Donald," he announced to the room.

Tildy turned from the stove, wiping her hands on her apron. "Donald." She seemed to give it serious consideration. "That's a right nice name—Donald," she said gravely.

The valley was silent as the twilight grayed and deepened; settling dust flurries from several directions had indicated the wide, scattering retreat of the besiegers. The Tewksburys and Roberts, rifles still warily in hand, joined Judge Meadows and his party in front of the house.

The captured man was Miguel Apocada, who had been guarding the attackers' horses in a draw some distance back of the firing line. His hands were tied behind him with one end of a braided, horsehair rope, the other end, leashlike, was in the hands of the Apache tracker who had captured him. The potbellied little man was sweating with terror, cringing as far as possible from the silent Apache.

Breed spared no more than a glance at the cowering Mexican, but he stared at the Apache, still astride his spotted pony. He stepped close, lifted his hand to grasp and shake the strong, brown paw. His voice was low as he spoke in a halting mixture of Navajo and Apache, which had many words in common. "I greet my brother," he said, "but my tongue does not remember what he calls himself—now."

An appreciative glint flickered in the Apache's obsidian, slitted eyes. He smiled, disclosing strong white teeth. "I am called Hay-soos," he said, "man of peace—now that I ride as tracker with the white sheriff."

Breed was unsurprised at the bold arrogance of it, for he was the Apache Kid, most dangerous and hunted renegade at large since the surrender of Geronimo. It was typical of his slyness that while the manhunt for him went on in the south, near the Mexican border, he assumed the protective coloring of law and order in the pay of a sheriff far to the north. The sheriff would not be short-changed; the Apache Kid would be worth his pay, for he was unparalleled as a tracker and scout.

"Hay-soos is welcome here," Breed said. "I thank him for this service to my family."

"It is small return," Hay-soos countered ceremoniously, "for a life that rested in Trader Breed's hands."

It had been two years ago on a dark night when a sandstorm shrieked down the canyons that the Apache Kid had made his way on foot to Breed's trading post at Cougar Spring. He had run his horse to death, his cartridge belt was empty—as was his belly—and the cavalry was closing in, having succeeded in keeping him from water holes for two days and nights. Breed had supplied him with food, a full canteen, a fresh strong horse and cartridges. When the winded soldiers arrived he reported the theft of these things. But as to their questions of the Apache Kid's trail, he shrugged. For, he said, who could tell where the Apache Kid might be?

Judge Meadows led a somber procession to the horse pasture. Jacobs had been instantly killed by the bullet which had torn clear through his chest. The slug which had brought Johnny down remained in his body, the point of entrance unmistakable—in his back, between his shoulder blades.

Meadows' head was uncovered, bowed, his voice was somewhat hushed, but it rumbled with outrage. "Shot in the back!" he pronounced. "Outright murder!" He seemed to become further incensed as he inspected the bodies. The outflung hands and arms were almost unrecognizable from the crunching jaws of the hogs.

"Bring the Mex here," Meadows ordered. Hay-soos herded the quaking man forward, and when Apocada saw the bodies he started convulsively and stumbled, then fell to his knees.

"You take a good look, damn you!" Meadows ordered, but the Mexican, swaying and sobbing, bowed his head to avoid the sight of the mutilated bodies.

Meadows advanced and stood over him. "Stop that blubbering!" he roared and Apocada choked and was silent. "Now, listen to me, Mex—I want the names of every man jack in on this—and you'll talk—or I'll turn you over to Breed and my 'Pache. They'll take you up to the hog pasture and when they get done—leave you there!"

"*Si*." It was a faint whisper, "*Si*, I tell you ——"

"Who was leadin' 'em?"

"*Señor* Graham—*Señor* Tom."

"Tom Graham!" Meadows was jolted. "You're lyin'."

"I tell truth," Apocada said. "*Señor* Cooper—he was there and his brothers, three brothers. It is they who bring in the young *señor*, Billy—and after he is buried, then it is *Señor* Tom Graham who send riders out, pass the word."

"Young Billy—you mean Tom Graham's brother? What happened to him?"

"He is dead. He have been shot—bushwhacked. They say, no use to wait for law because law, she is on side of sheepmen. They say, go after killer, themselves—finish off all trouble ——"

Meadows' face became apoplectic, but he controlled his rage and asked reasonably, "Why would Tom Graham figger to get his killer by hittin' the Tewksburys?"

Apocada closed his eyes and swallowed painfully; he could not find his voice, and they all bent to hear the hoarse whisper, "The man—who have bushwhack' *Señor* Billy, he leave plain track—moccasin track."

There was the sound of deep, swift breaths. No one looked at Breed's moccasined feet. (*Continued on Page 68*)

"Here's one by Joyce Kilmer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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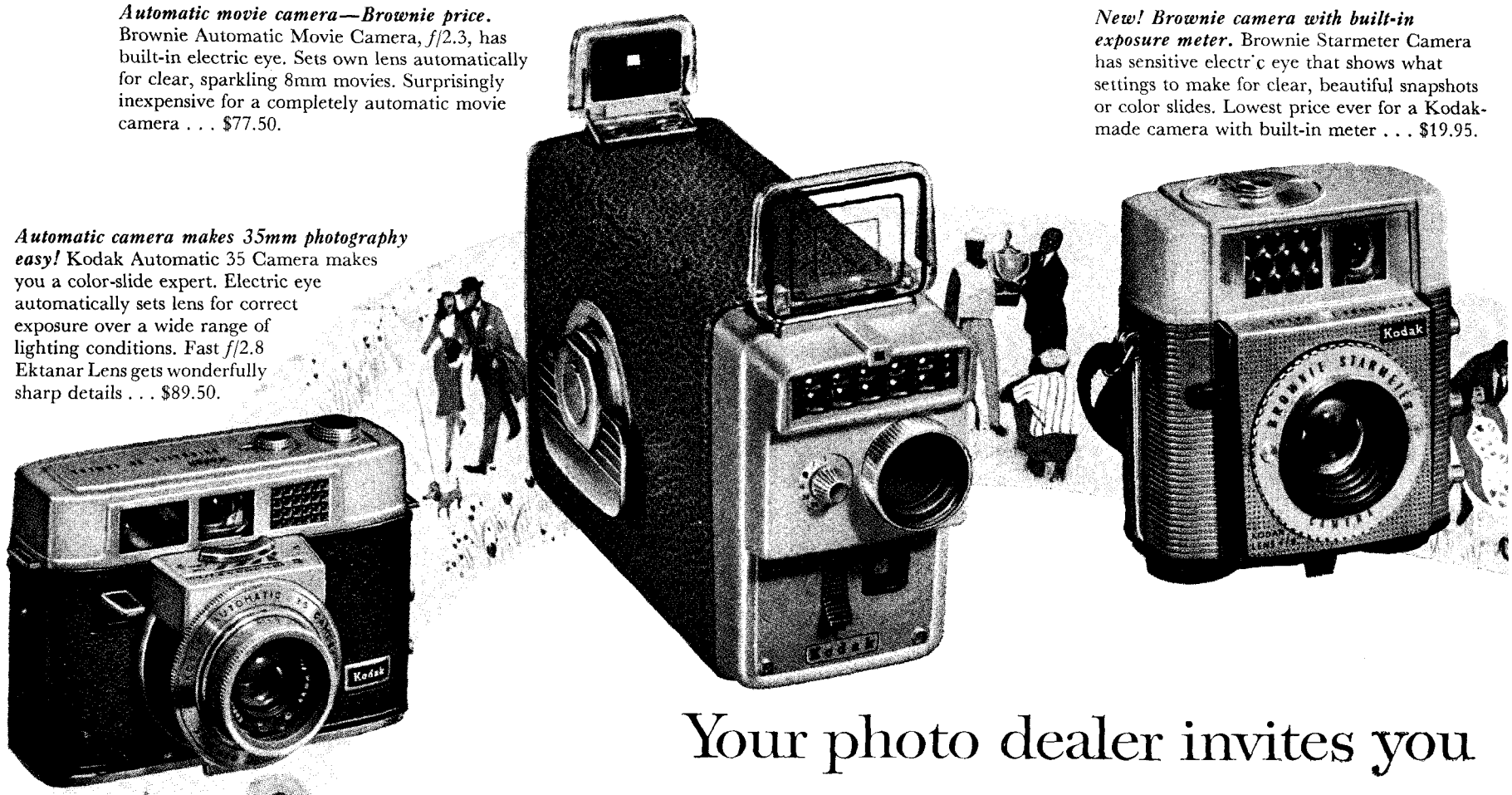

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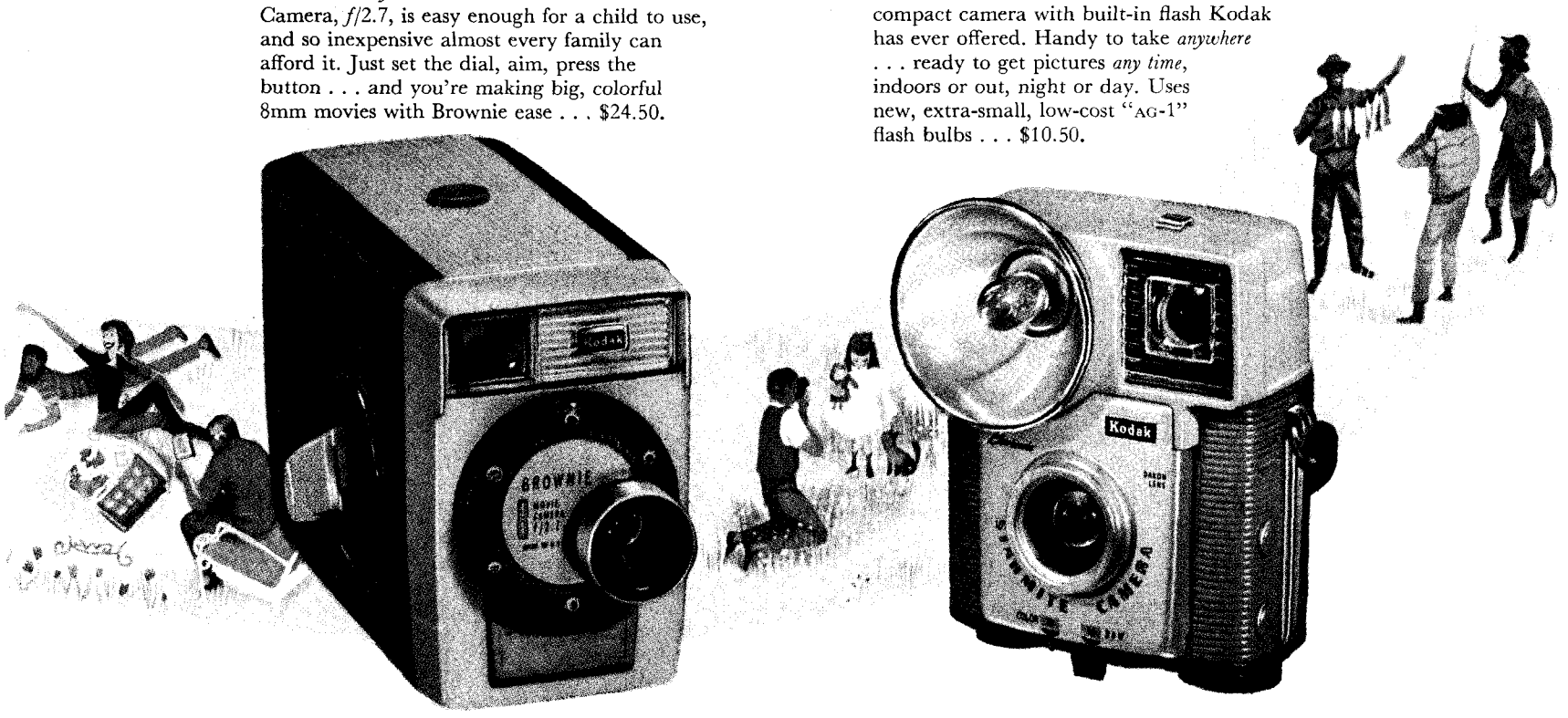

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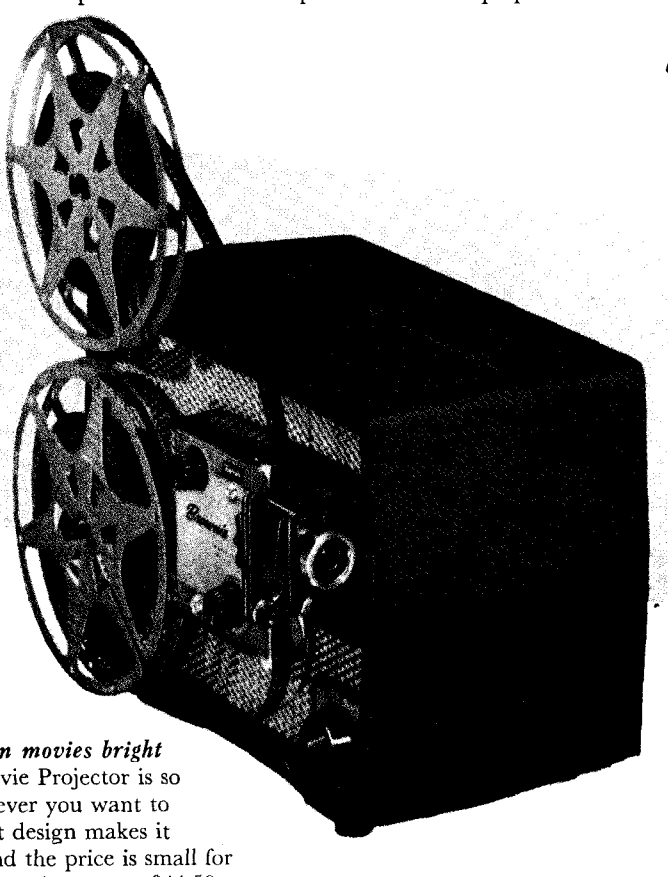

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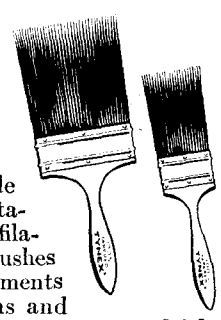

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

(*Continued from Page 64*) Meadows considered for a moment and then he asked, "They know when Billy was killed?"

"They bring him in—yesterday, in afternoon. He has not been dead long—one hour, perhaps. He ride from Canyon Creek not long time before *Señor* Cooper and others. They find him."

Jonathan's slurred voice protested. "Breed was shoein' horses all day—never once outta sight of the house. Ask the womenfolks."

"I've no need to bother the women," Meadows growled. "I know Breed better'n that!" He turned back to the Mexican. "Who else seen the tracks besides Cooper and his brothers?"

"*Señor* Jack Graham was there"—Apocada cringed—"and I also."

"Who all was in on this shootin' today?"

"There were many," Apocada gasped. "I not know them all ——"

Breed's taut voice spoke so close to the Mexican's ear that the man jerked convulsively. "Who fired the first two shots?"

"First shots—it was *Señor* Cooper and man beside him—I not know—one of his brothers, maybe."

"How many men all together?" Meadows shot at him.

"I not know—thirty maybe, forty, I not know."

"Hell," Meadows said, "lock him up and I'll write the names for Mulvenon in the mornin'."

The moon rose late and low, it was lopsided and pale but its glow dulled the frosty winking of the stars in the dark sky.

Breed came out of the barn, where he had spread his bedroll. As he did so he made out a shadowy figure leaning against the back fence. His steps were soundless as he approached. "You shouldn't be out here now," he whispered, "you'll get chilled."

Stella turned her narrow face up to him. It was chalky white in the moonlight, and the dark smudges circling her eyes made them enormous; her mouth was colorless. "I'm not cold," she whispered, "I just couldn't—I felt like I was going to smother in the house."

She wore a dark woolen wrap over her night dress. Her hair was drawn back, braided down her neck. She seemed somehow smaller to the man as he looked down at her; fragile, brittle, like a slender thread, drawn too tight and about to break.

Her tight, almost irrational calm worried him, for she had spoken hardly at all—nor had she wept—during the night's grim business of preparing bodies for burial. Stiffly, like a sleepwalker, she had moved about, doing what must be done, with her face like this, and the wide eyes empty and yet haunted.

"You'd best try to rest," Breed whispered.

The waxen profile lifted as she stared unseeingly at the stars, and she seemed not to have heard him. "There's so much," she whispered, "so much I wish I'd done different. I wish I'd been better to Johnny." Breed clenched his jaw at the weariness of the pain and regret.

His hands wanted to comfort, but he lowered them to his sides. "I doubt Johnny figgered you wasn't real good to him. You married him, and gave him a fine boy—seems like that'd sure be enough for any man."

Stella's eyes searched his face. "Would it, Breed?" she whispered. "Would it be enough—if the man figured he was second choice?"

Breed became almost unbreathingly still; his eyes had to move away from her face. "Did Johnny—think that?"

She looked down at her hands on the fence. "He knew how it was with me that summer you sent Coutouch. But after that we—nobody mentioned it ever again." She looked up at him again. "I've thought it worried him, because he didn't ever talk about it—like he was afraid to ask. We used to quarrel a lot, and it was like he was pushing at me, trying to get at something, roundabout like." Her eyes questioned to see if he understood, and he nodded, not speaking. "It was better, though," she went on, "after you came back—and that's strange; but things were much better between Johnny and me, like we'd faced up to something together. That's the only part I don't have to be sorry for—that we had that much time, right up to this morning when he went to saddle up."

Stella began to cry, the soundless tears slid down her pale cheeks and Breed saw the wet shine of them. He reached out and drew her close. She buried her face against his chest and cried for a long time. After the shuddering sobs quieted she remained in the warm haven of his arms, taking comfort. Breed stood rock still, his eyes lifted, fixed sightlessly on the mountain heights.

She stirred and moved back, looking up at him. "Thanks, Breed," she whispered, "thanks for letting me ——"

His face was in shadow and she could not see the deepened strain on it. "Think you can maybe rest now?" he asked. She nodded and pressed his arm with her hand as she turned away.

He watched her cross the yard and disappear through the doorway. The night seemed suddenly colder, his arms had an aching emptiness and all was a chill void. With an effort that was almost physical he warded his thoughts away from the turbulence Stella's closeness had aroused in him. There was a thing he must do, and he must not even think his own thoughts until it was done.

But try as he would, as he saddled Shawnip, the buckskin, he could not erase from his mind the memory of Stella in his arms. And he knew with a certainty that, if he lived after the task he had set himself, he would come back and wait and see. He had made a decision for them both once. This time it would be hers to make, for he knew now that he had been wrong.

He slung saddlebags on the mare's back and looped her reins over the rail. A shadow drifted toward him in the dark barn, and Hay-soos spoke low. "I would ride with Trader Breed," he offered and waited.

Breed was not surprised that the Apache had instinctively known the course of his thinking—the conclusion of which was foregone in both their minds. He did not hesitate. "I would be proud to have my friend, Hay-soos, ride with me." He then added, "But we'll have to let Meadows know. I don't want the family roused up; maybe you better ask the judge to step out to the barn quiet like."

As Breed threw a saddle on the deep-chested bay gelding that had been Johnny's favorite mount, gray dawn began to filter through the barn door. Judge Meadows came ponderously in, his movements slow as though he ached, but his eyes were sharp, alert with testiness. "No need to ask what you're up to," he accused. "I can guess." Breed looked at the judge, but he did not speak.

"I don't want you to do this, Breed," Meadows said. "Mulvenon'll be here sometime today. Let the law take care of Cooper."

"The law has wanted Cooper for a lot of years that I know about," Breed said, "and he's stayed free as a bird. He ain't even bothered to stay out of the towns where they've had notices—never even bothered to cover or hide out."

Meadows could find no convincing argument for this. "I could order you as a representative of the law not to go after Cooper."

Breed made no reply. He looked steadily at the judge.

"You'd go anyway," Meadows stated. Breed nodded.

"Then take another man," the judge said. "It's all right with me if Hay-soos goes along, but take one more—take Roberts."

"I want Roberts here," Breed said. "With Jim's arm—it's likely to stiffen up, bother him some. And pa ——" With old Jonathan there was no telling—he was already on borrowed time with the strain and shock of the past hours—there was just no telling how it would be for him. Breed wanted Roberts here with the family, for he knew very well that he himself might not make it back to look after them.

Meadows shook his head. "Look, son," he argued, "you might find yourself bracin' up to God knows how many men. Cooper might have half that bunch with him."

"He might," Breed admitted, "but I don't think so. I figger they've split up—likely headed off in a dozen different directions."

"Which way you headin'?"

"Holbrook to start with," Breed said. "His sister Lela has a house there where he hangs out a lot, and he wouldn't be likely to hole up at Canyon Creek, not with Mulvenon comin'—it's too close."

Meadows nodded and began fishing about in his pockets; his hand came up with something metallic in the palm, and he reached over and pinned a deputy's badge on Breed's vest pocket. "Raise your right hand," he ordered.

Breed looked down at the badge; then he began to (*Continued on Page 72*)

"J. Plompkin Krankenauer and Company, Dear Sirs. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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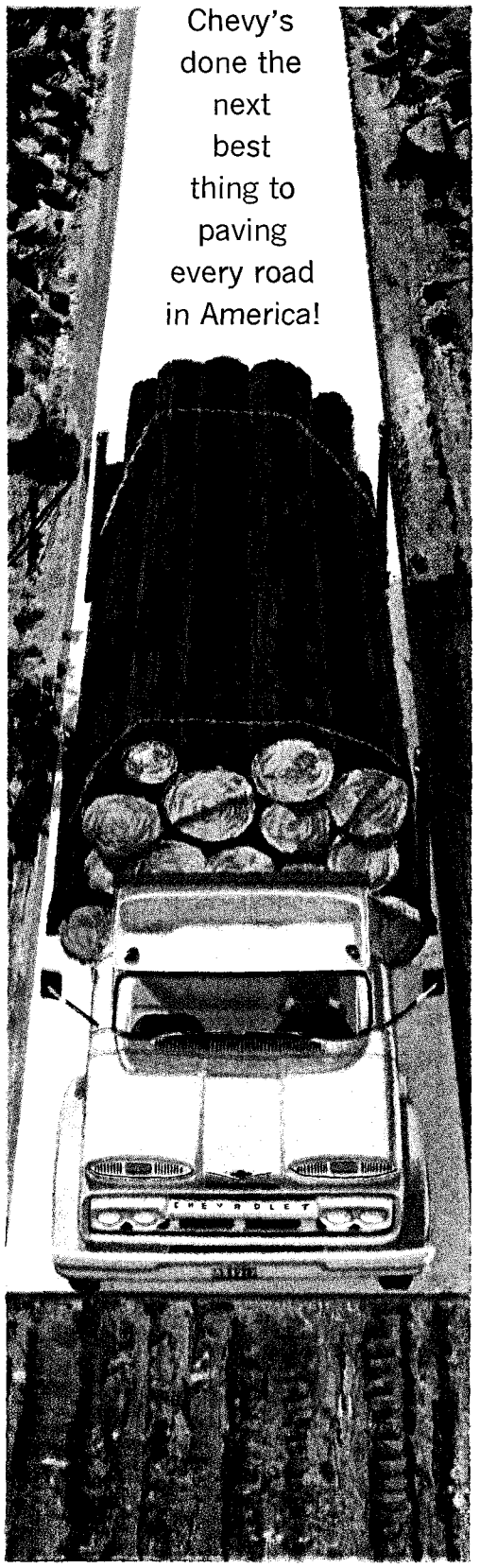

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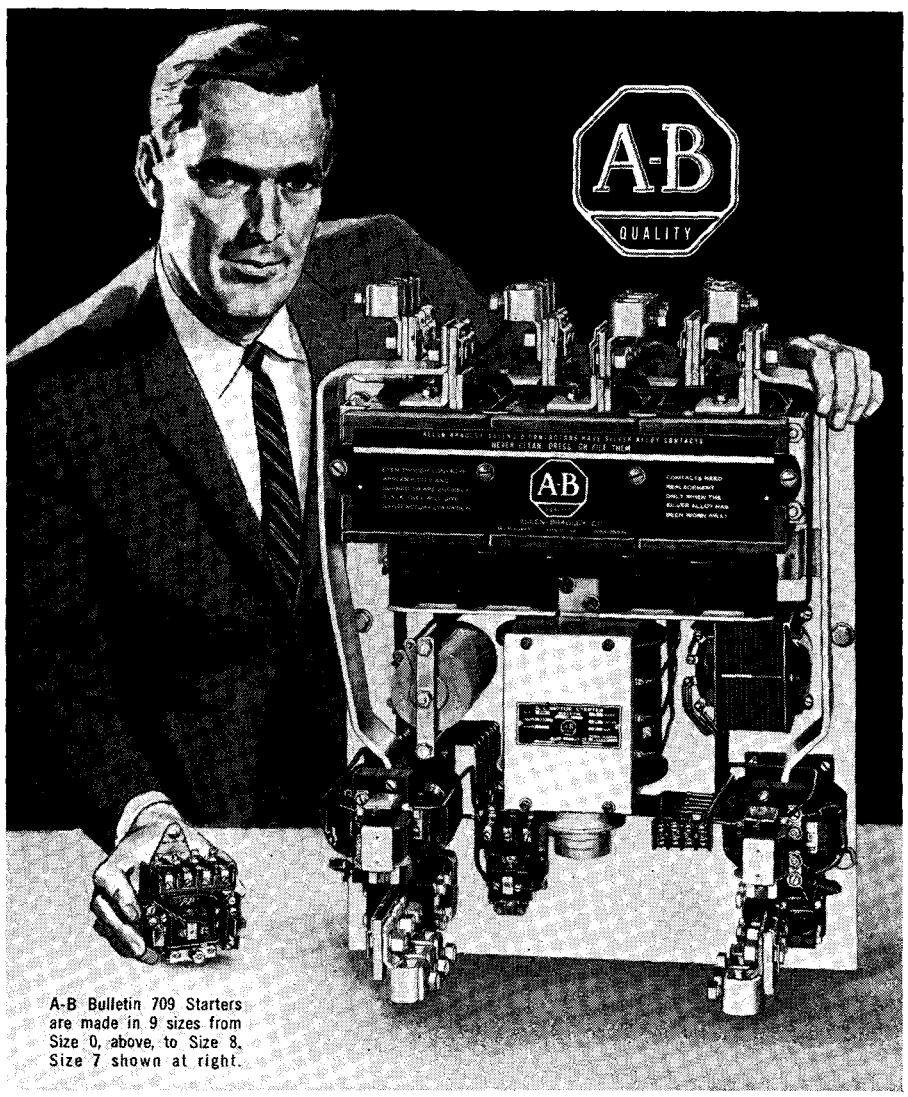

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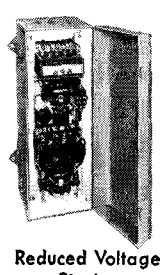
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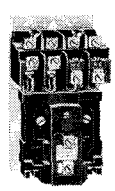
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(*Continued from Page 68*)

unpin it. "No," he said, "havin' a badge ain't gonna make it different—arrestin' Cooper ain't what I got in mind."

"Now hold on, son," Meadows said earnestly, "listen to me. I know damn well the badge won't make a particle of difference to Andy Cooper, but I want you to wear it and I want you to be carryin' a warrant with his name on it when you brace him! And here's why: God knows the law is spread thin in this country, but things is changin', and folks have got to give over settlin' their differences with guns. It only leads to more killin' and blood feuds, and lots of innocent folks git hurt. We got a job to do to make 'em have some respect for law and order. I know that, but we've got her to do and you owe it to your folks, if you don't care about yourself! Now, dammit, raise your right hand!"

Breed tried to control the grin that tugged at the corners of his mouth as he raised his hand and repeated the oath.

A short time later they rode out, and the special-deputy badge was inside Breed's pocket, pinned through the folded warrant on which Judge Meadows had scrawled the name of Andrew Blevins-Cooper. When the sun cleared the rim of the Mogollans they were already moving up the narrow, winding trail that led to the wooded mesas above, and away from Pleasant Valley.

"You wanta know what I think?" Jack Graham's voice was sour. "I think we been suckered—good and proper suckered!"

Charley Blevins agreed, "Sure looks thataway. Damn that old Meadows—runnin' a bluff the posse was right on his heels!"

The two of them had taken turns keeping a lookout all through the cold night. They had seen nothing except that two riders had left the Tewksbury spread just before dawn. It had been too dark to make out who they were at this distance.

"Hell," Jack said disgustedly, "I'm for callin' it good and go on home. Don't see no sense in squattin' here on an empty belly."

"Me, too," Charley said, "but what about Tom?" The older Graham had ordered them to keep watch and report the arrival and number of men in the posse to him in Globe.

The day before there had been argument about lifting the siege; several men thought Meadows was bluffing. But they all took it for granted that Miguel Apocada, who had been taken prisoner, could be made to give names for the warrants. After this each man made his own decision, but the decisions were the same: to scatter and ride out of the territory of Sheriff Mulvenon's jurisdiction.

Tom Graham remembered Cooper's report about bought-up lawmen, and he wanted to know if Billy Mulvenon was among them and how many men would ride with him. Tom intended to take Anne to her parents in Globe and return to the ranch to resume operations. Tom was a reasonable and a tolerant man, law-abiding until now; he knew he could find no rest until the man who bushwhacked Billy was dead. Somewhat reluctantly he had left Jack and his crony, young Charley Blevins, to keep watch and bring him a report of what occurred. He told them to come on in to Globe because he didn't quite trust the pair of them to stay out of trouble. Separated, they were boastful kids—together, they tried to live up to their bragging.

"Well," Jack said, "we already got done what Tom said—we've watched, but no posse showed! Let's get the hell outa here and head for Globe like Tom said to do." He thought dismally of the long miles to ride. "How about let's stop and get some grub and a bottle offa Perk fore we head out?"

Charley's weasel face split in a grin. "Sounds prime to me," he agreed. They scrabbled down the ridge to where their hobbled horses grazed in a draw. They were well out of sight as there were several ridges and rolling hills between their position and the main valley.

Had they remained on the ridge a few minutes longer they would have seen riders threading down from the hills at the north end of the valley, converging on the road, and then proceeding along it until they pulled up at the Tewksbury place.

Sheriff Billy Mulvenon and his deputies dismounted to hold a conference with Judge Meadows, who came out of the house swearing as he counted only six men in the posse.

"Now, just you hold your hosses, judge," Mulvenon countered. "I figgered I'd best get here fast—fore you and that 'Pache took on the whole Tonto." He grinned. "Wouldn't be the first time I had to fetch you out of a tight—'member that there time ——"

"All right, all right, Billy." Meadows' rumble drowned the sheriff out.

"Besides, I left McKinney roustin' up more men," Mulvenon said, "and they'll be along directly."

Sheriff William Mulvenon could have been any age between thirty-five and fifty.

The Government is fortunate in that the taxpayers have what it takes.

JOHN C. VIVIAN

He was a set man in his ways and methods, and wise men valued this trait in him. His methodical practicality had proved itself, for he'd been sheriff a long time in frontier territory where uncompromising lawmen were notoriously short-lived. He did better than just stay alive—he was extremely competent and without mercy for the lawless contingent. He made no deals and he continued to be belligerently tender of the security of those he had sworn to protect.

Mulvenon had never allowed situations to develop with gunslingers of the type that must challenge to prove themselves; for they found out that the sheriff did not depend on his speed with the holstered gun on his thigh. For close-in work he relied on a sawed-off shotgun, the eighteen-inch double barrels of which seemed almost a permanent growth extending from his body, so accustomed was its cradling between elbow and hip, so easy its rest along his thick forearm. Those gaping black muzzles loomed terribly wide and cavernous to a man brought to bay, facing him.

Mulvenon bit off a fresh hunk of tobacco and chewed vigorously, listening without interrupting while Judge Meadows brought him up to date on events. The sheriff pushed back his hat from his flaming forehead, his eyes never leaving the judge's face. He grunted disapprovingly when Meadows told of deputizing Breed.

"Don't know as I like that," Mulvenon said. "Breed and the 'Pache bracin' what could be Cooper's whole bunch. You shoulda hindered him ——"

"Hindered him!" Meadows exploded into a roar. "Hell, short of shootin' him, wasn't a thing I could do."

Mulvenon nodded, "Likely. Well"—he hitched at his pants—"I guess deputizin' him was best at that. I'll send a

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coupla boys over when McKinney gets here. Not that they got a chance a catchin' up to him and that 'Pache. Still we'll know what come of it." He considered briefly and then swung back into the saddle. "Button . . . Wilkins," he ordered, "come with me. I'm goin' down to Charley Perkins'. You others stay here, water and grain your horses, then give 'em a rubdown. When the judge has put names to those warrants, bring 'em to me at the store. I'll make my headquarters there—so no stupid big-mouths kin whine we've took up for the Tewksburys."

At the crossroads store an agitated Perkins came out to meet the sheriff. The two deputies took the horses to his barn, while inside Perkins set out a bottle and glass and the sheriff helped himself, breathing deep with satisfaction as he enjoyed the drink.

"Hell, Mulvenon," Perkins said, his fat face gloomy, "this here sure jolted me." Perkins mopped his sweating moonface with a red bandanna. "Breed didn't bushwhack Billy Graham—for I bet I know how it come about." He poured out the story about the special deputy to whom he had given information. "But he was after *Cooper*," Perkins said helplessly, "and I was damn glad to help him. Besides, he had a badge and a warrant. How was I to know Billy would be ridin' in from Canyon Creek? And God forgive me, it never crossed my mind about the boy deckin' hisself out in silver conchs; so he'd maybe look like Cooper to a man who'd never seen neither of 'em."

Mulvenon nodded. "Looks like that's the way she floats, all right," he said. "But, Perk, Meadows sent no deputies. I don't care what this feller claimed! My guess is he was a bounty hunter. What'd he look like?"

Perkins described the man in great detail and Mulvenon nodded immediately. "Jim Houck," he identified, "and I've heard—can't prove it, though—that he's workin' for the Daggses." He considered this a moment. "That could be it, Perk," he said. "If Daggs wanted the Tonto squabblin' amongst themselves, fixin' for a range grab, maybe it was Cooper that Houck was after—and maybe it wasn't. He coulda been willin' to down anybody that'd rile the cattlemen into reachin' for their guns."

Perkins looked vastly relieved at this interpretation. He poured the sheriff another drink. "I'm gonna take 'em all in," Mulvenon pronounced, "arrest the whole kit and boodle on both sides. And I'll hold 'em in jail till they cool off enough to talk sense!"

Perkins tilted his head to listen; he looked significantly at Mulvenon and moved to a side window from which he could see some distance up the road. "Coupla riders comin' in," he said.

Mulvenon reached for the shotgun which he had placed near at hand on the bar. "Who is it?"

Perkins squinted for a moment. "Looks to be Jack Graham and one of the Blevins boys."

Mulvenon was beside the open door at once. "Stay back," he said in a low voice. "I'll get the drop on 'em and start my arrestin' with these two."

The crossroads store appeared as always to Jack Graham and Charley Blevins. They approached confidently, for the hitching rail was empty of horses or rigs and the door stood open as usual.

They rode near the rail and started to step down when a voice bellowed: "Throw up your hands!"

They saw Mulvenon then, framed in the doorway, the shotgun leveled. They yanked their horses around, dug in spurs and slapped their hands down at holstered guns.

The shotgun roared, its muzzle swung a fraction and blasted again. Almost at the same instant came the heavy barking of two rifles. Button and Wilkins were shooting from the barn.

Both horses went down, carrying their riders into a plunging, screaming convulsion of huge bodies and threshing hoofs, which plowed up a boiling cloud of dust.

Mulvenon dropped the shutgun, drawing his revolver as he ran. He maneuvered, dodging the great, flailing limbs and managed to place a shot in each horse's skull. Wilkins and Button pounded across from the barn. Perkins emerged slowly from the store and they all stood, horrified into silence as they stared at the tangled, bloody heap of men and animal bodies.

Mulvenon's face was drawn and sick. "Just kids—both of 'em," he sighed tiredly. "Dammit, why'd they have to go and draw on me?"

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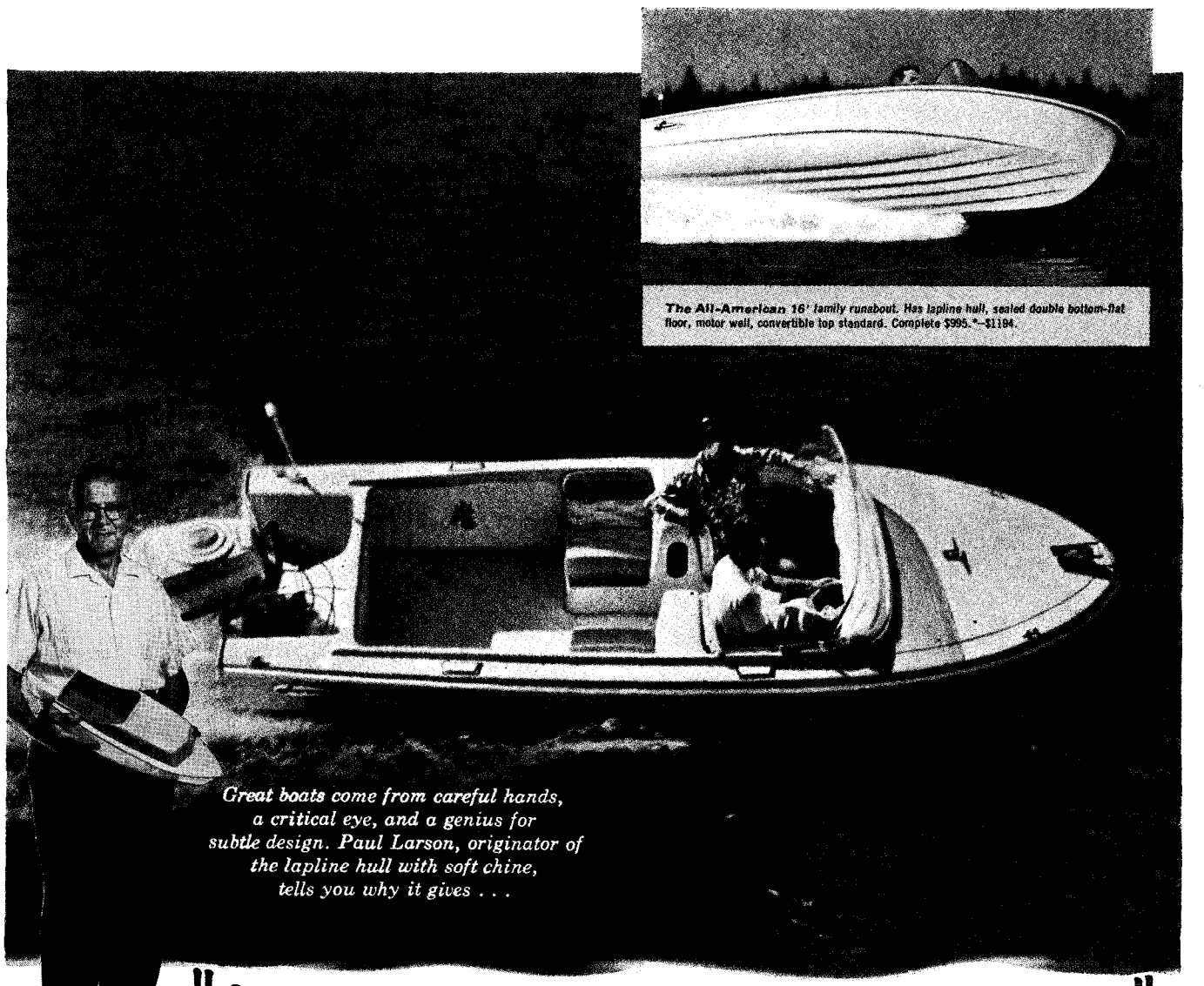
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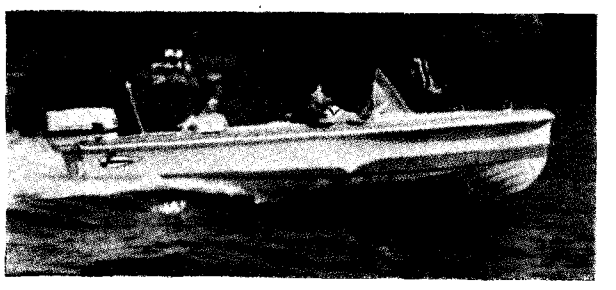

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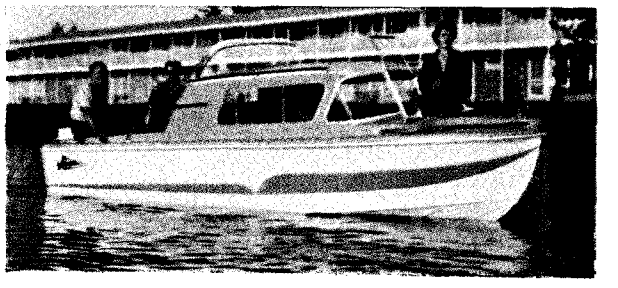

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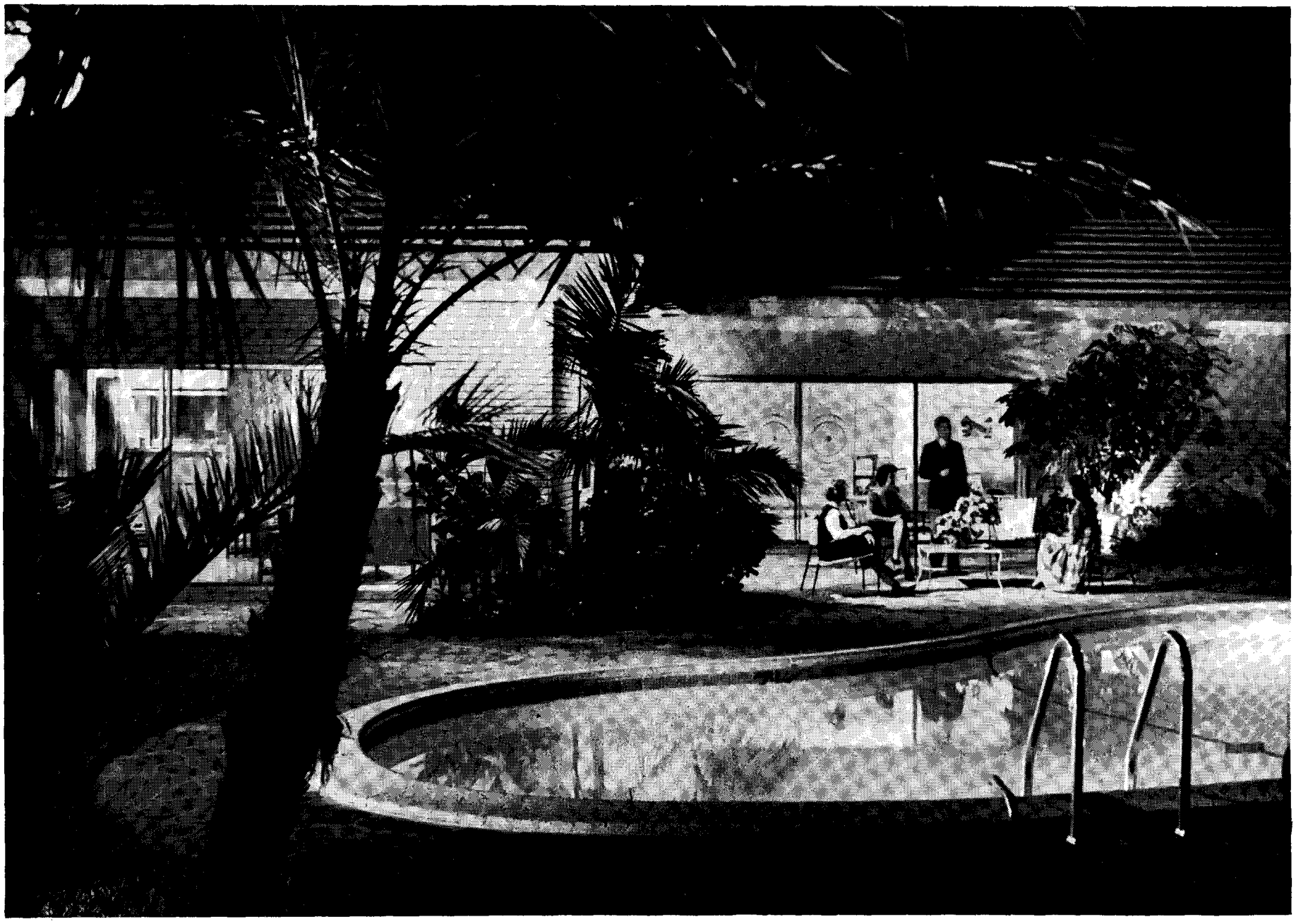

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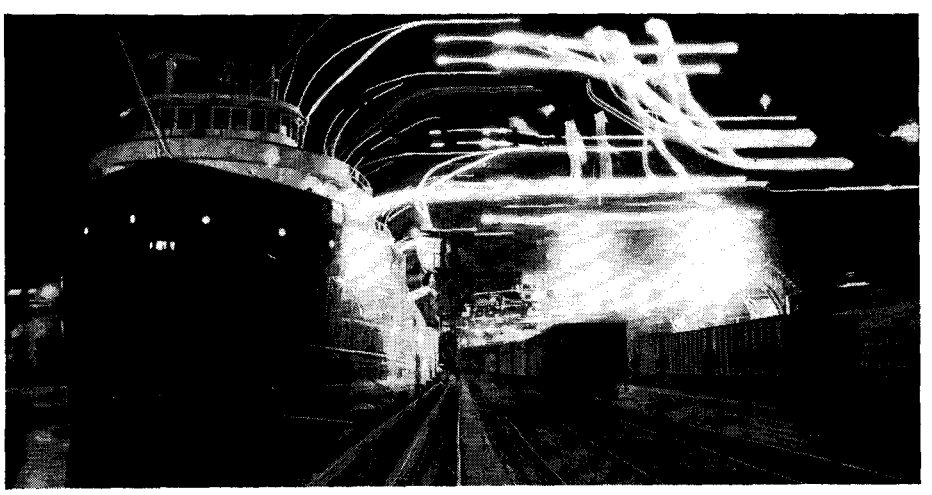

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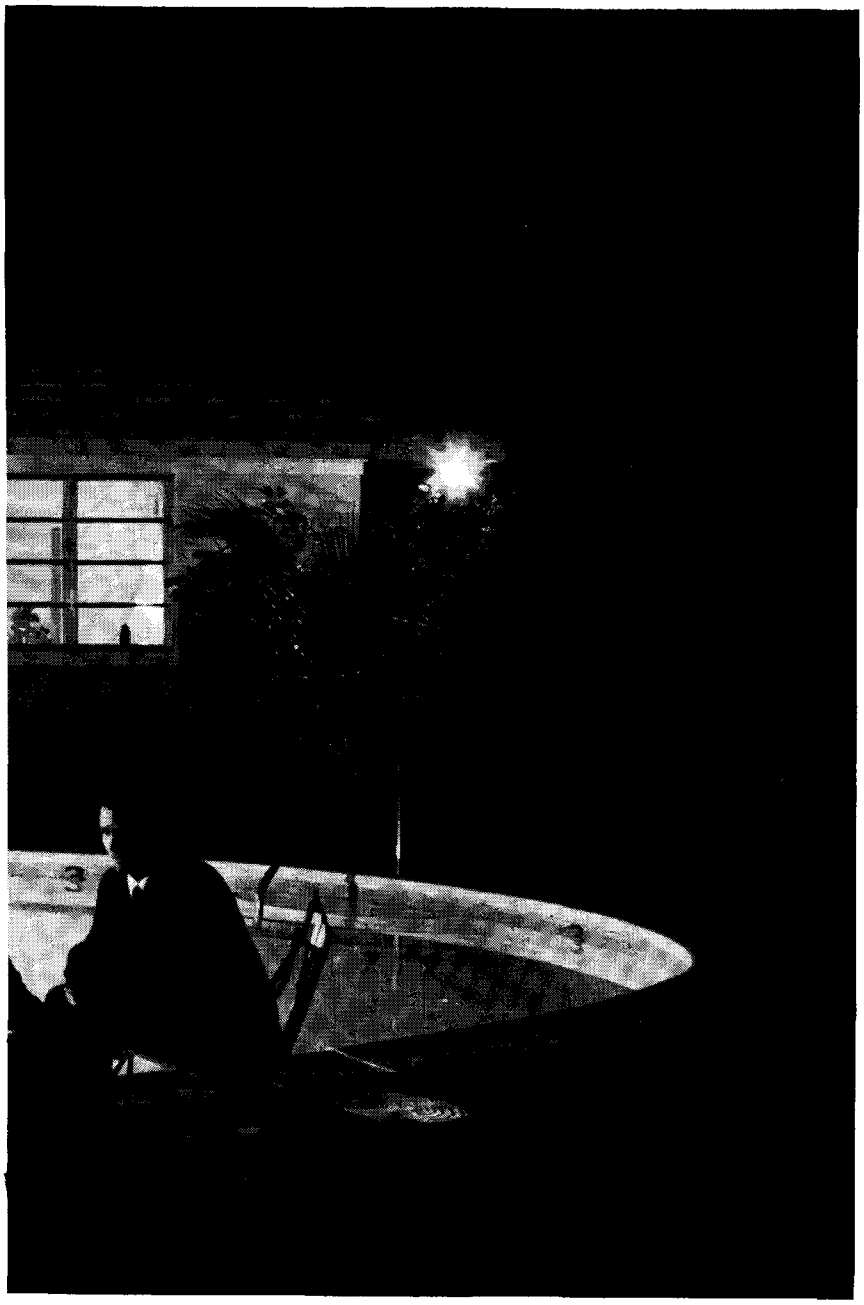

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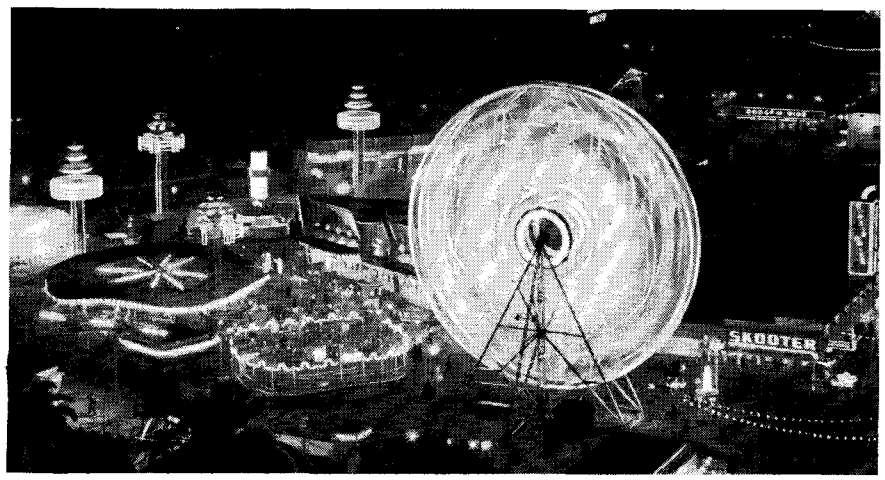

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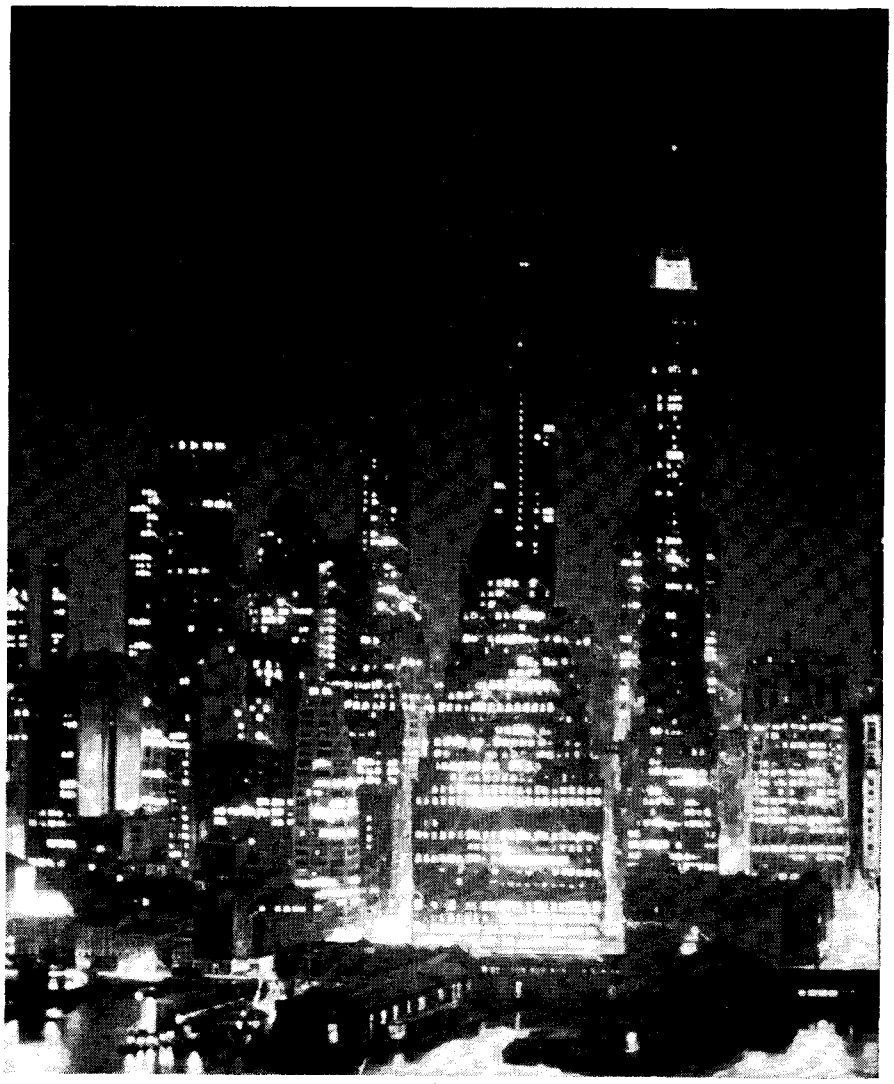

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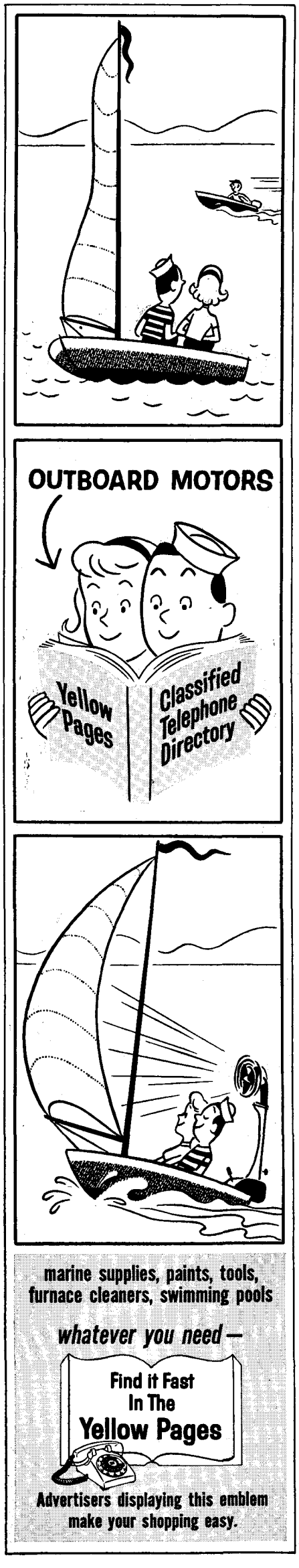
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How My Comrades Live

(Continued from Page 25)

undertaken. Then came the war of 1941–45. It ruined entire cities and towns. Now it was the U.S.S.R. that needed mending, not the old houses, which continued to fall to pieces and are doing so to this very day.

"We still are not ready for new construction. We still have more important goals. That's why, when we do build now, the buildings are constructed in a haphazard way. The more of them and the quicker, the better. Naturally they can't be any good. Still, there's no need to get hysterical over the problem. People go on living and being happy. Just look around and you'll see."

I soon saw that the housing shortage had created a new co-operative pattern of life. In each apartment unrelated tenants were closely bound together by the limited area and by the common use of certain facilities—corridor, kitchen and bathroom.

Families and individuals tried to separate themselves from the other tenants with all kinds of screens, cardboard or paper partitions, and cloth curtains. Sometimes a piece of furniture was used as a divider. But no one could have much privacy. The main features of this communal life are tolerance, a tendency to conformity and general resignation.

When I asked new-found friends if I could stay with them overnight, they would first consult the other tenants of the apartment or room. "If we invite you without asking permission of the others, then they would be able to invite anyone without asking us, and what sort of an existence would that be?"

When I turned up at an apartment with my temporary hosts, I was usually introduced to the other tenants. "This is Comrade N.," my hosts would say. "He has a pass to visit the U.S.S.R. and he knows highly situated people here in Moscow."

I had brought with me a few articles of everyday use, mostly objects hard to find in the U.S.S.R., intending to give them to people who befriended me. One day I handed my hosts of the moment a large, multicolored plastic tablecloth. Their reaction was utter embarrassment.

The wife held the gift and lovingly ran her hand over its smooth surface. "The most beautiful tablecloth I have ever seen," she said. "These colors, just like hand painting. But please don't be angry; we can't put it on our table. There's the other couple living in this room, Zenotchka and Volodia. It's as if you were their guest too. They let us invite you and even lent us a bed. Perhaps you have another tablecloth for them?"

A good friend of mine, a civil engineer, had found living space in a four-room apartment with three families. Besides himself, there were fourteen people in the apartment—five of them children. He made a portion of the kitchen into a tiny "room" for himself. His girl friend, a student in a technological institute, was a stunning blonde with rather free ways. She wasn't allowed in the apartment.

"What can I do? These three families unanimously decided that they didn't want her to come to the apartment. They told me this plainly. So instead of arguing with them, I see Vala outside."

Sharing an apartment with other families affects the relationship between Soviet parents and their children. The parents are inclined to send their children away as early and often as possible—to the nursery day school, or to the youth camps, even to harvesting groups.

"Mishka is almost ten," a worker told me, speaking of his only son. "I'll have to get him accepted for some camp for the whole summer. The boy is old enough to understand many things. Sometimes my wife and I are embarrassed."

Another man said, "Too bad you can't meet our children, but there are so many old, nervous people in this apartment that we decided to send the boy to a cadet's school and the girl to a boarding school, about three hours by train from here. Want to see their pictures? The boy is a little pale, isn't he? But the school will do him good. They give them good food and medical care."

Sometimes the tables are turned. Young people can't live their own life at home because they are always in somebody's way. Their real interests are outside the home among large groups of children of the same age—in the youth organization, in a scientific circle, in a sports camp, at some dynamic meeting.

"I would like to remain in some camp for good and never return home," said a thirteen-year-old boy who lived in exceptional comfort because his father held high office. "I'm bored at home. I'd rather sit in school after hours. At least there's something to do there."

After hearing such grumbling, I was surprised to find that young adults had no wish to live in private quarters. Having an apartment to oneself, they felt, would overstep natural needs and accepted custom.

A friend who worked in television said, "A little place like that for myself alone? A room and a kitchen? Maybe if I had an important position and had to give parties for officials, it would be all right. But I wouldn't want to live there all by myself. People would say that I led a bad life, or wanted to get away from people to drink, or do who-knows-what with girls. You can never tell where this gossip might end."

Olga, a twenty-five-year-old nurse in a Moscow hospital, had given some thought to this problem. She told me, "You can get accustomed to ignoring others. You won't be disturbed when trying to sleep just because a man studying in the same room has a light on and you'll feel free to play the radio while he is trying to sleep. But you'll also learn tact. Sometimes you will pretend you are asleep so as not to embarrass the people behind the partition. Isn't that the great socialist culture reflected in the co-operative existence of people?"

K., a white-collar worker and father of a family, saw it differently. "Housing is the least important problem," he said. "Today's man is outside of his home all day. First, he must go to work. After work there's always a meeting or some entertainment, then a stroll in the streets; and it's late, time for bed. After a full day you're exhausted; nothing can disturb your sleep."

By transferring the center of interest to work and to life outside the family, the Soviet system has altered attitudes toward marriage and motives for having children. At the same time family life is subordinated to the interest of the larger group of people with whom a man lives. One of the institutions which has been promoting this process in the U.S.S.R. is the house committee, which works under the City Housing Administration.

A house committee may be organized for one large building, or for a cluster of small buildings, covering thirty to fifty families. The committee manages the living area and sees to the maintenance of the buildings and apartments. It also oversees the tenants—keeping vital statistics, records of their movements, changes of address or employment. Members of the house committee are usually tenants nominated by the Housing Administration and voted upon by all the tenants.

Sometimes the committee receives a request for information on a tenant from the personnel section of his place of employment. What is his reputation among his cotenants? Is he disorderly or does he get drunk? Does he beat his wife? On the other hand, if a tenant's behavior is objectionable at home, the committee may report him to his employer or other authorities.

In one apartment, where I lived longer than in most, I was told about an incident which had taken place two months before my arrival. It concerned the B. family, which lived two flights below. B. worked in an office; his wife was a saleswoman in a store, and their eighteen-year-old son worked as a garage mechanic. The family occupied a tiny room in a five-room apartment. All the other tenants had to pass through this room to reach their own rooms.

(*Continued on Page 78*)

"By making a certain correction in my secret formula I expect it to grow hair."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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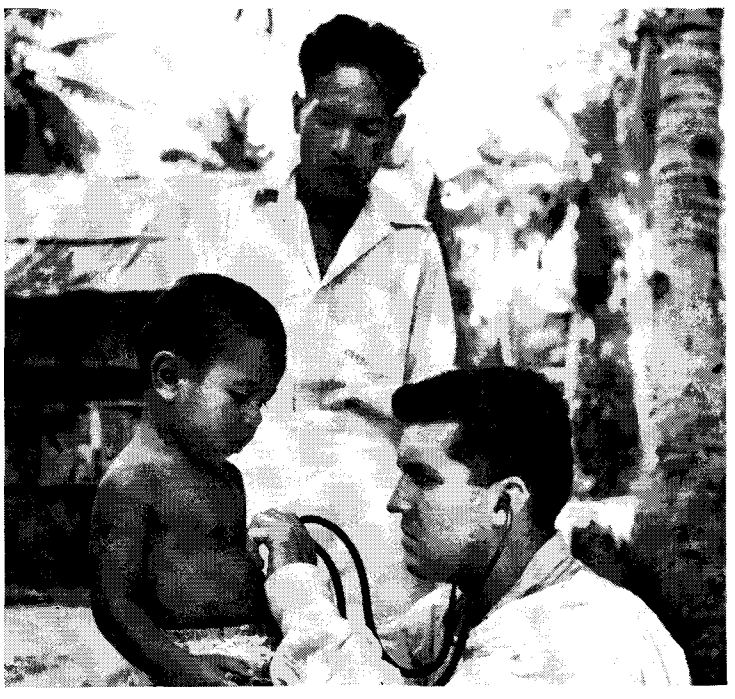

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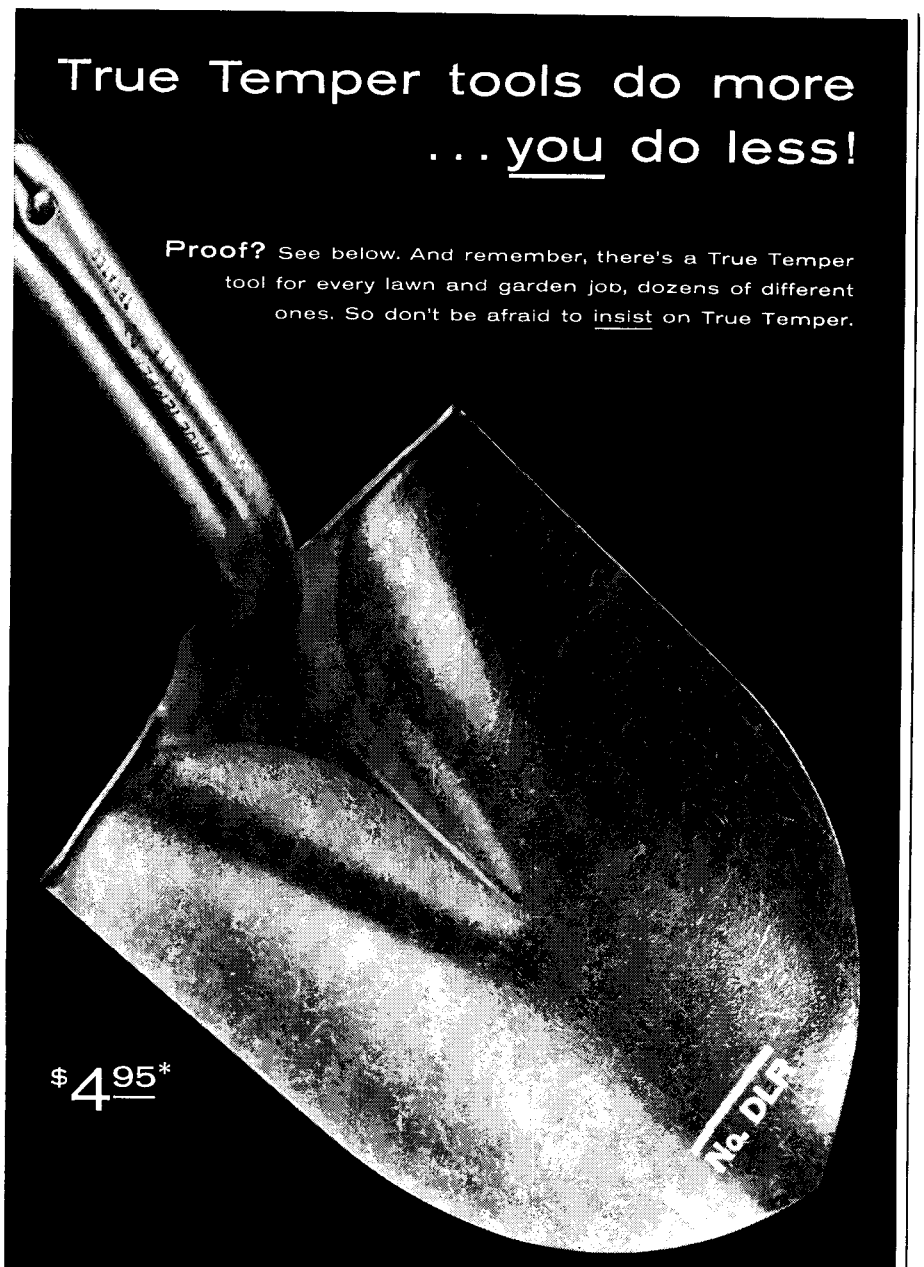

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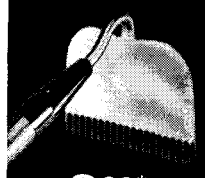

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TRUE TEMPER® THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE RIGHT JOB

(*Continued from Page 76*) One day B. had a violent quarrel with a colleague in his office. It was a private matter, nothing serious, but B.'s opponent complained to the trade-union activist. The case was referred to the personnel department, where B.'s standing was only fair. His record noted that he "avoided social work." Lacking a valid complaint, the chief of personnel wrote to the house committee asking for data on the "moral and political life of B. and his family."

The chairman of the house committee investigated, and this snooping made B. explode. He told one cotenant to stop hanging around, listening to B.'s conversations with his wife. A brawl ensued.

A few days later a meeting of the union adopted a resolution, based on the report of the house committee, asking the personnel department to discharge B. He was accused of "violation of the moral unity of Soviet society; an antagonistic attitude toward cocitizens, unworthy of a socialist citizen." B. and his wife were transferred to duty in a remote corner of the U.S.S.R. Their son remained in Moscow.

After I had been in the U.S.S.R. for some months I had a chance to compare notes with André, a Belgian journalist and photographer.

"Russians are a funny people," he said. "Who would have thought that after forty years of socialism they'd grow to be such chauvinists? It's fantastic!" He slapped his forehead. "Do you know what continually happens to me here? When I try to photograph the exterior of an old building, or the façade of a rundown house that contrasts with the new architecture, I am forbidden to do so. By ordinary people, by passers-by! Can you beat that? I am automatically their enemy because only an enemy would want to take pictures of their old houses when, as they say, 'There are so many magnificent buildings and so much modern architecture!' The Russians are funny, aren't they?"

It took me some time to answer that one. It was only after I had become well acquainted with Soviet citizens that I grasped the feeling of a typical Russian for his streets and public buildings. A Russian language teacher once showed me compositions written by students of two Moscow schools, ranging in age from nine to fourteen. They had been assigned the subject: What I Like Best in My Life.

"My life, like the lives of everyone in the Soviet Union, is very pleasant," wrote a nine-year-old boy. "What I like best in my life is to ride a bus all over my city, the most beautiful of all cities in the world—Moscow."

Fourteen-year-old Olenka composed her essay more philosophically: "Each man has his own likes. But there are certain things that are liked equally by everyone as well as by me. Those certain things are the things that must be liked, because we are always surrounded by them and they are inseparable from us: houses, streets, monuments and parks of our most beautiful city, the socialist Moscow."

The houses, parks, monuments and especially the streets came up for praise in 80 per cent of the compositions. The teacher, seeing my surprise, smiled at me.

"You are such a dreadful foreigner! What don't you understand? If I, an old maid of twenty-eight, were ordered to write a composition on this subject, I would write about the same things—the buildings, the parks and the streets. Why, my life after work is the street. On the street I have everything—stores, theaters, the crowd. Tell me, don't you like those things? Or are you really such a recluse?"

A few days after this talk I met my Belgian-photographer friend in a restaurant. He was still burdened by his equipment, but now he was more inclined to reflection.

"I am going to leave," he said. "I've never seen anything like this in my whole life! Will you believe me if I tell you that everywhere I have been, in all the towns and villages, the Russians are all the same? Many times they were on the point of using violence when I tried to photograph anything that was not 'new and beautiful'! And not individuals, but crowds of people—crowds, I tell you! And what anger! Right away they screamed that I was a scoundrel, that I wanted to ridicule them by exhibiting their few old and dilapidated houses once I got back home, that I would show them as typical.

"I said to them—I know enough Russian for that—'Folks, why don't you relax? I am a socialist myself—Belgian, it's true, but a socialist. I wish you all well. I take pictures of new buildings too, but I want the old ones also. The new ones I can buy at any post-card stand. I want to show the Belgians how you live, and for God's sake, you don't only live in new houses!' But they only waved their fists at me and shouted: 'What kind of socialist are you? We know such socialists. You're an imperialistic dog, a spy!'"

I told my Russian friends of André's adventures.

"Why are you surprised?" a factory mechanic asked me. "You can see that for us, the Russians, our street is like our house, something we care for, embellish, are proud of. One invites guests to look at one's house and praise it, isn't that true?"

"That's exactly right," said his wife. "If your Belgian friend is invited inside a home in his own country, will he want to take pictures of the dark corridor, instead of the beautifully furnished living room? Well? Are such things the customs in Europe?"

We were all silent for a moment. The Russian couple seemed upset. After a while I timidly tried to explain that André had been a friend of the Soviet Union for many years, that he had very radical views, that his father was a longshoreman, that he was poor as a child and read Marx ——

I was interrupted by the couple's sister, a woman in her forties. "I wouldn't believe this Belgian if I were you. He works for a capitalist paper, he belongs to the capitalist class, the class that exploits the workman. He can't be friendly to the Soviet Union. Even if he were personally honest, as a journalist he can only be dishonest. Anyway he's our enemy."

I met these people in a period of weeks devoted to a study of working conditions in Soviet factories. Foreign journalists who visit Soviet industrial plants are inclined to compare the working hours and pay rates of the Soviet worker with those of his West European or American counterpart. However, the essential difference does not lie there, but in the complicated relationships between the worker as an individual, and the collectivity of workers as an aggregate of political and labor organizations.

Anton, a worker in a technical-control department, tried to explain all this to me. "Well, look around. You see workers like me, right? We all do the same work and we make up one ladder, one

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The only thing that's automatic about many dishwashers is the way they complain to their wives.

HAROLD COFFIN

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hierarchy. A regular worker is subordinate to the senior worker, the senior worker to the foreman, the foreman to the chief of a subsection, the latter to the section chief, the section chief to the chief engineer, and so on. See that worker over there in gray overalls? In this hierarchy he is my direct superior, the senior worker.

"Now forget all that, look around again, see the workers from the political viewpoint. First, you must divide them into members and nonmembers of the party. The members, in turn, must be subdivided into categories—those who have been members for, let us say, thirty years, next twenty-five years, and so on down to candidate members. In addition, they must be divided according to their functions. One, for instance, is secretary of our party organization; another just a regular member. Another may have suffered a party reprimand. I, for example, am a party member, but the man I showed you, my superior in work, is partyless. In the political hierarchy I'm above him.

"See that tall, baldish man with eyeglasses? He's just a plain worker, but he is also a member of the executive board of the factory party organization. In the labor hierarchy we are equals, but in the political hierarchy he is way above me.

"But this isn't all. Don't forget that every factory, school or office has a labor union with a hierarchy of its own. As you know, the unions are considered 'the transmission belt from the party to the masses.' In certain situations a union leader may be more important than the secretary of the party's factory organization."

Still other criteria affect a worker's standing. One of them, Anton said, could be called a moral criterion.

"By this I mean, first of all, the relationship of the citizen to the 1917 Revolution, to Soviet authorities, to the party, to the war with the fascist invader in 1941 to 1945. For example, maybe you or some member of your family supported counterrevolution in 1917 or later. Or possibly a member of your family was a Trotskyite or had been expelled from the party for some crime against the party line. Or, to take other examples, a man may have had an improper attitude during the last war, collaboration with the occupation army, unsatisfactory conduct in the army. Of course, the same moral yardstick is applied also to positive records, such as heroism or some act of sacrifice.

"A man may not belong to the party or play a prominent part in the union, and still stand high if he is a hero of the Soviet Union from the last war. The blood he has shed for his country talks for him. Similarly, a man who will sacrifice a member of his immediate family who is an enemy of the party or of the government and turn him over to the authorities will have great moral standing."

Another yardstick, as Anton said, is social origin. Many positions are still reserved for people of peasant or working-class origin.

Leonid, who was a foreman, chimed in. "A man doesn't have a certain value, in any area, established once and for all time. You can't say about anyone, 'He's a good party member,' or 'Vasyli Ivanovich is a decent man,' or 'Nobody's proved anything wrong about Vasyli Ivanovich yet.' Each of us has a number of faces. With one he can smile and look contented, while with another he cries and is troubled. A man can never be all right from all angles at the same time."

Soon after these conversations I suffered an attack of flu and entered a large hospital in a Moscow suburb. The staff impressed me by its military attitude. Younger nurses reported to the senior ones standing at attention. Senior nurses did the same with their supervisors.

Astonished by the military rigmarole, I asked my doctor, a young woman, why this went on, when even in a factory relationships between subordinates and their superiors were easier.

"In a factory," she said, "a worker has no opportunity to work alongside the higher-ups. But this physical separation is lacking in a hospital. Doctors work together with nurses, nurses with aides. If it weren't for military discipline, the differences in rank would be wiped out.

"A factory hand may become secretary of the party organization, but in a hospital, higher positions in the party go with higher positions in management. It would be impossible for a nurse's aide to become secretary of a party cell in which senior doctors were plain members.

"If we step out of line, our superiors may make the serious accusation that we demoralize the patients by setting a bad example. Some of the patients are bound to be responsible functionaries, high officials, journalists and party members. They may file a complaint or write an article for the papers."

Indeed, the pale patient in the bed at my right was a journalist. After the doctor left he said, "She is partly wrong. The staff resorts to military discipline to keep the big-shot patients in line. I remember the case of a real party dignitary we had here—ask the senior ward nurse about it. She knows the story better than I."

At first the senior ward nurse couldn't remember the case. "An unpleasant incident in my ward? Oh, you're talking about the comrade from the party city committee. He was an old member with many decorations, a man of great merit. He was here for heart trouble. Remained about two months, I would say.

"When he felt better he would hold lively discussions with the other patients. You could see he was a veteran speaker, a good agitator and party propagandist. And then some national holiday came along; I think it was the anniversary of the Revolution. Our patients asked him to make a speech in celebration at the hospital auditorium, attended by all patients well enough to walk. He refused. He said he was too sick to speak; but we knew better.

"So the patients asked me to intervene. Well, we all went to him together and pleaded with him, but he was stubborn. We finally got mad. 'So this is the way you play, comrade. It's all right to argue with the patients, but a speech is too much for you, eh? Well, brother, you've shown us your real face.'

"The celebration went off beautifully. There were addresses by other patriots. Loud-speakers in the wards carried them all. The next day we wrote a joint report to the party committee about that comrade and his antiparty attitude. We enclosed a certificate signed by the ward doctor testifying that the patient was almost entirely well and that there were no physical reasons to prevent his delivering a speech at the celebration. All the patients signed the report as witnesses to his antisocial behavior.

"A few days after our obstinate patient left the hospital we received a written notice from the party committee that his case had been studied by the executive board of the party. After hearing his self-criticism, they punished him with a reprimand, entered the incident into his personal record and transferred him to a more difficult sector of party work outside of Moscow.

"Yes, indeed," said the ward nurse, "besides caring for the patients' health, we also try to influence their moral attitude. Often if a patient's behavior is not

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worthy of a Soviet citizen, we report it to his place of employment."

A few days later I heard about the improper behavior of another patient, a man about forty years old. The nurse who told me the story said he was from Uzbekistan. He was suffering from some intestinal trouble that needed surgery. The preparations for the operation filled him with terror. With fear-stricken eyes he watched the instruments being laid out, the anesthetic mask, the gas tank, the doctors putting on their masks.

When the doctor approached him with the anesthetic mask, the patient suddenly refused to go through with the operation, declaring that he did not believe it would be useful and that he doubted if he would survive.

The staff pleaded with him, but to no avail. Finally the surgeon resorted to the ultimate argument. He knew that the patient held a high post in his local party organization, so he called the secretary of the hospital party organization to the operating room.

The secretary reminded the terrified patient that, according to party rules, while in the hospital he was subject to the hospital's party organization.

"Let's put it this way," he argued. "You were delegated by your party organization to undergo an operation in Moscow. In the name of the party organization of this hospital I order you, as a party member, to consent immediately to the operation."

The patient, now rigid with fright, still refused to let himself be anesthetized. The furious secretary tried a stronger attack.

"So you refuse to obey a party order? If you refuse to undergo this operation, for which you were brought here at government expense, you'll have to face the consequences not only as a party member but also as an employee who misled the management of his factory by using the excuse of an operation to get a trip to Moscow and evade work. I'm warning you ——"

The patient yelled, "Don't try and scare me with your party! You and your party can kiss my foot."

Five minutes later the trembling patient was back in his bed. The next day he was slipped some tablets that dulled his powers of resistance. He was given an anesthetic and the operation was performed successfully.

After a few days of convalescence he was summoned before a meeting of the hospital's party organization. In a solemn, tense atmosphere the secretary read a review of his case, describing the patient's attitude as definitely hostile to everything that the Soviets stood for. What, he asked, must be the moral attitude of a man who, brought to Moscow for an operation, shows his ingratitude by hurling insults at the party and at the Soviet Government? The secretary ordered a vote, by which the accused was expelled from the party and his party card taken away from him.

After I left the hospital I told the story to some of my friends in Moscow. Through them I met a Mr. K., whose brother Ivan had just been sentenced to four years in a labor camp under truly fantastic circumstances.

Ivan was a minor clerk, a rather poor man. At the time our story begins he had at last become a party-member candidate and possessor of a party card. His wife worked as a maid in a large Moscow hotel, which catered primarily to foreigners.

One afternoon Ivan came home from work earlier than usual. He hurried through his dinner and then decided to pick up his wife at the hotel. Because it was a very hot day, he left his suit jacket at home.

The hotel was full of foreign tourists. On entering the lobby, Ivan had to show his credentials. He explained that he was coming to get his wife, and the doorman let him in. The lobby seethed with women in colorful dresses and spiked heels, and men in sport jackets. News photographers milled among the crowd. It was not the first time that Ivan had been in the hotel, but he had never before seen so many foreigners there at one time.

He stopped to watch them. The sound of the clock striking reminded him of his wife. Instead of asking for her in the hotel's personnel department, he went straight to the maids' dressing room. His wife wasn't there; so he took an elevator to the floor where he knew she worked.

There he was reminded by another maid that his wife, as she did on that day every week, was working in another hotel near the Agricultural Exhibit. Ivan realized that in his hurry he had forgotten to look at the calendar and so had made an unnecessary trip. Now he would have to cross the whole city by subway to meet his wife.

On his way out he stopped in the men's room, luxuriously equipped by Soviet standards. And that's where tragedy struck. Somehow, perhaps because Ivan was not used to modern Western-style plumbing, his personal papers fell into the toilet bowl.

The rapid stream of whirling water seized his passport, party card, his union card and his wife's card, and in a second the bowl was empty. Ivan found a piece of wire and tried to fish them out of the trap, but it was no use. The papers, softened by age and long use, were on their way to the city sewers.

Ivan stood for a while in the hotel corridor, not knowing what to do next. The floor maid testified later that Ivan stood by the window with a foreigner, and that they were smoking cigarettes. We don't know if this was before or after the episode of the men's room. Anyway, just as Ivan decided to leave the hotel he was intercepted in the lobby by a man who identified himself as an agent of the secret police. He took Ivan to a room and asked to see his papers. Undoubtedly Ivan had caught the agent's attention because his being in shirtsleeves made him conspicuous. The agent simply wanted to know who he was.

Ivan explained his mishap. Naturally enough the agent didn't believe a word of it. During the interrogation Ivan probably forgot that he had smoked with some stranger at the hotel window. When he did remember, he said that the man merely happened to be standing next to him. "We did not exchange a word."

The maid, however, testified that Ivan had talked with the foreigner. Ivan's statement that he had forgotten that his wife did not work in the hotel on that day wasn't convincing. Other witnesses testified that Ivan always wore a jacket and never impressed anyone as being forgetful.

On the basis of this testimony Ivan was accused of giving his personal papers to a foreigner who needed them for espionage. Ivan's guilt was not entirely proved in court. There was no evidence that he gained anything by giving his papers to a foreigner. No one saw him negotiate any business or receive any money.

He did not plead guilty, but he did concede the prosecutor's point that a man who can lose his party card and other identification papers in a toilet bowl is just as liable to betray his country inadvertently. The sentence was four years in a labor camp.

Next week Mr. Novak tells about the curious status of love, sex and marriage in the Soviet today.—THE EDITORS

I Know All About Blind Dates

The guy who is tall and
debonair,
And handsome as can be,
Is always the guy who's
standing beside
The one they brought for me.

Shirley Foster

The Silver Butterfly (Continued from Page 27)

also to work many hours digging in the riverbank for the foundation of the pillars upon which the great bridge was to be built. You remember the cities facing each other there at Wu Han?"

"I remember," I said. "Even in those days there was the dream of a bridge connecting these cities. It remained a dream. The river there is wide and swift."

"It is wide and swift," the voice agreed. "And the soil of the banks is clay, and in the dry season it is like rock. I had never done such work before. My wife worked with me. She also had never done such work before. We were so tired at night that we seldom even spoke. And all day long my old mother was alone in the house. She could not understand what had happened. After she saw my father die, she was never the same, you understand. Her brain was muddied, as one muddies a clear pool."

"I understand," I said. The words the voice used were "*Hwen, t'ou hwen liao*"—memory vague, thought confused.

The voice went on, quiet, gentle, patient. "Our problem was food. We had not enough to eat. Since my mother could not work, she had no food ration. Therefore my wife and I were compelled to share our food with her. It was not enough. We were always hungry, and my mother could not understand why she was hungry. She would say to us, 'Can you not buy me a little piece of pork?' She had been accustomed to good food, pork or fish every day and as much rice as she wished. Now we did not see these dishes, and pork we had not more than once a month and then only a fragment. We gave it to her, but she was still hungry and she thought we were to blame. We could not make her understand that we had only what food was given us. 'Why do we not buy a small pig?' she asked. 'We could feed it and then eat it ourselves when it is fat.' In the old days this was easy."

"I know," I said. "Every farmer had his own pig in those days, and chickens and perhaps a water buffalo or an ox."

"All these have been taken from us," the voice said. "We share, you understand, but this means we have nothing. Our wages are not given to us in full. Some is kept back, on deposit we are told, but we do not know where. Even the peasants, our former tenants, who expected so much after the landlords were killed, have nothing. The commune took away what little they had and gave nothing in return."

The voice broke off abruptly to cough. "You understand I am not complaining."

"I understand," I said.

The voice went on. "Of what use is it to complain? We can only bend as the reed bends when the wind is strong. We can only wait for the wind to die, so that we may stand straight again."

"The wind will die," I said. "Go on and tell your story. I do not want you to be caught here."

"The time came," the voice said, "when even the house was taken from us."

The long pause came again, and when the voice spoke it was in a lower and more mournful tone. "Let me be honest. If the house had not been taken from us, I do not know what we would have done. I had to be very careful. I was suspected because I was the son of a landowner. The sons of peasants and tenant farmers are trained in Communism and put in charge. Communism is all they know. They have no other learning. For this I do not blame them. They, too, are helpless. But had I made one misstep, I would have been killed, and my wife and mother with me. I had to think, night and day, of such a misstep. And my old mother, understanding nothing, put me in danger again and again. When we were away and some young official came by to spy on us, she received him as a guest, as she would have done in the old days, and she used our few ounces of tea leaves to make tea for him, or she added water to the rice my wife had set aside for our one meal of the day, and made a bowl of gruel for the guest. I was then suspected of hoarding. We were desperate, my wife and I. It is possible that had this gone on, we might have forgotten ourselves and put my mother to death to save us all. We might have done it. It has been done by others."

"I can quite understand how it might happen," I said, "though in the days past it would have been impossible. The son would have been considered a monster and would have been stoned to death by the villagers."

"Were there such days?" the voice inquired. "I have forgotten them. We have all forgotten them. Now we have the commune. They let us stay on in the small house until the new commune building was put up, but they took away our cooking utensils. We were compelled to eat in the central mess hall, and my wife was made one of the six cooks in the communal kitchens. My work is heavier than before—in the office in the mornings and digging in the afternoon. At night we must attend commune meetings until eleven o'clock. But I speak only of food. We have meal tickets, my wife and I, and my mother was not given a meal ticket, because she was not able to work. I went to the commander, a young man of twenty-one, the son of our village barber. He had joined the party now, and our lives were in his hands. All the commanders are young and of peasant families. They are overzealous in trying to please their new superiors, whom they fear. We all fear someone.

"'Your mother must work,' the commander said in a big voice.

"I told him that her brain was muddled. He said (*Continued on Page 82*)

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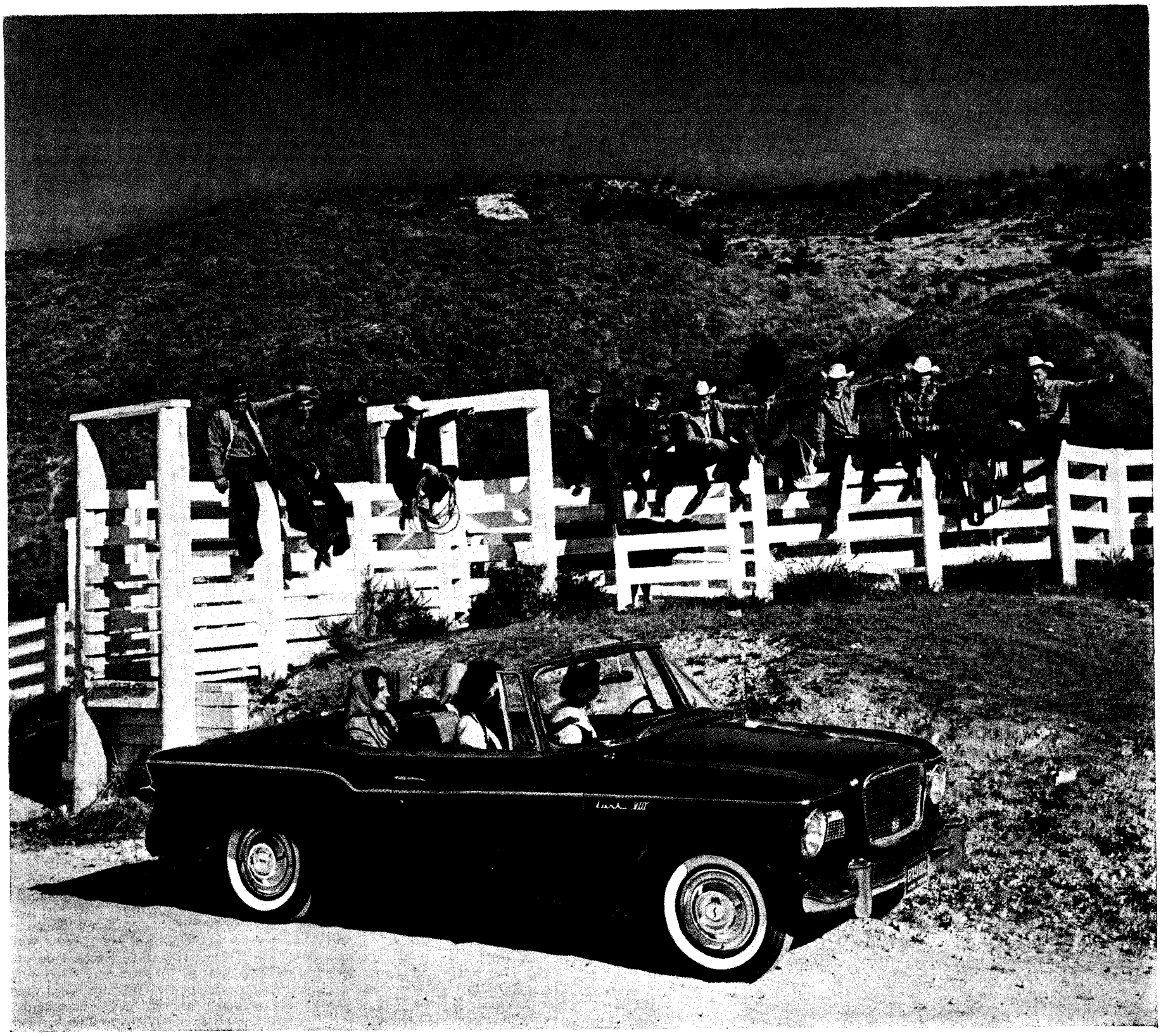

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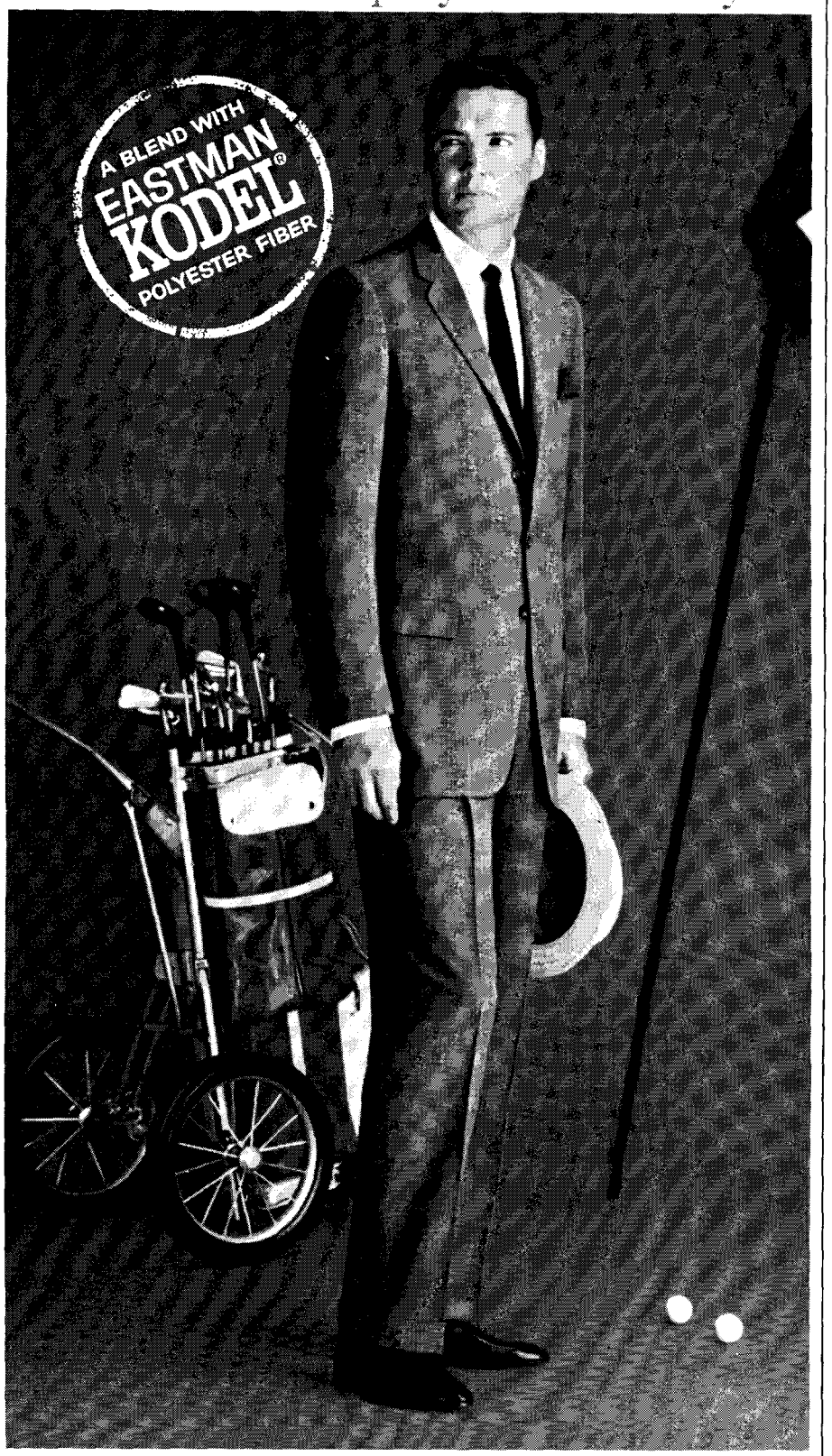

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(*Continued from Page 180*) that even such a person could be of use. She could work in the nursery where the children are kept. So I took my old mother there, and for this reason I was able to get her a meal ticket. We were better off than before, so far as food goes; for my wife, being one of the cooks, could snatch a mouthful here and there, as all the cooks do. She can even wrap a bit of rice for me in a lotus leaf and hide it in her pocket.

"Things might have been well enough for such times as ours if it had not happened that the nursery was in our own old great house, where my mother had lived her woman's life. She was too muddy in her mind to know this, and yet by half-forgotten instinct she remembered her way around this house. True, it looks very different now. The trees have been cut down, and the gardens are ruined. It has been used for many purposes: at first a headquarters for the party and after that for a basket factory, and after that barracks for soldiers. Now that it is a nursery it would be hard to remember that once it was comfortable and even beautiful in its own country way. You have seen such houses."

"Many times," I said. "They are very beautiful, as you say, in their own way. They belong to the earth upon which they stand, and they have been shaped by generations of the same family."

The voice trembled slightly. "So it was with our house. My mother, I said, did not remember and yet she had not forgotten. Her poor brain made her believe that she was now reduced to being the lowest slave in this house full of children whom she supposed somehow to be the many children of our family. She followed the directress from room to room, telling her that once she had been mistress in this great house and that now she should not be a servant.

"The directress is a young woman, herself the daughter of a peasant, and she was impatient, as well as terrified, not only because my mother had been of the landlord class but also because she feared the retribution she would suffer if the old woman did not do her work well. She was angry because such a stupid old woman as my mother was assigned to help her. Still, I cannot say she was cruel—only impatient and afraid. All young men and women are that way now. They are forced to go very fast. But everything that is done is at a cost to the people."

The long pause fell again.

"My friend," I said. "It is very late."

The voice began immediately. "Still, we might have got along, except that one day a little boy of five years, or thereabouts, was brought into the nursery, crying. He was frail and sickly, and the moment my mother saw him she thought of her son who had died young. She began to love this child, and this was her great crime. She could not hide her love, and this was her great danger. Love is forbidden us. We are taught that love is a bourgeois weakness and destroys the whole purpose of the nurseries. Children must grow up thinking only of the group, not of any individual, not even of themselves.

"By the time children have been in the nursery for about four years they have learned what is called collective living. They learn this easily, but still sometimes the little ones cry at night for their mothers. This is a problem not yet solved. If an older child cries he can be punished. The only solution so far is work. The three-year-old children pull weeds; the older ones carry stones. They learn chants which teach them how to think. If one disobeys, he must do extra work.

"The boy whom my mother loved was, of course, among the disobedient. He had never worked and he could not keep from crying. My mother tried to help him carry stones, but this was forbidden, and she was threatened with being sent away. This frightened her, for by now she loved the child very much. She stayed away from him in the daytime, but at night she crept to him in the darkness and took him in her arms. She carried him to a corner in the fuel shed and there she held him until he slept. It was, of course, a great unkindness to him, for though she comforted him and made him happy she weakened him. He tried even less than before to do his work, and she, my mother, fell into a dream of confusion. She imagined herself a concubine again, with her little son, and that all the great household hated them, so that she had no friends—not one.

"One day when she was sweeping the floor of the fuel house, which was part of her work, her cloudy brain cleared for a moment and she remembered that when she was a concubine she had been given some jewels, and once during a riot she had hastily hidden them in a moment of fear in this very shed behind a brick in the wall and had forgotten them. As though she walked in her sleep she now went to that place and found the jewels as she had left them, but covered with dust. There were three pieces. I do not know what two of them were. They were of no value or I would have heard what they were. The third piece was valuable. It was a butterfly of filigree silver set with small good pearls. The workmanship was very fine. I saw it myself when she was put on trial. She took that piece and hid it in her bosom. All this was told at the trial.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Of course it isn't easy. Nothing worth doing is easy."

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"The next day it happened that the boy cut his hand. It was a bad cut. I saw that, too, at the trial. It was slashed in the palm. He had been given a sharp tool to dig weeds. We had had no rain for many weeks and the earth was like iron. The tool slipped as he pressed upon the handle. He was taken to the infirmary, of course, and raw disinfectant poured into the wound. There are many sick children, there are always many, and the attendants are harassed and busy and no one had time to comfort him. My old mother crept to him and led him away, and no one paid any heed among so many children. She led him to the fuel shed and there, behind the bundles of reeds, she showed him the silver butterfly to comfort him. 'See how pretty,' she whispered. 'This is your butterfly. I will keep it for you, so that no one can take it from you; but it is yours. We will look at it every night. Here, take it in your hand.'

"The child had never seen a beautiful thing. He stopped crying and held the butterfly. He looked at it and smiled. This my mother told quite plainly at the trial. We were surprised that she remembered so well. Every night they looked at the butterfly. She told him, of course, not to speak to anyone; but he was a child, and how could he help telling another child? The butterfly was discovered. As a matter of fact, the child persuaded my mother to let him keep it, just for a day, and having it in his possession he showed it secretly to another boy, who told the directress. Those who reported such deviations were rewarded with a bit of sugar. The authorities were called. The little boy was compelled to tell the truth. For truth he was beaten severely. The sin was that he should want something that the others did not have and could not have. He had become a deviationist. He was then not quite six years old.

"The authorities now fell upon my mother. They demanded the truth, and she gave it quite simply. No one believed her. Five years ago she would have been killed for such deviation. Now she was only sentenced to be denounced at the next meeting of our commune. To be denounced is nevertheless very hard to bear."

The voice broke off. There was the sound of a stifled sob. I waited. What was there to say? The voice went on.

"On the day of the meeting I hid myself in the crowd. There I waited. I knew what was to happen. I had seen it often before. But this was my old mother. She was led out of the inner room and she stood before us. Her hands were tied behind her. The young commander shouted her crime in a loud voice. And we who stood about her were required to shout at her, too, to accuse her, to shake our fists at her and denounce her. This must go on until finally we must demand her life. And I—I had to shout the loudest of all. They were all watching me to see whether there was any sign of love in my voice for my mother. I had to shout more loudly than any of them. She kept smiling all the time. I think she could not understand any of it. She turned her head this way and that, smiling, not understanding. She did not see me. I stayed as far from her as I could.

"The worst was when she was compelled, as all are when denounced, to walk down from the dais and through the crowd, and the crowd must strike and slap her cheeks and kick her. My mother walked through the crowd, her hands tied behind her back, and they slapped her cheeks and struck her shoulders. She fell down, for she was very thin; in her youth her feet had been bound and she could not walk well even when she was strong. Now she had no strength. When she fell, it was time to kick her. Everybody was watching me, and I was afraid. I stepped forward to do what I had to do. In that moment she looked up and saw me. She recognized me. When I saw that she knew me, I tried to look angry. She was bewildered for a moment and then she smiled. She understood ——"

The voice wavered and fell.

"Is that the end?" I asked.

"No," the voice said, "but there is an end. It seems that when she was released, she went back to the child. It was evening. He was lying on his cot alone. The others were eating their night meal in the mess hall. The boy, too, had been beaten; he too had been denounced by his own age group. They are taught so. She took him in her arms and held him. She coaxed him to come with her to the shed. You may wonder how I know this. It is from my wife. She had stayed in the kitchens during the meeting to cook the evening meal, she said—a pretense, but it served. While the people of the commune ate their supper, she stole away to the nursery. She saw my mother come in and put her arms about the child.

"My mother talked to the child softly. She said something like this: 'You see, my child, I am now a burden to my son. He is obliged to strike me. I cannot help him by living. I see this. So come with me, my child, my little one. Let us go to a better place.'

"The child's lips were swollen and purple, but he spoke quite clearly. 'Where is the silver butterfly?' he asked.

"'Come with me,' my mother said. 'We will go to the river. There are many butterflies there. They gather at the water to drink, live butterflies, real ones.'

"My wife watched my mother lead the child away. She followed them through the twilight, down to the river's edge. My mother took the little boy in her arms and he clung to her neck and put his head on her shoulder. She walked with him out into the quiet water. There was no wind that evening and no waves. From behind a clump of willows my wife watched. My mother walked into the water until it covered her head and the child's head and she did not step back. That was the end."

"And your wife?" I asked. "She did nothing?"

The voice replied. "My wife is a kind woman. She did nothing."

The silence was long now. Who could speak? Yet even silence must come to an end, else it cannot be borne.

"What of the bridge?" I asked.

The voice spoke again, and to my surprise it was a different voice, though surely the same man. The voice was suddenly calm.

"The bridge is finished. It is strong and very wide, like your American bridges. It has four lanes, two from north to south, two from south to north, so that vehicles and people travel both ways at once."

"Some of our bridges have six lanes," I said.

The voice was quick to reply. "I hear that two new lanes will be added also to our bridge."

"Remarkable," I said, "especially when it spans such a river. We have no river so swift or wide. You must be very proud of the bridge."

The answer came bravely. "Oh, yes. We are proud—of the bridge, that is. But ——"

The voice broke off. Silence mounted between us again, this time a barrier not to be broken. For he was gone—to hide in some secret refugee room in the city, or to return to that from which he had escaped?

Who knows? THE END

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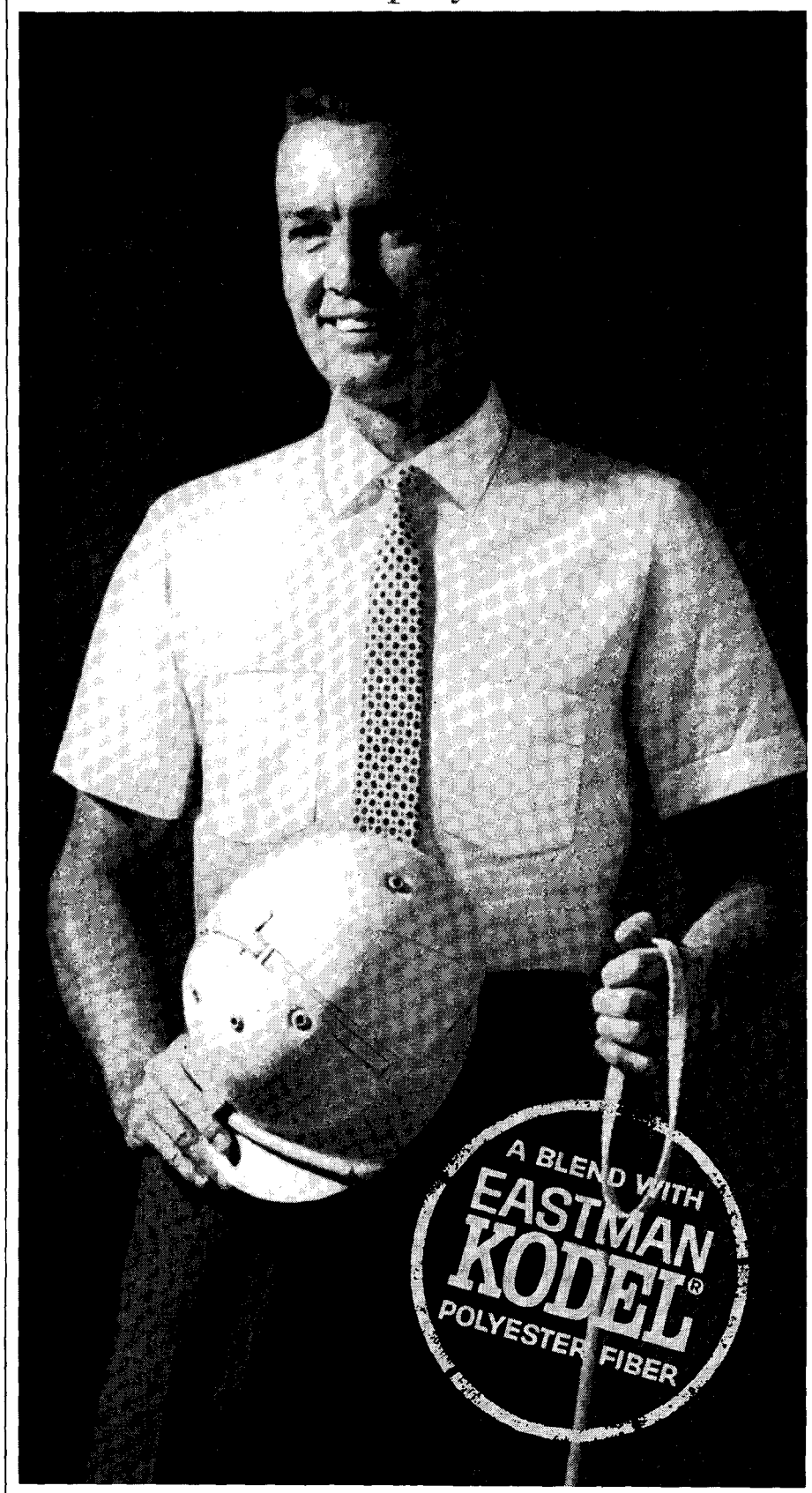

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Journey Into Danger (Continued from Page 45)

"Come here," he said. They followed him out into the yard, close together, giggling, but looking down at the ground with simulated modesty.

"Now—" he said "—now, where is the *nooi?*"

"She is gone."

"*Ja*, she is gone. But where?"

"On the blue horse. *Ja, baas*. She led the *clompie* of horses lying flat on his back, her hair mingling with his mane."

"It was a fine sight," Eva said.

"And you? You girls? What were you doing?"

"We were with the soldiers. The *nooi* told us to go to them. We gave them a drink. She said we could do anything. *Ja, baas*, the *nooi* gave us permission."

"You should be whipped," *Oom* Willem said.

"We are not slaves," Sara said.

"You are still children and will still be whipped when you misbehave. But this time I will buy each of you a new *duk* from the smous."

"Silk?" Sara asked.

"*Ja*, of silk."

The girls smiled at each other. They had a good master. These talks of whipping were a joke. Would the Jew have a big variety of headcloths? Life was certainly very interesting.

Once well away from the farm Francina slowed down her horse. The mares and colts began to graze. She had halted in the grassy glade where she had met the Beyers brothers. She would take Blaubooi and the mares up to their farm. They would take care of them till all danger was past and would lend her a horse to ride back. But first she must offsaddle the troop horses. They let her walk up to them. She took off their saddles and bridles, setting them in the crotch of an old tree. Then she went to the officer's horse—a splendid black gelding, beautifully accoutered. She transferred his saddle and bridle onto Blaubooi.

He looked very handsome with a gold-embroidered saddlecloth. There were silver-mounted pistols in the holsters and a silver flask in a leather container. Behind the saddle a dark blue cloak was rolled.

Smiling to herself, Francina shortened the stirrup leathers by three holes and remounted.

The Beyers place resembled most others in the district—a main house with stables, outbuildings and kraals distributed somewhat haphazardly about it. Francina knew the farm well. These were their nearest neighbors.

Riding at a walk now, followed by the herd of horses, Francina came through the ravine and into full sight from the house. The Beyers dogs ran out, barking. This brought *Mevrouw* Beyers from the kitchen. She was followed by Daniel's wife. Young Louis came from the stables and, recognizing the visitor, ran to greet her.

"How are you?" he said. "And why are you bringing all your horses here?"

"I want you to keep them for a few days till all danger is past."

"Danger? What danger?"

"The English, Louis. They came for Blaubooi. So I took all the horses, including theirs, so that they could not follow me."

"That was clever," Louis said. He was walking beside her with his hand on Blaubooi's neck. "Of course we'll keep your horses, and you can have mine to carry you home. Come," he said, "we'll take your beasts into an empty kraal." He flung open the gate of a large, walled enclosure, and they drove the horses in. Francina dismounted.

"That is a very fine saddle," Louis said. "You are certainly very well equipped, with horse pistols, a flask and everything."

Francina smiled at him. "I stole them from the English officer. At least I stole his horse, and they were on him."

"You stole an English horse, Francina?"

"I stole six. They are in your kraal."

"And what will the English do?"

"I don't know. Walk home perhaps. But they do not know I stole them. They think they ran away." She put a hand on Louis' arm. "You can ride Blaubooi, but keep him stabled alone."

"I'll take care of him," Louis said. "It is nice to think that you are riding my horse and I am riding yours."

The women now came forward to greet her. *Mevrouw* Beyers was dark-haired, dark-eyed and vivacious. She had been married young. Louis was her son. The other boys were her husband's by a previous wife. Dora, Daniel's wife, was still a girl, but growing plump with matrimony.

They embraced Francina. How daring! How brave was she—escaping like that, and bareback too! Yet she felt Dora thought that such things were not for women.

But did one have to live as if one were already dead to be a woman? Had women, then, no brains, no feelings, no sense at all? That was not the way her *oupa* had brought her up. Be free, he had said. Do what you must and pay the price. For each thing there is a price—in risk, in pain, in joy.

She ate what they put before her and drank coffee. Louis fetched his yellow horse. Francina put Blaubooi into a stall and kissed his nose. "I love you," she said. "I'll die before they get you."

Then she mounted and rode away—but not to Groenplaas. She must find Harry Bates, the English soldier, and warn him that he was not forgotten, that the authorities were still after him. No one knew where the bandits hid, but she had heard that they kept a lookout on one of the mountains seven or eight miles away. She must find this man and send him for Bates, the red-haired soldier.

The track that led to the mountain was not well defined. It did not occur to Francina that she might not find the sentry. She was merely curious about the road that snaked up the hills. If there were men about, they would know someone was coming. She began to sing. She had a high clear voice that was caught in the sounding board of the hills. The track came round a shoulder where the great tumbled rocks that had rolled down from the berg above almost blocked it.

A man with a gun stood in front of her—a colored man with a dirty, evil face and snaggleteeth. She pulled up her horse. Her dogs advanced and stood growling on each side of her. Francina said, "I have a message for a man you have with you."

"What man? And who are you?"

"I am Francina Prinsloo, and the man I seek is Harry Bates, the English deserter. It is important. Either take me to him or bring him here to me."

The man adjusted the bandanna he had wrapped around his head. He was stripped to the waist. He had a pistol stuck into his belt; a powder horn hung from a wide bandoleer that went over his shoulder, supporting a brass-handled cutlass in a sheath of zebra skin. His feet

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were bare, the soles horny. His greasy hair was long and tied with a dirty black velvet ribbon.

If she had not had the dogs with her, Francina might have been frightened of him, having never seen his like before—a man who quite obviously was a criminal. Her will hardened against him. Her eyes never left his. She said, "Fetch Bates. I will wait here."

"Who are you to give orders?" he said. But after a moment's pause he turned away and went up the mountain in great strides. Once he had gone, she offsaddled her horse, knee-haltered him and sat down in the shade of a big rock.

Harry Bates followed his man down the mountain. De Vries was not one of his favorites, a cruel man, who killed and tortured because he enjoyed it, but left others to take the risks. But he had been born in this district and knew the mountains hereabouts better than any of them.

A girl to see him. What girl? It had been years since he had spoken to or even seen a white woman. "She's down there," De Vries said, pointing.

The dogs heard him speak and barked. The yellow horse looked up. Francina moved toward the men coming down the mountain.

Bates was in front. There was no mistaking him. His eyes were as blue as she remembered them, his hair still flamed. But his face had changed. It was harder. It looked as if it were no longer made of flesh and bone, but of some hard, brown, polished stone. He came forward, his hand extended. "I am Harry Bates," he said.

"My name is Francina Prinsloo, *Meneer* Bates," Francina said. "You do not remember me?"

"I don't remember you."

"It was a long time ago. I was ten," Francina said. "It was when you came with the big gray horse. When you sold Blaubooi to my *oupa—Oom* Willem Prinsloo."

"The gray?" Bates said. "Then you're the little girl who stood watching. I've often thought of you and the way you looked. I remember thinking, There's a girl who loves horses."

"I love him," Francina said.

"Who do you love, my pretty maid?"

"Blaubooi. That is why I am here."

Bates took off his hat and ran his hand through his hair. "You do not make yourself very clear," he said.

"Oh, it is clear enough," Francina said. "The soldiers came for him—the redcoats."

"They were on your farm?"

"*Ja*, they had traced him. We sold some of his colts. They were so like him that a man who knew Blaubooi recognized them as his sons."

"Everyone knew that gray," Bates said. "Didn't you know that he was famous? That he cost five thousand guineas?"

"No," Francina said. "I did not know. I only know *oupa* gave you twenty-five pounds for him and that I love him. So I rode him away with all the other horses when the redcoats came. I also took their horses, one of them a splendid black with a white star on his face, and one white sock."

Bates said, "A white sock on his near foreleg?"

"*Ja*," Francina said. "You know him?"

"That's old Nick, Captain John Robinson's black hunter," Bates said.

"That is the name of the captain. He hates you. He was asking for you. He called you a deserter, a horse thief. That is why I came," she said simply. "To warn you. Now I will go. They will wonder where I am at home."

She picked up her saddle and bridle and moved toward her grazing horse. Then she turned back. "There is one more thing," she said. "He is offering a reward for you—a hundred-pound reward for your capture."

Then, before she could turn back, an event—which, when she thought about it afterward, seemed to have taken a long time—took place—and was all over in half a minute. She had never seen a man killed before.

At her words a curious expression flitted across De Vries' face. Harry Bates' face changed too. In an instant, all in one movement, his hand fell on his pistol and he drew it and fired. De Vries, an evil smile still on his lips, put his hand to his bare chest as if to stem the blood and fell forward, dead.

Bates took the saddle from Francina's arms and led her around the shoulder of the hill. "You will stay here till I fetch you," he said.

She said, "*Ja*, I'll stay. But why?"

"Why, my dear," he said, "how long do you think I should remain free if my men knew I was worth a hundred pounds?"

"So I might have been the end of you?" Francina said. Tears filled her eyes. "I came to save you and I might have killed you."

"You saved my life," he said. "Now rest till I come (*Continued on Page 88*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I had a no-hitter for five innings and then the big kids got out of school."

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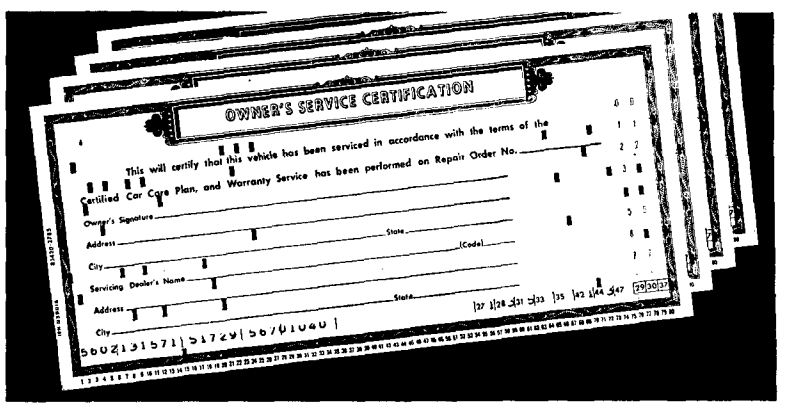

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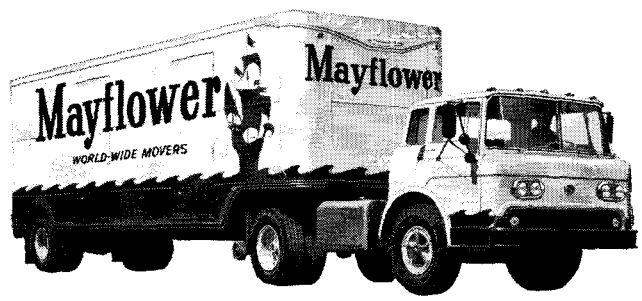

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(*Continued from Page 85*) to fetch you." He took her hand and kissed it.

When he had gone Francina began to tremble. She had just seen a man killed. Her knees gave way, and she fell crying in a heap.

That was how Bates found her when he came back. No wonder she was crying. It would do her good. When it was over she would be well. Sometimes, he thought, it was a pity that men could not cry. He laughed at the thought of someone's crying for that devil Piet de Vries, whose body he had disposed of and whose death he must soon explain to a band of men who would be in no way surprised at his end.

The story he would tell was simple. De Vries had tried to kill him and take the girl who had come to warn them of the dragoons in the vicinity.

Francina looked at Bates as he walked beside her horse. How sad he seemed. What a terrible life he led.

The track they followed led on over the foothills till they reached a small flat-topped mountain from a narrow, easily defended neck that linked it to a lower range. Here suddenly there were men about them. They sprang up from behind every rock and heather tussock—ragged, wild-eyed, unkempt men pointing their guns.

One, bigger than the others, came forward and said, "She can't go back, Harry. She must stay or die."

"She'll go back," Bates said. "She'll sleep here and then go back tomorrow."

"A spy," someone shouted. "It's a trick to send a woman spy."

"You fool! She came to warn us. I know this girl," Bates said. "She came by herself to tell us that there are troops about—dragoons who are looking for us."

They were moving forward, the band grouped about them. The mountain had a flat top that sank into a saucerlike depression which was filled with water and surrounded by reeds.

The brigands' village consisted of a row of huts and small houses that ran round the curve of the rim but well below it, facing north to catch the sun. Wild-looking women with children hanging onto their skirts came to stare. Dogs barked. A medium-sized, thickset man came up to them and was introduced by Bates. "This is Fred Carter," he said, "once of the Tenth."

Carter was fair-haired with a reddish face and very powerful-looking, with a barrel chest and bowed legs. Francina did not like the look of his eyes. They were a very pale, unwinking gray; his eyebrows and lashes were almost white. Like Bates, he was clean-shaven. Most of the other men were bearded.

Someone took away the yellow horse. Bates led her to a house that looked rather cleaner and larger than the others. It had been whitewashed once, but the whitewash was peeling off. The thatch was neat and new.

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Anthony enthusiastically bought a building lot at Divot Acres, a sportsman's dream development combining a golf course and a lake for water sports. But the developer extended the golf course to within fifty feet of Anthony's back door. Then the course was opened to nonresidents, who jammed it and also Anthony's back yard. Anthony sued to make the developer move the offending fourth hole and tee.

"Half of these alleged golfers are such hackers that they hit the ball into my yard and then play iron shots out of my flower beds," Anthony complained. "Low drives endanger my children. Also, the kids get bawled out by golfers, who demand utter silence when about to tee off. One even knocked out my dog with a brassie to keep him from barking."

"Certainly Anthony should be protected from individuals trespassing on his property, but that doesn't mean that the whole club should be halted from lawful use of a golf course which was there when he moved in," the developer's lawyer argued. Then, speaking ardently as a golfer, he added: "To move that fourth tee would spoil the course."

If you were the judge, would you deliver Anthony from the perils of golf?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Anthony won. The court said: ". . . the ordinary tactics of golfers at the tee wreak havoc with plaintiff's comfort and reasonable sensibilities." It ordered the tee to be moved as preferable to "the travail to be suffered by perpetuation of the present method of play."

Based upon a 1959 New Jersey decision.

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He had a lot to think about. He was going to send Fred Carter back with her—the best of a bad lot, English too, a Kentishman, but he did not trust him. He had seen the look in his eyes as he looked at the girl. There was only one answer—he would have to send someone else with him, a second man whom he could trust. Kleinbooi, his Zulu servant, must go with them.

Next morning the procession down the mountain began. Fred Carter led the way on foot, then came Francina riding her borrowed horse or leading it where the descent was too steep. Behind her came her dogs, followed closely by Kleinbooi, Bates' Zulu, so called because of his immense size. No one knew how he had arrived in these parts. No one knew anything about him except that he was unbelievably powerful and devoted to Bates.

They went back a different way. Carter said they were going to a farmer who kept their horses for them. She gathered that he also ran the cattle they stole and in general acted as a link between the bandits and the outer world. When they had been going about two hours Carter left her with the Zulu and continued on by himself. Kleinbooi built a small fire and put on a pot to cook.

Francina sat with her dogs about her. Life had taken a strange turn, what with this talk of the trek, the coming of the redcoats, the smous and her escape with Blaubooi. Then there was the terrible sentry that Bates had shot before her eyes. Bates had shot him as he would have shot a mad dog.

Francina had no great respect for human life. As she saw it, men and beasts were born, lived for a while, and then died in one way or another. Of course, God cared for human beings and saw to it that if they were not evil they went to heaven after death. She thought of people in heaven being rather like old horses pensioned off and turned out to grass.

By the time Kleinbooi's stew was ready Carter was back. He rode a chestnut mare and led a powerful, dark brown stallion. He looked slow, Francina thought, but it would be impossible to get a fast horse to carry the big Zulu.

Carter sat down with them, and they ate. Then they mounted and rode off, taking short cuts across the hills until they emerged into country that Francina knew. Now she took the lead, and they soon broke out into the little valley where she had halted and hidden the troopers' saddles. There they were over the old horizontal branches of the old tree, as if they were in a saddle room, their stirrups hanging on their leathers, the girths thrown back over the seats. The headstalls hung from the stubs of broken branches.

"What's all this?" Fred Carter swung his horse in beside hers. "Saddles and bridles in a tree? Cavalry gear," he said. He began to laugh. "It belongs to the Tenth Dragoons. How did it get here?"

"I put it there," Francina said complacently. She was seeing things a little differently now that Blaubooi and Harry Bates were safe. *Ja*, she was in her way something of a heroine. She had stolen six cavalry horses, one of them of unusual quality, complete with saddles and gear, from the English. After all, how many other Boer girls of fifteen had done as much?

Carter was examining the saddlebags. They contained spare clothing. Behind the saddles there were rolled cloaks. What a find!

"I'd like to take them when I go back."

"You can have them, *meneer*. What use would they be to me?"

Carter opened another bag. It was full of printed forms. "Here," he said. "What's this?" He pulled one out. "By thunder, it's about poor Harry—Harry Bates. There's a reward of a hundred pounds for him, and it's offered by Captain John Robinson of the Tenth. He always hated Harry, did Captain Jack."

"That's why I went to find him," Francina said, "to tell him there was a price on his head."

The picture was clear to Carter now. That was why Harry had shot De Vries. "No one must know about this," he said. "We'll burn the lot of them."

He told the Zulu to collect some sticks. In a few minutes the posters were gone, the flat sheets of ash scattered by the wind—all gone but the one which Carter had secreted in his pocket.

A plan was forming in his mind. There was more in this than met the eye. "You'll be all right now," he said to Francina.

"*Ja*," she said, "I am home."

"Then we will leave you," Carter said, "and get back with the saddlery."

"Good-by and thank you," Francina said.

"Good-by," Carter said, "and God bless you."

Willem Prinsloo was not worried by Francina's absence. She could take care of herself. She was strong, quick and clever. His gray horse had been saved, and a decision had been forced on him. Now he would lead the trek. This would be his last act—last, for certainly he would never return. But why should a man cling to the graves of his race? Remain like an ox in a kraal when the world lay wide and open before him?

He thought of the English soldiers he had loaded into the ox wagon and of their officer's fury. They had sat on the benches he had put in it like little children in a school. How everyone had laughed when the wagon started.

The smous had asked to remain a few days to rest his donkeys.

"Stay, stay," he'd said. "Everything is now so disturbed that one person more or less can make no difference. I lose my great-niece and gain a Jew, but at least the English have gone."

"*Meneer* Prinsloo," Solomon said, "is it not true that there are some families about here who are determined to trek to the North?"

"*Ja*, it is true."

"Then it would be wise of these people to turn most of their beasts into gold and only take their breeding stock." He had agreed with the Jew. It was a good plan. Everything was now in the hands of God. He had made his decision. It was based on his desire to adventure once again and to annoy *Tante* Maria. He also felt that the redcoats would come back. *Magtig*, that was something. He thought of Blaubooi—a horse worth five thousand guineas, the price of a hundred farms, running half wild in the open veld, the pet of a Boer maid. But if they took him, she might try to kill one of them. She might even succeed.

He knew now that for thirty years the northern bushveld had called to him. He had been like a loaded gun, and the English redcoats had pulled the trigger.

Damn them—these men from over the sea who squeezed the Boers as if they were oranges for all the tax juice they could extract from them, who fenced them in with laws, who. . . . There was no end to the reasons for his hatred—the language they spoke, the way they dressed and looked, their manners, the fact that they were not respectable and turned Cape Town into a Sodom and Gomorrah with their vices.

And who, after all, was he to refuse a direct order (*Continued on Page 92*)

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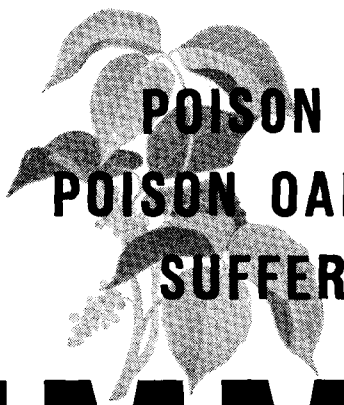

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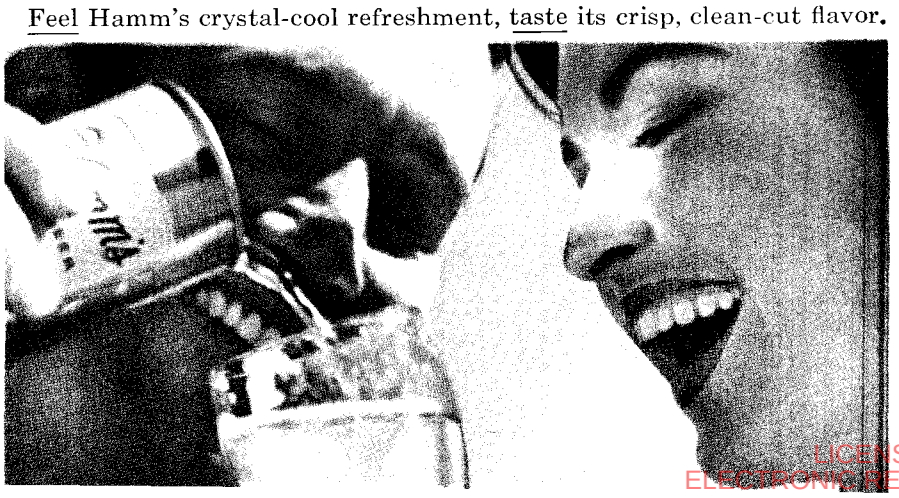

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(*Continued from Page 89*) from God? If God had not wanted him to lead this trek, would he have sent him north thirty years ago to spy out the land? Would he have permitted him to survive? Of all those whom he had known in those old days only he still lived to tell the tale. Was it not God who had inspired the Beyers boys to come to ask him to lead them?

He rose slowly to his full height and stared about him as if seeing the farm on which he had been born and reared for the first time. *I'm sick of it*, he thought; *it is too tame, too small. Why sit here and wait for death?* He smiled. He would go and tell the old sea cow, the old hippopotamus, his good news.

"Go? Trek? *Oom* Willem, are you mad?" *Tante* Maria screamed. "You would leave a good farm and trek into the wilderness because you think a headstrong girl will die before she gives up her horse? *Magtig*, who gave her the horse? And is it decent for a girl to love a horse like that?"

"It is not the girl." Willem's face had fallen into deep repose. His blue eyes were expressionless. "The girl is only part of it," he said. "The outward and visible sign of an inward call that has come to me. 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. . . .' That is in the Book, is it not?" He looked at his sister-in-law and, not waiting for an answer, said, "*Ja*, it is in the Book. The Lord God inspired her to love the horse, and I know my duty."

"Your duty!" Maria shouted. "Your duty is to stay in your own place on your farm. I am too old to move. I have taken root here. *Groot* Jan, your dead brother, God rest him, said if anything ever happened to him, I should have a place here in his old home."

"You are not too old to trek," Willem said. "You are in your full strength. You are only fat and lazy."

"That I should hear this from my brother-in-law. Oh, if *Groot* Jan were here!"

"If *Groot* Jan were here, you would be absent. So listen, woman." Willem Prinsloo raised his voice. "I am inspired. I am directed. I must lead this trek. That is why I went to the North as a boy—to spy out the way to Canaan. That is why the British tax gatherers came to oppress me—the Egyptians, from whom we shall flee into the wilderness."

"*Magtig*," *Tante* Maria wailed, "how shall I get into a wagon? It's bad enough at Nagmaal four times a year. But every day, several times a day, every time I want to go outside."

"I will make you steps," Willem said, "strong steps. Also you will get thinner. Sometimes there will be little food."

The man was mad. There was no doubt about that. But all men were mad. Even *Groot* Jan, when she looked back on their life together, had been mad. Her mind went back to her sister's letter. Surely he had not forgotten it.

"The letter—" she said, "the letter I had from my sister and all that she has endured. Have you forgotten it?"

"I forget nothing. I have thought of all. Last night I prayed. I walked over the veld and thought of our land, our people. Others feel as I do. Some have already gone. Many more are going. This is the only way. What have we seen but oppression? Wars in which the English took more cattle than the Kaffirs? Our language is taken from us, and our lives when we try to protect our property."

He sprang to his feet and thumped the table so that it jumped. His white hair was wild as he ran his hand through it. His eyes blazed. "No," he shouted, "we will take no more of this oppression. We will make a new land. This time it will be one land, for our people, a free land for free Boers where we will worship God and live as brothers. This is our mission, for we are a chosen people."

Tante Maria got up to face him. They stood with the table between them. "*Ja*," she said, "you will go and you will drag me behind you like the tail of a kite. But I warn you, *Oom* Willem, I who am a wise woman and see hidden things as all men know ——"

"All men, woman? You with your fortunetelling and visions! All men indeed! Some colored girls and tame Kaffirs whom you frighten with your spookeries."

"Nevertheless, Willem," *Tante* Maria said as she closed her eyes and pointed her finger as if she were describing something that she saw. "*Ja*," she said, "*ja*, this is what I see. Blood," she said. "*Ja*, blood and fire and water. The plagues of Egypt will strike us down." She gave a scream and sank back in her chair. "The wagon camp," she said, "the camp. I

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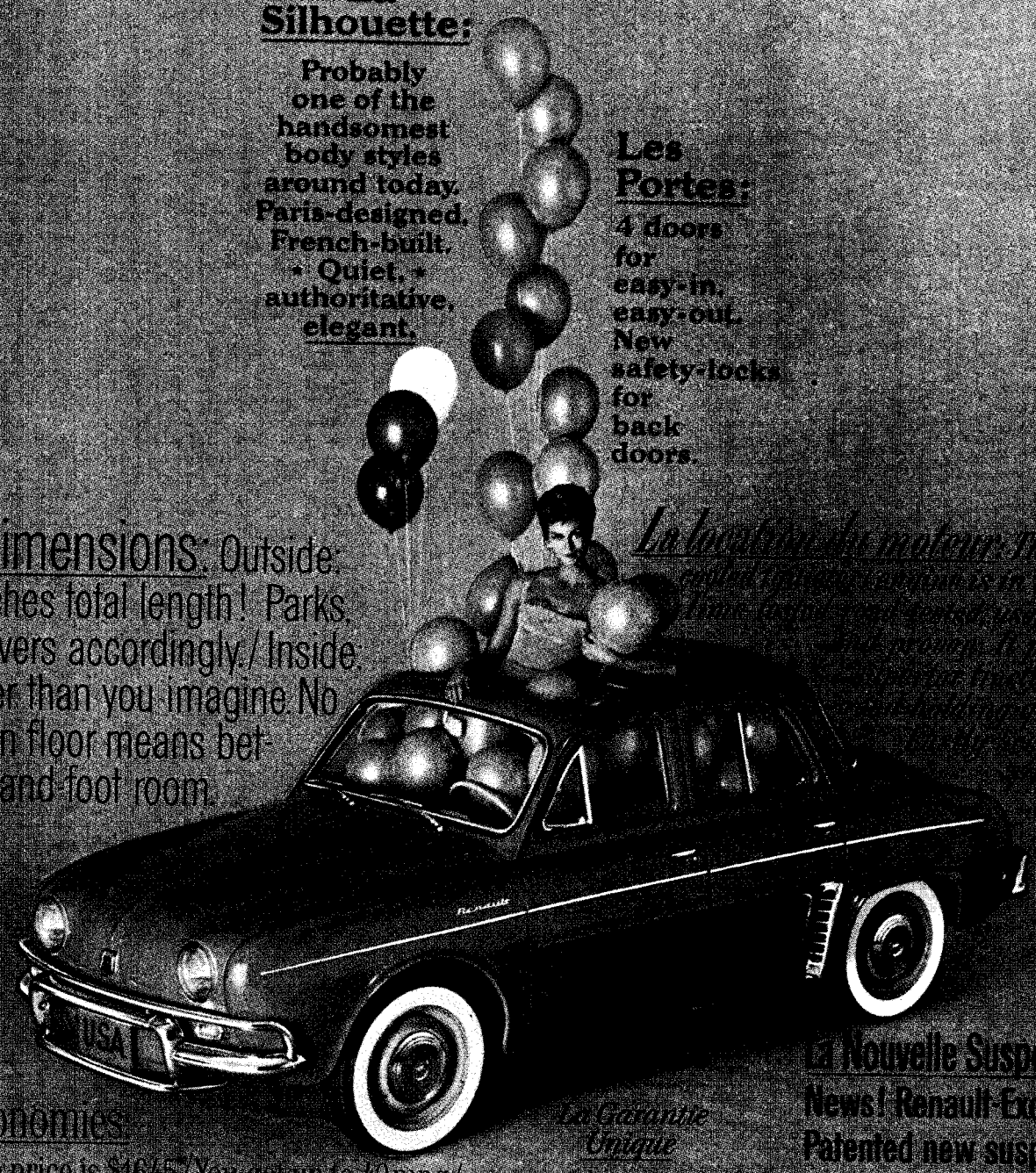

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see the Kaffirs swarming over the wagons. *Ja*, like bees with the bloody stings of their assagais."

"God will protect us," Willem said. "And if some die, it will be God's will."

"Willem," Maria said, "stay here."

"I will go. My mind is made up. It is the will of the Lord."

Eva and Sara burst in on him. "The *nooi*, the *nooi* is here—she is riding *Baas* Louis' little yellow horse."

Oom Willem got up. *Tante* Maria followed him out. "You have Louis' dun horse," *Oom* Willem said.

"He lent it to me. Tomorrow I will ride over and bring back all the horses but Blaubooi."

"That is good," *Oom* Willem said. "It is inconvenient here without horses, but it was a good trick you played upon the English."

"It was a good trick *oupa*, but when it was done and I had left the horses, I had to warn the redheaded man who brought us Blaubooi. His name is Bates," she said. "*Meneer* Bates. So I rode till I found him. I spent the night in his camp, and he sent two men to see me safely through the mountains."

Tante Maria stood with her hands on her hips. "You slept with the brigands? You stand there before us and say that? How many brigands, may I ask?"

"About fifty," Francina said.

"You slept with fifty brigands. You, a virgin! And come back brass-bold to brag of it. Fie," she said, "perhaps after all it is a pity the Kaffirs did not kill you too. My granddaughter a harlot on a mountaintop, and we are going to trek. *Ja*, a harlot and a madman. These are the people with whom I am condemned to live."

"Nothing happened to me, *ouma*," Francina said. "I slept in a house with my dogs beside me."

"Thank God," *Tante* Maria said. "Thank God."

Francina felt that there had been aspects of her adventure which had escaped her. She had feared De Vries. She did not like Fred Carter much, but she had never thought herself to be in danger.

The smous joined them. "It is good to see you back," he said.

Tante Maria said something more about trekking. "Trekking? Who is trekking?" Francina asked.

"We are," *Tante* Maria said. "But don't ask me. Ask him, your *oupa*. *Ja*, that madman, my dead husband's brother, to leave all this"—she waved her hand—"to leave Groenplaas, our home, my dead husband's birthplace, and trek as if we were paupers." She burst into sobs of rage. "Imagine it. Imagine my climbing up and down out of a wagon, many times a day, for weeks, for months."

Francina imagined it and burst out laughing. "You will get thin, *ouma*—thin as if you were a girl again." Then, as the full significance of what had been said dawned on her, she cried, "Trek? Us? We are really going?" She jumped up and down, clapping her hands. "Do they know, *oupa?*" she cried.

"Does who know?"

"Do the Beyerses know you will lead the trek?"

"How could they since I have only just decided?"

"Can I tell them, *oupa?* Can I give them the good news?"

"*Ja*, you tell them. Tell them to come back here. I will show them the map I have made, and we will begin to plan on the number of wagons we will take, how many guns and how much livestock. And when you bring back the horses, leave the English beasts you stole."

Francina laughed.

Next morning, when she got ready to leave, Francina found the smous at her side. "May I come with you?" he asked. He had a donkey ready, saddled and bridled.

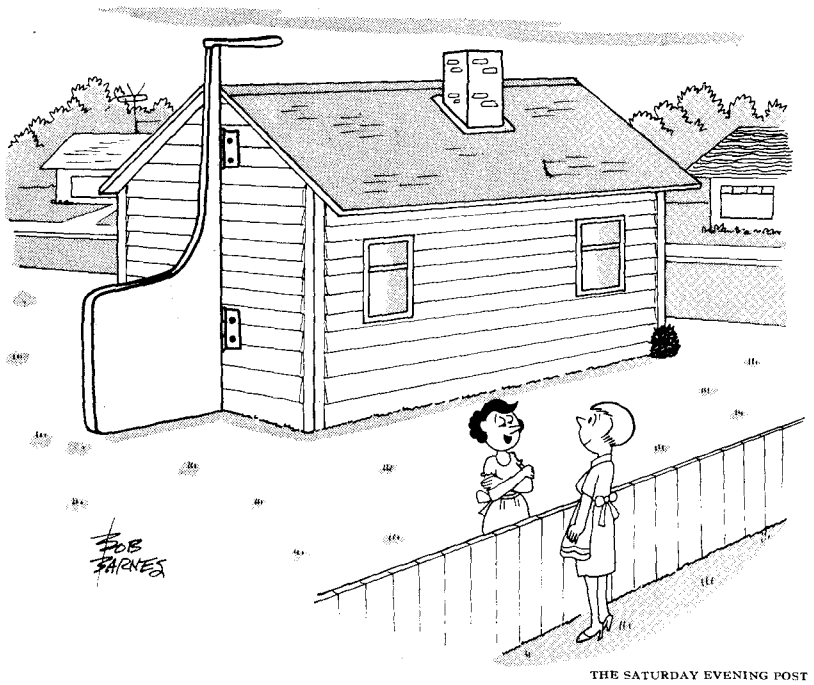
They rode slowly. Francina was interested in the smous's conversation, in his knowledge of native peoples and their customs, in his talk of beauty. She had never heard anyone speak of beauty before. Coming to an open valley, he said, "Stop. Look about you. This is beautiful. The arum lilies, the maidenhair fern, the dark trees, the bright flowers of the proteas. Look at the sky, at the shadow of the berg."

Francina said, "I always liked this place. Now I know why."

"Many things are beautiful," he said. "Women, for instance. You are beautiful—also animals, flowers, mountains, rivers, houses. Beauty consists in the proportions of each object, its color and its relation to other objects."

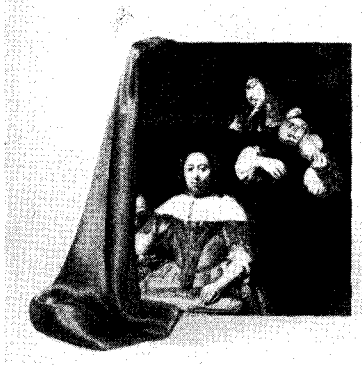
Francina said, "*Ja*, I see." And she did, though she felt what he meant in her heart better than she understood it with her mind.

Once again she was greeted by *Vrouw* Beyers. Louis came to ask how she was. He patted his (*Continued on Page 95*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Waldo has never forgotten the flood of '35."



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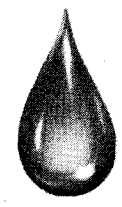

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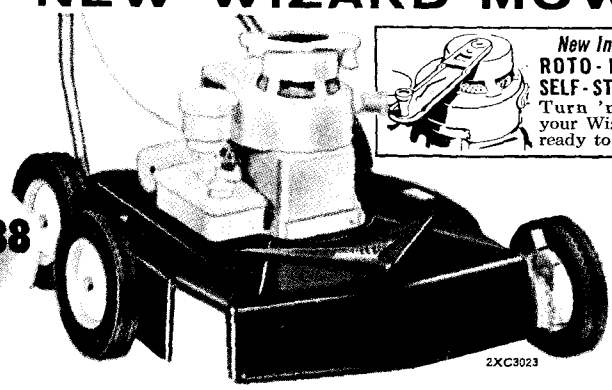

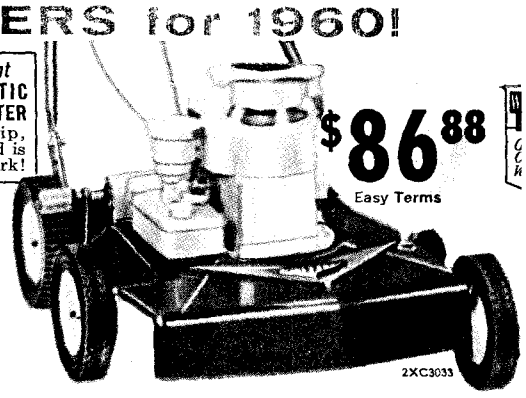

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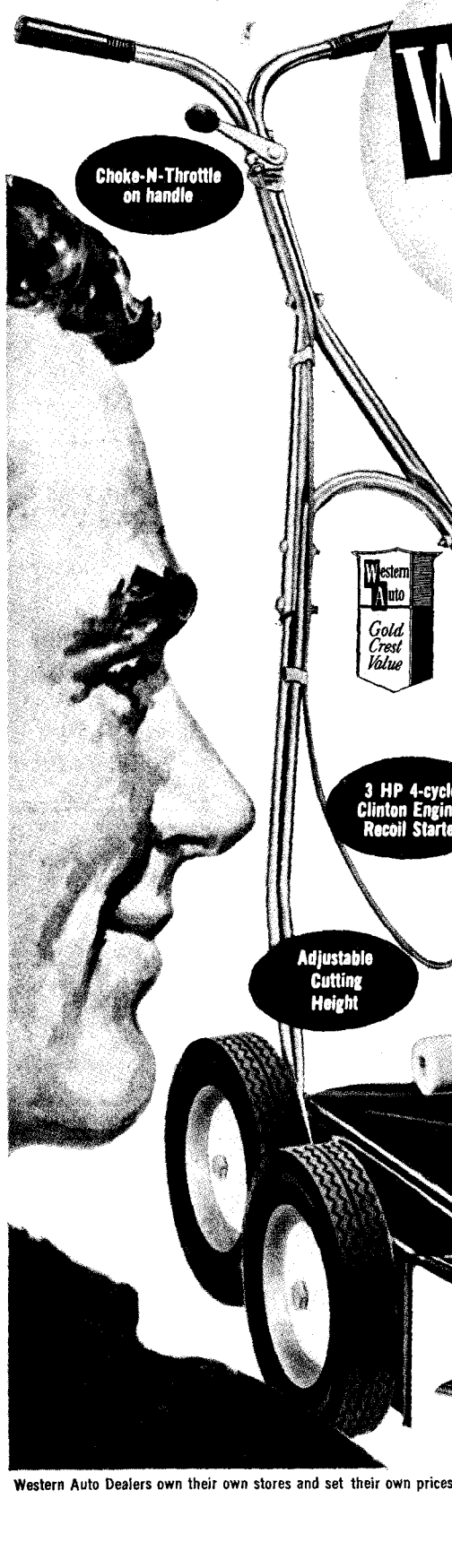

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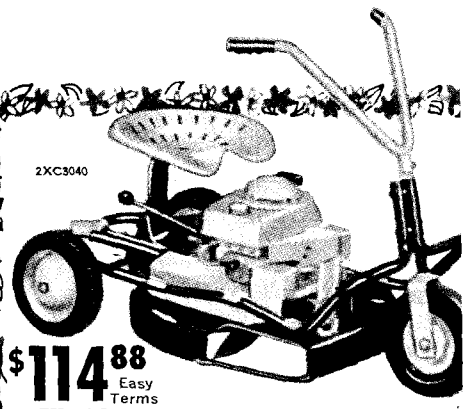

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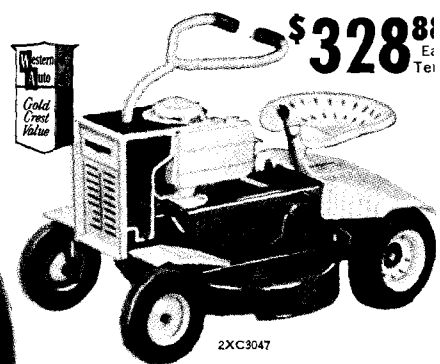

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(*Continued from Page 93*)

horse and took its bridle when Francina dismounted.

"I've come for our horses. All but Blaubooi and the English chargers. The chargers I will give to you," she said, laughing.

To each person the leaving of the farm that was their home meant something different. For each it was both the end of one thing and the beginning of another.

Tante Maria wanted no new beginnings. Rooted in her fat, she rolled around the house and yard like a marble in a rut. She was a woman who was attached to things. She was fond of certain saucepans, of the blue-and-white china, of an ornamental china pig. Having lost her own home and all in it in war, she now loved everything here; and owing to an old man's foolish whim, all this was going to melt away. Then, too, there were the dangers and the discomforts of travel. It was all very well for Willem to say he would make strong steps that could be put against the wagon for her to ascend and descend it. But suppose there were no one to move the steps—that she were left there screaming like a child before a door it could not open. Moreover, when they arrived—if they arrived—houses would have to be built, lands and gardens made. It would be months, years, before any measure of comfort was achieved. All this time they would live like hunters—which was to say, like animals, like bushmen—on game and wild fruits when their grain ran out.

But there was one bright spot. She would be the oldest and most experienced woman of the trek, and her gift of second sight would impress them all. She would take her rightful place among the people. *Ja*, old Willem might lead the trek, but she would manage it.

The china pig she would take even if she had to carry it a thousand miles in her lap. Around it she would build a new home; and if she died, she wanted it buried with her.

Oom Willem with difficulty controlled his excitement and gave what he hoped was an impression of calmness and pretended he was leading the trek only because he felt it to be his duty. The Beyers boys had thought his map wonderful, as indeed he did himself. He had described each mile of the way, illuminating them with tales of adventure. Then they had made their list—the names of the trekkers. There were six family groups including his own—the Beyerses, Van der Merwes, the Bokmans, the Du Plessises, and the Melks. Between them they could muster ten fighting men and boys. The total of married women and widows was six, of marriageable girls four, of other children sixteen, and some of the women were bound to be or to become pregnant.

This made a total of thirty-six souls. *Ja*, in addition there were nine young adventurous men who might or might not join them and, of course, the servants—both male and female. They would probably amount to another forty people.

He walked around the kraals. He looked at the buildings he had put up or enlarged. Everything was in good order, but suddenly it bored him.

The smous joined him. "You are saying good-by, *meneer*."

"*Ja*. I was born here and expected to die here, to lie with my loved ones in my own graveyard." He looked at the walled enclosure and the cypresses that pointed their dark fingers at the sky.

"What does it matter where we die?" the smous said. "It is where and how we live that counts. Dead, all men are equal, and there is no honor in equality. All babies are equal," he said, "for they are born and made in a similar manner. All corpses are equal, though the deaths they die are diverse. But in life that lies between the one and the other—between birth and death—men are not equal. In life,

WHO INVITED HIM?

"So I have this high blood pressure, see, and this friend of mine says, 'Why don't you try chewing garlic?' Well, sir. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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meneer, there are some men who live like lions and some like dogs. To lead a trek is a great thing, and if by chance you die on the road, each man who follows in the spoor of your wagons will raise his hat and offer up a prayer—even men perhaps not yet born. So that by some strange fate you may get more prayers by the roadside than in your own graveyard at home. Home—" he said "—home is a word. For me all the world, all Africa, is home." He raised his hat, bowed and left *Oom* Willem to his thoughts.

Francina looked at her home—the house, the stables, outbuildings, servants' quarters and kraals, at the big pale-leaved blue gums whose great trunks gleamed as white as bones in the moonlight. All this must be said good-by to, must be left behind. The thought of it tore at her heart, which beat faster as she pictured the adventures that must now befall her. So, divided between sorrow and anticipation, caught between the past and the future, she rode toward the sand dunes and the sea. She would say good-by to the ocean first. She wondered if she would ever see it again.

Her mind was filled with knowledge about the ways of the beasts and birds among whom she lived. But soon they would be off, and the animals and birds she saw would be different. Everything would be new and strange. She would see for herself the great wonders of which she had heard so much, see herds of game that were uncountable, see lions and elephants. She would also be among people. Having wanted this so much and for so long, she now wondered how she would like it. She would not be able to get away on her horse the way she did now; there would be too many dangers from savages and wild beasts.

Then there was this business of men—so many men in so few days. A week ago she had known nothing of this, felt nothing. Now —— She dropped the reins on her horse's withers and counted them on her fingers—first the English officer, then the man Harry Bates had killed, Harry himself, and other men up there in the mountain camp, Fred Carter whom she had disliked, the Jew and the Beyers boys. With them all she had felt something strange—something that passed between them and her, from their eyes, from the touch of their hands, without spoken words. She knew she had responded to them with her blood, had felt it kindling in her veins. She knew that now suddenly the time had come—that somewhere there was a man for her. Was he one of those she had already met? Or would she meet him among the strangers on the trek?

A string of duikers flew across the horizon. It thickened into a rope. There must have been several thousand of them—cormorants that were called duikers because of the way they dived for fish.

This would be a good way to remember it all—the beach, the rocks, the great seas roaring in, and above them the birds flying home to sleep on some sea-girt rock as they had always done, done for a thousand years and would continue to do, though she was no longer here to see them. That seemed strange to her—that things should go on and on, that the parents and grandparents of these birds had flown as they did now. That their descendants would do the same long after she and they were dead.

She turned her horse and rode back through the vleis, where she stopped to watch the birds—greenshanks, sandpipers, sanderlings, ringed plovers, stilts, rails and coots—all busy about their affairs.

All this she would not see again. They were not moving for a month. It would take that time to organize the trek, but after today she would not see it even if she looked at it once more. For she had said good-by. She had parted from it in her heart. She was already distant, her feet on the road of the future.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I will not descend to the level of the character assassination indulged in by my opponent. In fact, when I visited his dear old mother recently, in the county home . . ."

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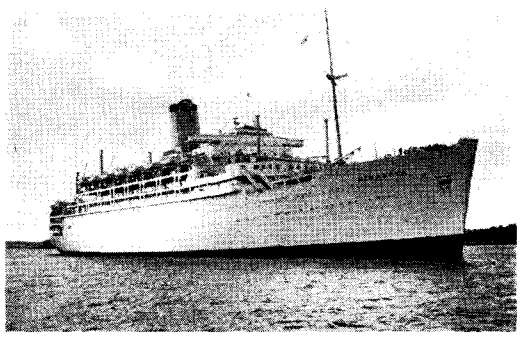

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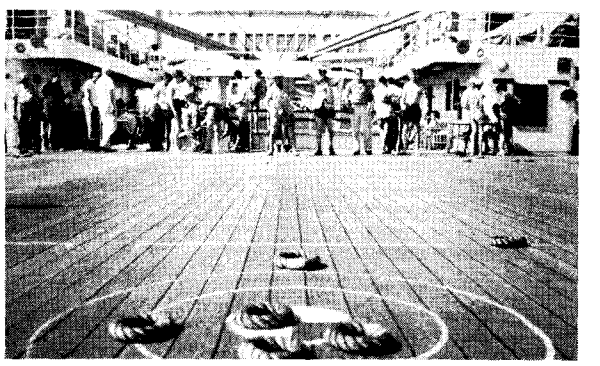

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Easy Victim (Continued from Page 30)

He listened to Ben's sales talk as though Ben were doing him a favor. His thin hands unfolded the dummy set and he scanned the titles with benign, twinkling eyes. "My doctor has sentenced me to confinement this winter, but it won't be 'solitary' with these old friends. Tolstoi, Saint Augustine—ah, and Dickens. Have you read them, son?"

"Not all of them. I'm going to get a set for myself when—well, later on."

Peggy, warm and relaxed, said, "Sometimes when Ben gets the books for a customer, he reads all night before he has to deliver them."

"When you deliver my set, we'll share them and then talk them over."

"I'd like that," Ben said.

Felix Brown was not only a customer but a genial host. He pulled an old-fashioned bell cord, and when a bulky, aproned woman appeared, he said, "Miss Mary, these are my friends, Peggy and Ben Weeden. And they're chilled through by the wind. Isn't it about coffee time?"

Peggy felt an uneasy stirring. Miss Mary's sharp eyes searched over Ben, and lingered on Ben's wife. . . . *I know, I know how back alley I look in this old shirt of Ben's hanging loose. But it takes money to buy a pretty lady-in-waiting dress.* . . . It was a relief when Miss Mary left.

Upstairs someone was playing the organ. Peggy hummed under her breath to the theme song from *Gigi*. A man in a gray topcoat and carrying a bulging and beautiful briefcase came in the front door. Felix Brown called to him, "Eddie, I want you to meet Peggy and Ben Weeden, and look at the set of books I'm buying."

Eddie shook hands with Ben and Peggy—and stayed on to have coffee when Miss Mary brought in a tray. . . . But why was Miss Mary so nosy, lingering on, watchful and listening? What business was it of hers if her employer bought a set of books from Ben Weeden?

The organ music ceased. A pretty girl in a red dress came pelting down the stairs, wrapping a fur stole around her. She paused in the doorway to smile at them. "How'd you all like the concert?" No, she hadn't time for coffee. Her ride had come for her.

Peggy planned, *I've got a red dress. I'll bet I could let it out—or maybe set in a gathered panel. I shouldn't go around so sloppy.*

It was dark when the Ben Weedens left 600 Charter Street with an order for the de luxe edition. In all of Ben's spasmodic sales this was his first order for the limp-leather set. Ben had explained to Felix Brown that it cost twice as much as the regular one.

Again that benign twinkle. "And is your commission twice as much?"

Ben nodded and said, "And we have to ask for twice the ordinary deposit."

"Of course . . . . Miss Mary, can you find my First National checkbook?"

But the bossy Miss Mary turned to Ben. "Wouldn't it be all right if he paid in full when the books came?"

Oh, sure, Ben had said. Fine.

The Ben Weedens went down the stone steps between the stone lions refreshed and fortified. The bite was gone from the wolf-pack wind. The lighted houses seemed friendly now. In the car an exultant Ben pulled Peggy close to him. "Meeting a *real* old codger like that is just the shot in the arm I needed. You see, hon, people *are* the same here as they are back home." They sang the *Gigi* song driving home.

Always before Ben had cringed when the owner of the bungalow descended the steps to their two rooms in the basement, and Ben asked for more time on the rent. But not tonight. Confidently he told about their visit with Felix Brown, owner of the old mansion at Sixth and Charter. His set of books would arrive in ten days, and then Ben could pay the rent.

"Didn't your Felix Brown make the usual down payment?"

"He'll pay in full on delivery. He's good for it."

Peggy couldn't say when doubt first lodged under her ribs. Maybe it was that very evening when she watched Ben fold his own check in the order he sent air mail to Chicago. Their balance was $3.87. Only a package of lamb necks, a wisp of lettuce and a half tomato sat in lonely state in their icebox. Ben needed a slide rule for his math class. And she did want to buy a yard of new material to widen her red dress. If only it didn't say right on the order that the limp-leather edition was *positively* not returnable to the company because it took special binding.

She left her doubts unvoiced. But she was the only one who did. Ben alternated weeks of driving his car to the university with Jonesy, a fellow student and book salesman. (Jonesy had never sold a de luxe edition either.) Ben had spilled over to him about his sale to Felix Brown and, pressing for details, Jonesy found out about the no down payment.

"Holy Moses, man! You've been took to the tune of nearly three hundred smackers."

Ben only laughed. "I'm not worried. Felix Brown is no fourflusher."

That was the beginning of a veritable barrage of gibing at Ben. Besides Jonesy, three or four other book salesmen often stopped in the Weeden basement kitchen to swap stories and gripes. They gave Ben no peace about Felix Brown and the real-leather edition and the no deposit.

"Ben, you pitiful, small-town innocent. Don't you know you're not back in your peach-growing valley?"

"The people are the same here," Ben answered.

"Oh, yeah! Here it's dog eat dog."

Jonesy would nag on, "And just why, if the old boy had an account at the First National, didn't you pry the down payment out of him?"

"His word is good. He'll pay."

"*You'll* pay through the nose, pet. Your Felix Brown has all the earmarks of a senile old coot with delusions of grandeur."

Peggy listened to the doubting Thomases, and her own doubts clawed at her. She ached protectingly over Ben. . . . *But you're wrong, Ben, about people being the same in a big city. They aren't. They're out to get the best of you. And I'm so hungry for friends—and neighboring.*

Ben, bulwarked by Felix Brown's enthusiasm for the books, was doing better—oddly enough, better than his fellow salesmen. He quoted the old scholar when he called on customers. He had sold three sets; he had promises from others to buy after the first of the month.

One evening the landlord knocked on their basement door and asked for Ben. Ben was out, following up a lead. The landlord, who worked at City Hall, said, "I went over to the tax department today and looked up that property at six hundred Charter. Felix Brown don't own it. The title is in Mary Grossman's name. It's a rooming house." He added dourly, "So you tell Ben. You tell him if there's any way to stop that fancy order the old fellow gave him, to do it. Looks to me like Ben is going to get stuck."

Peggy was sewing on the red dress. She couldn't go on after the landlord left—her hands were too shaky.

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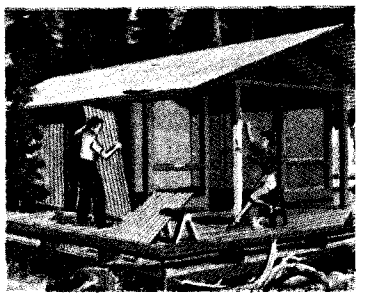

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The title in Mary Grossman's name! So that watchful old mastiff of a Miss Mary owned the big graystone mansion. And kept roomers. So Felix Brown was only a kindly, senile old roomer with ideas of grandeur, as Jonesy said.

She couldn't tell Ben. Besides, there was no stopping the order. Chicago had already written that the books were being shipped to Ben L. Weeden for delivery to Felix Brown. Chicago would expect payment, or arrangements for same, promptly. . . . But Felix Brown had offered to write a check. Even a roomer could have an account at the First National Bank, couldn't he?

Four days later, on a snowy afternoon, the books were delivered. Her heart roily within her, Peggy opened the carton. Yes, here were the beautiful, soft-bound, unreturnable books. She was holding one, sniffing its luxury smell of leather when the phone rang in the hall upstairs, and she ran to answer it.

She didn't catch the name of the caller—only that he was an in-law of Jonesy. He was a teller at the First National, and Jonesy had told him to check on a Felix Brown and call the Weedens.

"We've got Browns down here from hell to breakfast. But no Felix. No checking, no savings account, no nothing."

"Well—thanks."

She walked shakily back to the basement. One glance at the clock and she was startled into action. Ben would be here any minute—and Jonesy would be with him, because this was his week to drive. Ben's car was parked at the curb.

She must deliver the books herself, receive the blow herself—and somehow shield Ben. It was more than the money. More even than saving Ben face with the I-told-you-so deriders. It was saving Ben's faith. She had only to picture his going up those stone steps, slumped and beaten; and his descending them, sure that the city was full of friends and neighbors.

It was all right for her to be soured and skeptical—but not Ben. Her thoughts scurried frantically. Maybe she could pawn her wrist watch—and pretend she had lost it. Maybe her sister would buy the piano Peggy had left at home. And that dab of money her mother had sent for "something for the baby." . . .

The carton of books was too heavy for her to load into the car. She took out half the volumes and made many panting trips up the basement steps and through the snow. If it hadn't been for that ——

For just as she pulled out from the curb, a car horn honked peremptorily—and there was Ben in Jonesy's car. There was Ben, hurrying over and seeing the books piled in the seat beside her.

"They came! Felix Brown's books."

She tried to put him off by telling him to stay home and study while she delivered them. "Like crazy you will. This is an occasion. Scoot in and put on your red dress. He'll want to have coffee and visit with us."

In her made-over red dress—Ben had even made her put on her lipstick—she sat beside him in the car, feeling trapped and sick. They walked up the steps of the graystone mansion, Ben balancing the carton of books on his shoulder, and Peggy reached for the door knocker.

Before she could clang it, the door was opened by the formidable Miss Mary. Again her eyes raked over them, resting on Ben's burden. "Sh-h-h," she cautioned. "He's asleep, and I'd rather not wake him—yet. Set the books down here in the hall and come out in the kitchen."

They tiptoed after her into the old-fashioned kitchen. She went to the back stairs and called in a hushed voice, "Lisa, they brought the books."

The organ-playing girl hurriedly joined them. She was not in her red party dress, but in a housecoat with her hair in pin curls, and looking tense and anxious. *This is it*, Peggy thought. *Miss Mary wants reinforcements when she tells Ben that the old fellow was just talking through his hat when he ordered the set.*

But the woman reached for a canister in the cupboard and took out a roll of bills. Lisa, in a swift movement, added to it. Miss Mary said rather formally to Ben, "I'll just pay you in cash, and then Mr. Brown can settle with me ——"

Modern war determines not who is right but who is left.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

"There's no hurry," Ben said. "I trust him. I can come back ——"

"No! No-no! He can give *me* his check—that will be better." She counted out the money to him. She said then, "Mr. Weeden, you take the books out of the carton. And pick out—was it Thomas Aquinas, Lisa, he wanted him to read first?"

Lisa nodded. "And Montaigne."

The three women in the kitchen listened silently to the soft slap of leather books as Ben sorted them in the hall. Peggy looked wonderingly at Miss Mary and whispered, "Felix Brown will give you a check, but it won't be any good, will it?"

Miss Mary stared back at her a long minute before her face softened into a sheepish smile. "No, he hasn't had money in the bank for almost a year. He would have if he hadn't been so generous. I've been his housekeeper for thirty years. Nothing would do but that he put this place in my name so there'd be no legal trouble after he died."

The girl pushed confidingly close to Peggy. "We all chipped in on the books—all ten of us in the house. Because he's done for us. He turned his piano in on an organ so I could practice and get this job at The Gardenia. And Eddie—he mightn't have passed the bar exams if he hadn't given him his law books and coached him. And so when Felix saw you two and wanted to help—I mean, buy the books from your husband—well, we all know what it is to need a boost."

Peggy didn't know she was crying until she felt the salt on her lips. She cried out of wondrous kinship with a sharp-eyed woman in sensible shoes, and a pretty girl with a fur stole—even Eddie, with his law-office manner and exquisite briefcase. The generous, helpful neighbors.

Miss Mary was saying softly, "Maybe it'd be better if your Ben didn't know. His coming and going will mean a lot to the old gentleman. And you come with him—we'll want to see the baby."

No, Ben didn't need to know. Men protected their women, and women protected the men they loved. Besides, it was Peggy herself whose faith was restored by being part of this loving conspiracy. Plans tumbled through her. She would make her filled cookies and bring them when they came again. She would ask Miss Mary how many diapers you really needed ——

A bell tinkled in the kitchen, and Miss Mary said, "There! He's awake now. He'll be so glad the books have come. Take off your coat, Peggy, and we'll all have coffee."

She was glad she had worn the red dress. THE END

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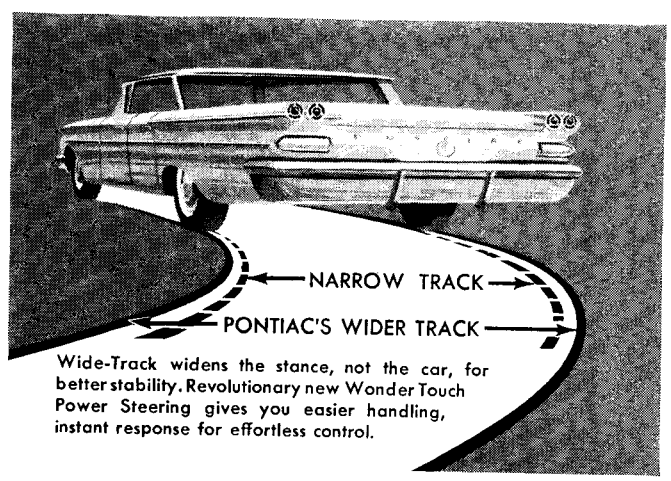

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Country in Peril (Continued from Page 33)

program is giving Libya's young army a welcome flow of American equipment. We are present here, and we would like to stay. But, in the shifting sands of Africa, what guaranty can there be of tomorrow?

Most of us had given but little thought to this former Italian colony since World War II when German General Rommel chased the British, and then the British Eighth Army chased Rommel, across the Libyan desert—and when such Libyan cities as Tobruk, Benghazi and Tripoli made headlines. The facts of life are easily ticked off:

A little more than two and a half times the size of Texas, Libya lies roughly in the center of Africa's Mediterranean seaboard, between Tunisia and Egypt, and just across the narrow sea from Southern Italy and Greece. Its vague and sand-blown inland borders make it a neighbor of Algeria, French West and Equatorial Africa and the Sudan. Most of the country is desert, with a few fertile areas along the coast. The population, estimated at 1,200,000, is of mixed Arab-Berber stock, speaks Arabic and worships Allah, and consists to a large extent of camel-herding tribesmen.

Americans are, as a nation, no strangers to the shores of Tripoli. Late in the eighteenth century Tripoli, then a stronghold of the Barbary pirates, received—in line with the prevailing custom—a tribute from the United States in return for a promise not to molest American shipping. The price kept going up, however, and one fine day in 1803 an American naval squadron began bombarding Tripoli. It was then that the frigate *Philadelphia*, giving chase to a Libyan ship, was captured by the pirates and its crew of 300 led through the streets of Tripoli in chains before being thrown into a dungeon.

The *Philadelphia*, meanwhile, was being refitted by her captors and would have put to sea again as a Tripolitan warship had it not been for the heroic spirit of young Stephen Decatur ("Our country! . . . may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."), then a lieutenant in command of the *U.S.S. Enterprise*, one of the ships in the American task force. On February 16, 1804, under the cover of approaching darkness, he sneaked a captured ketch renamed the *Intrepid* into Tripoli harbor and managed to set fire to the *Philadelphia* and blow her up before the enemy could rally. When the big, shore-based guns did open up, Decatur and his raiding party of American sailors were well on their way back, and not a man was lost. The tall, proud mast now topping Tripoli's Castello, believed to be a relic of the *Philadelphia*, perpetuates the memory of the historic exploit.

When the United Nations, in 1949, debated what to do with orphaned Libya, it was the United States—should auld acquaintance be forgot?—that strongly favored independence. Still, it was common knowledge that the new nation was not viable. There were no known resources to speak of. There were no industries, no skills, no ready cash, no trained technicians, no civil servants, no middle class, no teachers and no schools. Only one in every ten Libyans knew how to read and write, and there were only sixteen college graduates in the country.

Worse, there was no tradition of working together, of being a nation in the modern sense. Although the country—officially on its own since Christmas Eve, 1951—gave itself a constitution and enthroned Sayed Mohammed Idris el Senussi, the spiritual head of the Senussi sect of Islam, as King Idris I, the concept of national unity could only take root by and by. To this day the existence of two national capitals, Tripoli and Benghazi—640 miles apart by land—reflects the country's deep division between its two major components, Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, which with the desert region of the Fezzan now form the United Kingdom of Libya.

And there she is, hanging on for dear life. Her poverty makes Libya a poor relation even to her Arab cousins. The annual per capita income, about thirty-five dollars, is one of the world's lowest. The masses live the way they have lived for centuries, scraping the soil with hand-made wooden plows, growing peanuts and dates, raising goats or wandering across the desert with their camels. Like Arabs everywhere, they shy away from modern farming. Many of the fine farms laid out by the Italians along the coast are in decay—you may find animals stabled in the farmhouse while the Arab owner and his family live in a tent outside. They are a friendly people when approached with friendliness, and the proverbial Arab hospitality lives on in villages and oases.

Tripoli, now a city of 170,000, remains a helter-skelter compromise between two clashing ways of life. The modern town, with its majestic waterfront, its tree-lined avenues and modern office buildings, brushes against the ancient Arab town with its covered bazaars and domed and minareted mosques. A Bedouin draped in a sheetlike barracan marches his camel past a fancy sports car. An Arab woman veiled from top to toe, with only one eye showing, views a shopwindowful of shiny kitchen gadgets. Sheep graze in an empty lot near the American embassy.

Although a member of the Arab League, Libya does not indulge in the fiercer kind of Arab nationalism. Her relations with the Soviet bloc are formal and aboveboard. Communism, so far, has made no headway with the Libyan people. But that does not mean that all is well here.

In fact, the frail young kingdom is beset with all the infant maladies of a new, artificial nation. Long-standing feuds continue to divide Tripolitania and Cyrenaica. Corruption is widespread, and local politicians, in the absence of a strong central authority, sometimes find it expedient to attach themselves to this or that powerful pressure group. Conspiracy is rampant. Intrigue is in the air. Behind the sunny, picture-postcard front, behind the palm trees, Bedouins and camels, plotters are waiting for their chance to strike.

The cast of characters has a Shakespearean ring: An aging, childless king; a melancholy crown prince, the king's nephew; the Black Prince, an ambitious cousin; the ghost of the king's favorite attendant, slain by a nephew of the queen; the victim's son, now the king's chamberlain; malcontents, princes, generals, officials, merchants.

The curtain rises over a modest palace at Tobruk, home of King Idris and Queen Fatima. The king is seventy years old. As head of the Senussi clan, he is the spiritual ruler over a large, scattered brotherhood of faithful Moslems who follow the strict moral and religious code set up by his grandfather, the "Grand Senussi," a religious reformer who came to Cyrenaica from his native Algeria. Though Libya is a constitutional monarchy, with a freely elected parliament, the king in practice rules supreme. He picks as prime minister whom he likes—there are no political parties here—and his decrees are law.

Idris is a wise man, inspired by high moral principles, who has used his authority for the best of his country. He led the anti-Fascist resistance here during the last years of Italian rule, and he has never wavered in his friendship for the United States and Britain. But a desire for privacy makes him a virtual recluse in the remoteness of his palace by the sea, far from both Libyan capitals and their political maneuvers.

The queen, Fatima, is the king's first cousin. A lady of good looks, the color of light coffee, she is a clever, gracious, modern-minded person. She wears Paris originals and has lately made good progress in speaking English. But she is troubled by dark memories of murder. It was her brother's son who, in 1954, shot Ibrahim Shalhi, the king's loyal attendant, and who was promptly hanged for his grim deed. The motives for the murder were obscure. Shalhi had possibly become too influential for the taste of several Senussi princes. King Idris, grieved and outraged, banished a few of them to isolated villages and farms. And he took Shalhi's son, Bouseiri, into his house as royal chamberlain.

Here the plot takes on form. Bouseiri Shalhi, a smart-looking young man who wears a knife-thin mustache over lips curled in permanent disdain, now wields enormous power. King Idris, who trusts him completely, treats him like a son; all those seeking favor from the king must pass through him. He is kowtowed to and he is despised. But will his power last beyond King Idris' life span?

If he wants to hold on, the young man will need allies. And he has found them. Among prominent Libyans associated with Bouseiri Shalhi in a conspiracy to gain control of Libya after King Idris' death are such important figures as the chief of the royal household, the commander of the Cyrenaica state defense force, several high Tripolitania state-police officers, two or three top officials in the Fezzan, and other military and civilian notables thoughout the country. Shalhi's chief ally, however, is Prince Abdullah Abed, known as the Black Prince.

Six feet three inches tall, filled with incredible vitality, the forty-year-old bearded prince is the son of one of the first cousins of the king and a dark-skinned freedwoman. He is Libya's richest individual. From movie theaters to road construction, there is no pie in which his fingers have not been observed. Ruthless, highly intelligent and always full of beans, he is a living contrast to his melancholy relative, Hassan, a thirty-two-year-old nephew of the king who, in the absence of direct heirs to the throne, has been named crown prince.

The question is, will the conspirators permit Prince Hassan to ascend the throne upon King Idris' death? The heir apparent is a lad of sterling character but of an apathetic disposition who goes through public functions with an air of martyrdom. His good intentions, when the chips are down, may not be a sufficient compensation for his lack of strength. He is neither loved nor hated by the populace. Being a younger son of the king's younger brother, he is not likely to inherit his uncle's spiritual authority.

"The country's fate depends on the developments during the first twenty-four hours after the king's death," one worried Libyan said. One of the country's top officials told me all he could say in answer to my question about the future of the monarchy was that he was praying every day that "Allah may preserve His Majesty for many years to come."

Although the plotters call themselves the "Revolutionary Council," observers here doubt that their plans call for violent action. Their idea, in the opinion of those qualified to judge, is to spare neither gifts nor blandishments in order to obtain control over Prince Hassan's mind. Once on the throne, they hope, he'll be their man.

At this point the conspiracy takes on a horribly familiar pitch. This is no mere palace intrigue. The chief conspirators are known to have Egyptian backing—and to be in close, constant touch with Cairo. Not only would poor Libya, with such men at the helm, wind up in a morass of lawlessness and graft; but she would also lose her independence, becoming, if not an outright member of the United Arab Republic, a satellite of Egypt.

The plotters, in seeking closer ties with Egypt, could count on the support of an important segment of public opinion here. In fair Benghazi, where ruins still remind the visitor of the furious battles fought around the town in 1942, I spent an

". . . and under our lay-away plan, a small deposit will hold it until you get a proposal."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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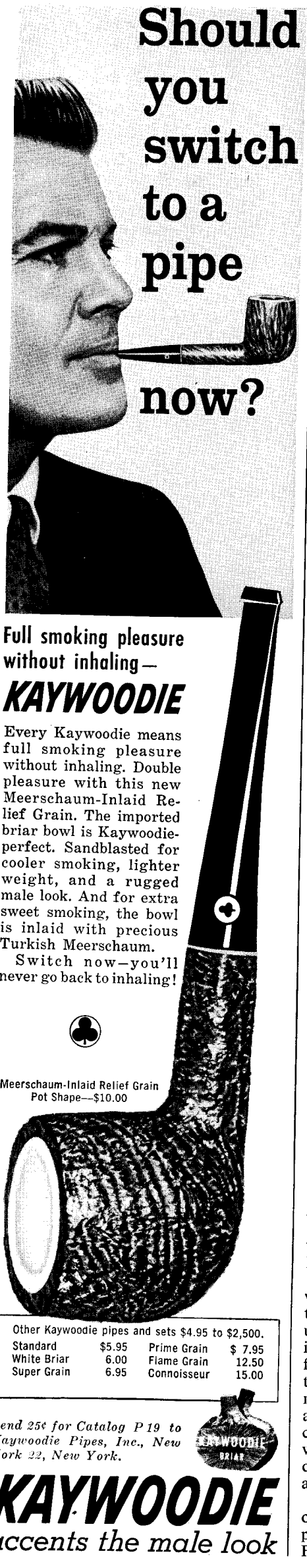
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afternoon with a group of Libyan University students. Their views on politics were uniformly violent. To them all, Nasser was the heroic leader of the Arab world who had defied the western powers and turned his own weak and neglected country into a power to be reckoned with. The United States, by contrast, was to these Libyan students the enemy of the Arab people—being responsible, in their opinion, for the rise of Israel and for the continuation of the Algerian war.

"Our Arab brothers in Algeria are being slaughtered with American arms!" was the angry refrain.

This, I had to remind myself, was Libya's elite. Within a few short years these outspoken young men would be the country's government officials, civil servants, professionals and businessmen. Ironically, the Libyan University at which they were enrolled was set up with American aid funds. The door had been wide open to American teachers. But because qualified Americans, with two or three exceptions, were not available, Egyptians had poured in to fill the gap. Today the majority of professors at both branches of the young university—at Benghazi and Tripoli—are Egyptian citizens, their salaries paid by Cairo. Their propaganda falls on willing ears.

Almost completely devoid of trained men, Libya has had to borrow talent wherever talent could be had. Next-door neighbor Nasser was happy to oblige. Egyptians serve as advisers to the Libyan Government. Libya's attorney general, as well as two Supreme Court justices, are Egyptians. (An American and two Britons, it is only fair to add, also serve on the Libyan Supreme Court bench.) And some 350 Egyptian teachers are now employed in Libyan schools.

But these are not the only channels through which Egypt's appeal for an aggressive brand of Arab nationalism reaches the Libyan public. Arab Cultural Centers, set up under Egyptian patronage, enjoy great popularity with Libyan town dwellers. Egyptian films play to full houses. Egyptian books and magazines are snapped up by those who can read. Radio Cairo's entertaining—and often strongly antiwestern—programs find eager audiences in Libya's coffee shops, homes and bazaars.

None of this is surprising. Neglected and exploited and beaten down throughout their history, Libyans find themselves suddenly caught up in the great surge of a renascent Arab world. They feel part of a teeming brotherhood of Islam that numbers 420,000,000 souls and forms a crescent—or a scimitar—reaching from Indonesia to Morocco. What Libyans want, after those centuries of oppression, is human dignity. Is it not understandable that they turn with admiration and affection to Big Brother Nasser, who speaks their language, eats their kind of food, and who can point with pride to his achievements?

"Compared to that, what can we offer them?" asked one American stationed in Libya.

Even without the new-found oil, the western stakes here would be high. When the United Nations thrust independence upon Libya, it was considered necessary, in the new nation's interest, to station foreign troops within Libyan borders and to give the country financial aid and technical assistance. Britain, whose forces had administered most of Libya after Italy's collapse, signed a mutual-defense pact with the Libyan Government, and to this day keeps some 5000 troops, including armored units, in the country.

The United States, which has no treaty obligation to fight for Libya's independence, maintains an air base—Wheelus Field—just outside Tripoli. This gives us a welcome toe hold in a strategic corner of the world, but the Libyan field serves no "strategic" purpose. Wheelus is no jump-off place for long-range bombers and has no nuclear capacity. The function of the base is to keep our Europe-based fighter pilots in trim.

This function makes it one of the world's busiest airports. Twice every year 600-odd American fighter pilots fly from their European stations to Wheelus Field for periods of intensive training. They drop an annual total of 75,000 dummy bombs over the desert, fire 250,000 rounds of ammunition and fly more than 40,000 hours. This would not be possible in crowded Europe. Not only does Libya provide the empty space, but Libyan weather, except for an occasional *ghibli*—the desert sandstorm that blacks out whole cities—is fine the year round.

Americans have reason to be proud of Wheelus Field. Looking like a suburban area in Southern California, the sprawling base, with its friendly white buildings half hidden among palm and eucalyptus trees, is an authentic slice of America. About 5000 officers and airmen are permanently stationed here, forming, with their families, a community of 10,000. You'll see American children on their way to grammar school and high school, housewives gossiping and shopping, and families coming out of church or driving off for a picnic. Clubs, sports grounds, an open-air theater, a clean, white beach, a modern hospital and even a local television station round out the picture of America-in-Africa. And all day long the vicious-looking jets roar overhead.

The United States does not pay "rent" for Wheelus Field. But our base accord with Libya, signed in 1954 and running until 1970, was complemented by an economic-aid agreement. If ever a nation was "underdeveloped," Libya was it. There is no doubt that without our aid and the annual $10,000,000 granted Libya by the British Government the Libyan nation never would have survived.

If children knew what was good for them, they never would grow up.

CHARLES RUFFING

American aid during the last twelve months amounted to some $32,000,000 in cash grants, projects, loans and surplus food. This constitutes one of the highest per-capita contributions the United States is making anywhere in the world. Much of our effort goes into such basic necessities as power plants, roads, bridges, soil conservation, public-health projects and school buildings. Some of our agricultural experts, earnest and devoted men, have spent much of their time clearing the debris from hundreds of old Roman cisterns which are today as good as new. On the other end of the scale, our technicians have given Libya the most modern telecommunications system in the world.

The Libyans know that without American help they would have had to fold their tents. But we are dealing with a volatile, self-conscious people in whom the twin factors of "charity" and foreign troops tend to create a complex. There is no end of bickering over details, no end of criticism of the "strings" attached to our aid—meaning American controls on how the funds are spent. It is only the exceptional wisdom of United States Ambassador John Wesley Jones—one of our ablest professional diplomats—that has kept Libyan-American relations from breaking down occasionally under the weight of Libyan irritation.

And now there is oil—enough of it to turn the country almost overnight from a have-not into a have, and cause a social and economic revolution. I visited a drilling site in Zelten, a desert region in the eastern part of Libya, about 100 miles inland, which has thus far produced the richest strikes. With understandable pride, the handful of American drillers and tool pushers who, with their Libyan helpers, made up this tiny speck of life in the great, glaring emptiness, took me to see their "Christmas tree"—a five-foot stem of pipe, decorated with high-pressure valves, sticking out of the yellow sand at the edge of their trailer camp. This was the recently completed well, Zelten No. 4. Already Zelten No. 5, some fifteen miles away, was coming in. And no dry hole, as yet, offered a clue to the limits of this fabulously rich oil-bearing structure which was but one of many fields found in the desert.

No one will attempt to guess the size of the oil reserve in Libya. It is not as deep down as the much-talked-about oil in the French Sahara. There is more of it, and it is better oil, allowing for a larger cut of fuel oil, of which there is as yet no surplus.

Of the fifteen foreign companies that have taken out concessions in the Libyan desert since the oil rush began in 1955, nine are American, the others, British, Anglo-Dutch, French, German and Italian. Twenty-five wells, by now, have been completed, and many more are being drilled. The first of several pipelines to the sea is about to be constructed. There is talk of a refinery or two.

But what will all this do to Libya? Although the Libyan petroleum law, in prescribing a fifty-fifty split of profits between the producer and the Libyan Government, ordains that most of Libya's share be put into long-term development projects, there is, of course, no guaranty that honesty will triumph. Already the more blatant aspects of the boom can be observed. Libyans who have been able to get in on the bonanza now drive around the streets of Tripoli in shiny cars. Truck drivers running oil supplies out of Benghazi now charge $1.50 a mile. Rents for apartments are skyrocketing. Soon there may even be a night club in Tripoli.

The spoils of power, from now on, will be worth taking. And the conspirators now planning to take over here after King Idris' death are aware that Libya is well on her way from rags to riches. But—and here the Libyan story develops a sardonic twist—even our friends among the Libyans are likely to press for an end of western influence as soon as Libya can afford it. "We are only waiting for our oil royalties," one prominent Libyan friendly to the West remarked, "to get along without assistance. One can't go on receiving charity forever."

No one here doubts that Libyan pressure to get rid of the American "presence"—and that means Wheelus Field, as well as economic aid—is bound to grow as royalties start flowing. Likely as not we will have little choice but to leave the Libyan people to their own devices—and to the tender mercies of their mighty neighbor—just when they are at the threshold of a social revolution fraught with uncertainties and risks.

True, nothing is as yet irrevocably lost. As one talks with Libyans from all walks of life, one feels that it would still take little to demonstrate to these awakening and groping desert people that the United States is with them come what may in their quest for a little human dignity and for a better life. But it is getting late. And rather than attempt to gain the lasting friendship of the young, we have tied our fortunes to the ebbing years of one old man.

THE END

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A Visit With Walter O'Malley

(Continued from Page 31)

his troubles still hadn't ended. A Superior Court judge ruled the contract invalid. O'Malley appealed to the Supreme Court of California, which reversed the lower court's decision. Subsequent efforts by Dodger opponents to whip O'Malley in the United States Supreme Court have been unsuccessful.

Meanwhile, as this is written, city administrators in Los Angeles still haven't given final approval to the tract map as submitted by the Dodgers, who are planning a $15,000,000 ball park on the Chavez site. Grading of some of the land has been completed, but O'Malley admitted to me frankly that there is no hope of his team's opening the 1961 season at Chavez Ravine.

O'Malley also has been under a still-lingering attack for going to Los Angeles in the first place. Unlike other major-league clubs that shifted their franchises because of financial distress, the Dodgers prospered in their former home, Brooklyn. Why, then, did they move to Los Angeles?

O'Malley smiled thinly and lighted a fresh cigar. "We had a ball park in Brooklyn that was overage," he began. "We had parking facilities for only seven hundred cars. If we wanted to have thirty-two thousand fans in the stadium, and we could park only seven hundred automobiles, a lot of fans would have to come by foot or by subway. Yet subway fares were falling off. Fewer people were riding the subways because they were riding in automobiles—and we couldn't park 'em. That was one factor.

"Another factor was the high cost of maintaining our old ball park. We'd patch up one thing and something else would need attention. We simply had to have a new facility. We worked on it for ten years. We offered to build the park with our money if the city would provide the site. To show we meant business, we sold our real estate at Ebbets Field, Montreal and Fort Worth. It brought us five million dollars. So I said to Mr. Moses"—New York park commissioner Robert Moses—"'We've got the money. Now what's the next delay?'

"And it was one thing after another. They tried to shift us from our site in Brooklyn to Flushing Meadow in Queens. We finally agreed to look at that. But then we decided that going to Flushing Meadow was no different, in a sense, than going to Jersey City or Los Angeles. You would not be the Brooklyn Dodgers if you were not in Brooklyn. And as long as you're going to move, what difference does it make whether you move five miles or five thousand miles?"

"But the point is," we interjected, "you were still drawing a million people a year in Brooklyn and showing good profits."

"Yes, we were drawing a million people a year," he answered, "and the Milwaukee club was drawing two million people. There's a difference of one million attendance, right? Lou Perini, who owns Milwaukee, is a wealthy man. He is not looking for dividends. If he draws a million people more than we do, at an average admission of two dollars, he has two million dollars a year more to put into his organization for things like absorbing farm-club losses, for salaries in the front office, salaries to players, bonus money to attract new players, scouting and all of that.

"Anybody—even a child in public school—can realize that if that disparity between the two best draws in the league, Milwaukee and Brooklyn, were permitted to continue, it would be only a question of two, three, four or five years before Milwaukee would be the Yankees of the National League and Brooklyn would be the Washington. Well, certainly we're not in baseball to have an apologetic team. We're here because we get a thrill out of competition."

O'Malley reflected a moment, then continued almost angrily, "Look, in five years the Perini Braves would have ten million dollars more to spend in baseball than us. They certainly would have a lock on the pennants. Well, we don't want that. We don't want Mr. Perini to win any pennants. We want to win 'em all."

"What about the other clubs?" we inquired.

"That's *their* problem," said Walter. "This is a competitive game. This is not a conspiracy nor a monopoly. . . . This is high-level competition."

I asked O'Malley if in 1957 he tried to influence Horace Stoneham, the owner of the San Francisco Giants, to join him in moving his club from New York City to the West Coast.

"Well, I'd have to answer that this way," Walter replied. "I did not try to influence him to leave New York. After he decided to leave New York and go to a particular place, Minneapolis-St. Paul, I spoke to him for the first time and said, 'Do you think you are going to the best location?' I told him he would do better in San Francisco, and he finally went to San Francisco. I assume a number of other people told him the same thing."

Why did the New York press attack O'Malley so severely for leaving Brooklyn, while Stoneham's move was treated almost as a matter of fact?

"I think that most of the writers realized that Horace's position was untenable in New York. It was almost impossible for him to operate successfully at the gate. On the other hand, the Brooklyn franchise had been successfully operated. I think, too, that the writers were more or less reconciled to the loss of one club in New York. I think they would have been satisfied to have New York reduced to two. But they never reconciled themselves to just one club, the Yankees."

I said to O'Malley, "Some members of the New York press have applauded Stoneham for announcing well in advance in 1957 that he was leaving New York, thus jeopardizing ticket sales. You have been accused of delaying your announcement until every dollar was in the box. How do you answer these critics?"

"First, Stoneham's forthright announcement didn't cost him money at the gate, but put money in his pocket," said O'Malley. "People for sentimental reasons came to see the last games of the Giants in New York. Then, too, Stoneham didn't have any program under way to stay in New York. We had a very definite program under way to stay there, and our negotiations continued throughout the 1957 season."

In the first two years the Dodgers inhabited Los Angeles, they drew more than 3,900,000 paid admissions. On the negative side, the bitter opposition they have encountered over Chavez Ravine has delayed the building of their stadium. All things considered, is O'Malley happy he came to California?

"Let us say that I am not happy, and I will not be happy until we overcome some of the inertia that exists here and we are able to get our stadium completed," he answered. "Then I believe there will be a realization for the first time of what we've been trying to do.

"In the meantime, there's a certain amount of frustration and annoyance. Our rental, for example, in the Coliseum. Outrageous. It will run pretty close to a half-million dollars more this year than it did last. I don't know of a single thing that has annoyed me more. How are you going to finance a fifteen-million-dollar improvement if prior to the completion of that improvement your earnings go into a tax-free government facility?" It sticks in O'Malley's craw that his Coliseum landlords, who don't have to pay taxes the way the Dodgers do, should be taking away so many of the ball club's dollars.

Under the terms of his lease with the Coliseum, O'Malley for the first two years paid a flat sum of $200,000 annually. In addition, for nine specified games he was charged 10 per cent of the gross and all concessions profits. For the remaining sixty-eight games the concessions money went to the Dodgers. Under this arrangement the club paid $310,820 to the Coliseum in 1959. This year, however, the Dodgers are being charged the normal Coliseum rental—a straight 10 per cent of the gross, with all concessions profits going to the lessor. Based on last year's attendance, the Dodgers figure to pay the Coliseum $800,000 in 1960.

"For this," complains O'Malley, "we can't even play in a baseball park, but a modified football stadium. Some of the people who fought to increase our rent were in the original group who invited us to come here, and who offered at that time their beautiful Memorial Coliseum for one dollar a year. I said, 'I don't want it for one dollar a year. I want to pay the same rent that other major-league clubs pay.' This seemed to me a good step in public relations. So we paid a very substantial rental the first two years in the Coliseum—and the fact we have to be there a third year or longer is no fault of the Dodgers. The Coliseum now has us over a barrel, and they're sticking us good. But that doesn't mean that we feel kindly about it, because we don't."

The thought seemed to distress O'Malley. He arose and walked out on the porch with a supply of peanuts with which to feed the neighboring blue jays. The instant Walter appeared, the jays recognized him as an old friend and swooped from the lofty trees to the feed bowl on the railing. They encircled O'Malley, flapping and squawking.

"Did you ever see such birds?" said Walter, chuckling. "They're getting fat on me, just like the Coliseum."

When we returned to the tape recorder, I asked O'Malley how he intended to finance his $15,000,000 project at Chavez Ravine.

NEXT WEEK

I CALL ON
SAMMY DAVIS JR.
By Pete Martin

SEX, MARRIAGE
AND DIVORCE IN RUSSIA
By Joseph Novak

IN COLOR:
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING
CONTEMPORARY HOUSES
By Arnold Nicholson

JIM HAGERTY:
IKE'S MAN FRIDAY
By Milton MacKaye

THE SAD CASE
OF THE BOSTON RED SOX
By Al Hirshberg

MARY ROEBLING:
THE GLITTERING WIDOW
OF TRENTON, N. J.
By Roul Tunley

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"We plan to finance the new park by a bank loan," he answered. "We believe that we will have to borrow eight million dollars. We will get it from a syndicate of four local banks. The other seven million will be supplied by the Dodgers—money that we have husbanded over the years."

"Is it true that the city rejected the Dodgers' original plans at Chavez Ravine because unauthorized commercial ventures were included?" I asked.

O'Malley laughed heavily. "Do let me tell you a great story," he said. "On our drawings there was a notation, 'Visiting Club Quarters,' which meant dressing room, shower and so forth. A city official wanted to know if this meant we were planning to build a motel there."

O'Malley admitted that his first plans were rejected, but explained it was largely because the drawings weren't clear. He said that he is insisting only upon two commercial enterprises at Chavez, a gasoline station and a restaurant.

Some people contend that once improvements have been made, the value of the real estate alone at Chavez Ravine should zoom to $10,000,000. After the property legally becomes his, what's to prevent O'Malley from selling out at an enormous profit? He holds two thirds of the Dodgers' stock; the remainder belongs to James Mulvey, now an executive of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, whose family has had a substantial interest in the club for many years.

"Let's ask you a question," he countered. "Do you have a house?"

"Yes."

"Did you pay for it?"

"I paid for part of it."

"All right, and you got the rest of it by a mortgage, which is comparable to our situation. So now you own it, more or less. Shouldn't you be allowed to do with it what you want? Shouldn't you be allowed to resell it and buy a different house? I think so. Let's take a man who owns a hotel. That doesn't mean he has to keep the hotel in the same place until the structure falls apart. I'm speaking now in theory.

"In our case there will be economic factors that will be at work. When you put fifteen million dollars into a park, you're not only going to hold it and operate it until you get back your fifteen million, but a pretty fair return on your money too."

I said, "But supposing you could sell out next year for twenty million?"

"If I wanted to retire from baseball, I could have done it innumerable times in the past. I have no intention of selling. This is something I enjoy. I also am fortunate in having a wonderful organization. I think I have a responsibility to see that this franchise continues to offer our people good employment."

I asked O'Malley, "If you were an average citizen in Los Angeles, with just a casual interest in baseball, how would you feel about a man coming from another city and making a Chavez Ravine-type land deal here?"

"I'd probably be just as suspicious as the opposition boys are out here," he answered. "And particularly if the picture had been distorted. On the other hand, if I were an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, or a real-estate board, or a bar association, or a downtown businessmen's association, or some group like that, I would carefully read the reports of these serious-minded committees and I would very likely agree with their conclusions.

"It's very interesting to note that all of the groups I have mentioned have carefully surveyed the matter, and they completely deflate the balloon of the opposition. First, the story is that this is a giveaway to the Dodgers. Giveaway, hell! We're buying the land. We paid two million dollars for the Wrigley Field real estate, which is almost twice what Chavez Ravine cost the city. We are exchanging our land for Chavez Ravine. The real estate at Chavez has been bringing the city seventy-five hundred dollars a year in taxes. The minute we get it, the taxes run up to over three hundred thousand dollars a year.

"Then we have agreed to spend a million seven hundred thousand dollars for a youth recreation center that will occupy forty acres. Our capital improvement to build the youth center will be a half million. And for twenty years we'll maintain it under a contract whereby we agree to spend sixty thousand a year." At the end of the twenty-year period, the Dodgers take title to the forty acres.

O'Malley clicked off the recorder and strolled into the kitchen to test the ice tray in the freezer. "Still no good," he grumbled. He removed some ice from the refrigerator.

"You should pay me a hundred thousand dollars for this story," he said. "But I'll mix you a drink instead."

Upon resuming, I asked O'Malley what accounted for the contrast between the Dodgers of 1958, who finished seventh in the league, and the Dodgers of 1959, who won the world's championship.

"The Dodgers of 1958 were a better team than the record showed," he answered. "I'm convinced our fellows had trouble getting adjusted in Los Angeles. Their families were back East, they were worried over their kids, there was a referendum that threatened to run us out of town and there was generally a feeling of tenseness and uncertainty."

"Then why did the San Francisco Giants, also in a new city, have no trouble?" we asked.

"Because the Giants were moving into a fairly free political atmosphere where the mayor and his administration seemed anxious to roll out the carpet. They also had a baseball park in which to play, not a football park."

"Why didn't you use a regular ball park, Wrigley Field in Los Angeles, which is roughly the size of Seals Stadium in San Francisco?"

"For the same reason I left Ebbets Field," he said. "Absolutely no facilities for parking automobiles. Also, in the entire upper stands of Wrigley Field there isn't a single ladies' rest room. You cannot operate a major-league franchise today unless you are very, very much aware of the comfort requirements of men, women and children."

Walter Alston, the manager of the Dodgers, was reported to be the subject of heavy criticism in the club's front office during the calamitous 1958 season. O'Malley was asked how close Alston came to getting fired.

"Well, they say that on five occasions meetings were held on whether Alston should be fired. I freely admit the meetings were held—but not for the purpose of determining whether Alston should go. The meetings were held to try and find out what in the hell was the matter with the team. I won't deny that at those meetings the question came up, 'Has Alston lost control of the club?' We didn't think that he had. But when the army loses a battle, the question is always raised, 'Has the general lost control of the troops?'"

"Could Alston have survived another seventh-place finish in 1959?"

"Yes, I think he could have, but I think, too, he would have volunteered to

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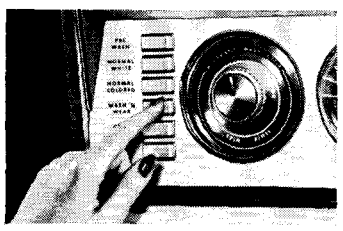

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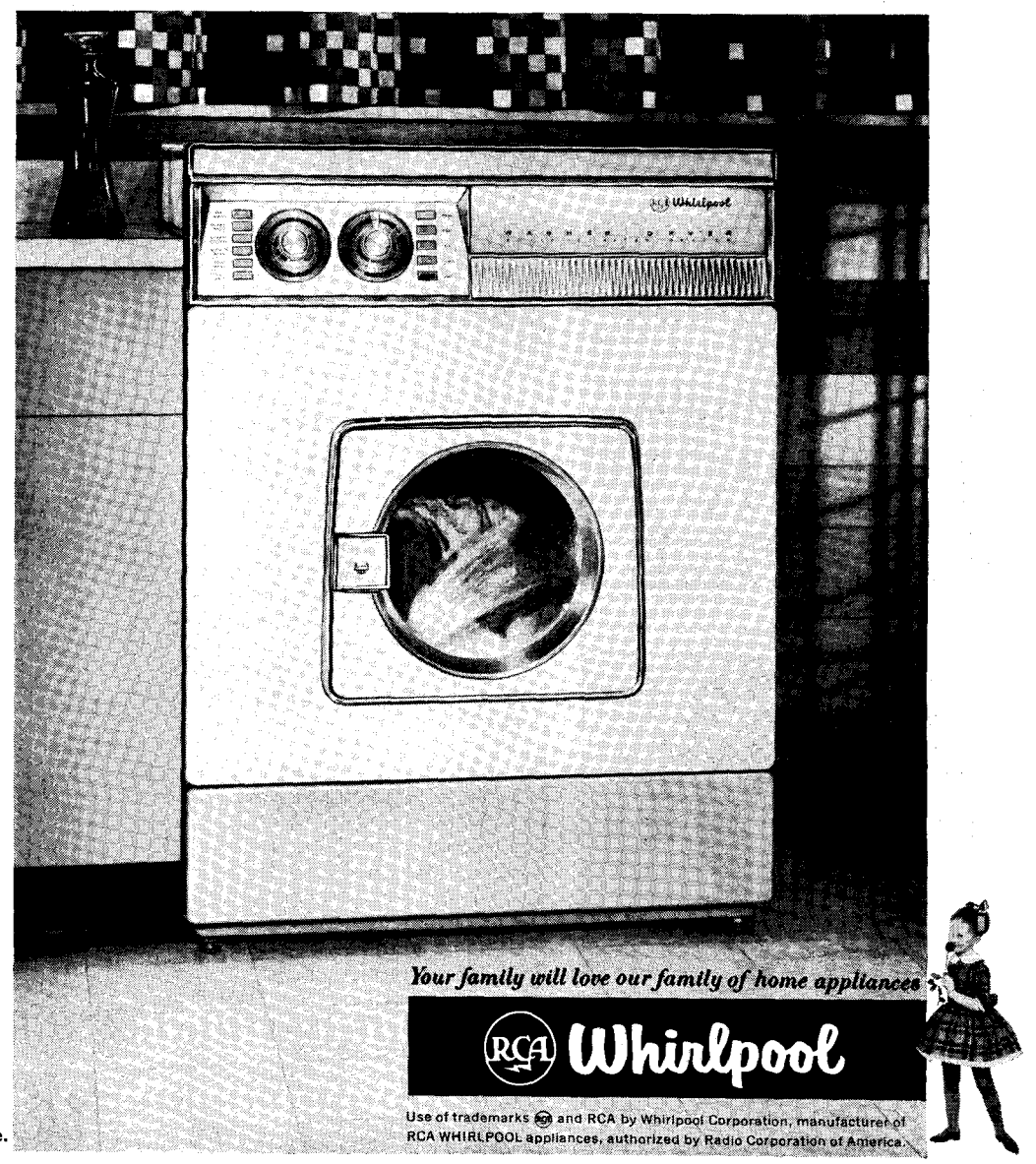

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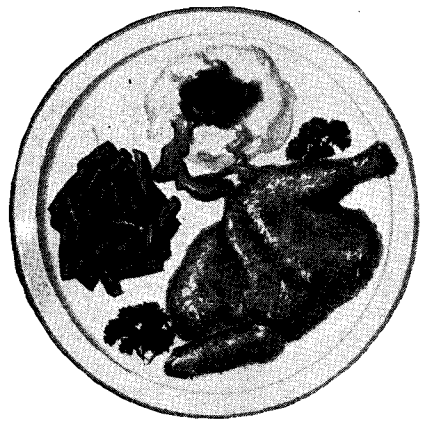

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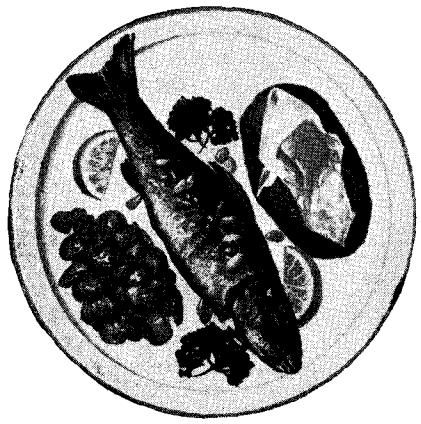

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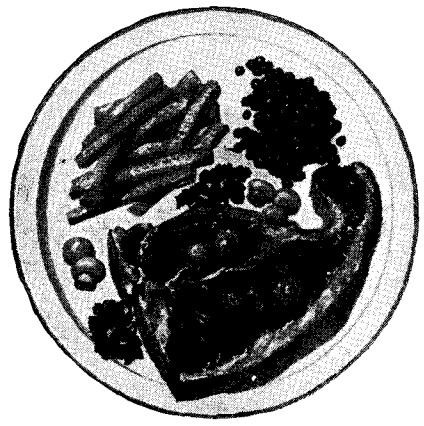

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step aside to see if a new approach to the problem would be more successful than his. In such an event he would have remained with the organization in a front-office capacity. Alston would want to do what's best for the organization, which in the long run would be best for him."

Some critics, perhaps the loudest of whom has been Jackie Robinson, have argued that the Dodgers up until now have been riding high with a team put together by Branch Rickey, the former president. How does O'Malley answer this charge?

"In the good years preceding 1958," began Walter, "I was accused of being a big man on a team that Rickey built. Then in 1958, when we finished seventh, the team suddenly became mine. In view of our winning the world championship last year, I suppose the critics now want to recapture the team for Rickey. The truth is that only eight of the twenty-five players on our championship roster last year were hired by Rickey, or were products of Rickey farms. This was neither a Rickey team nor an O'Malley team, but a Buzzie Bavasi and Fresco Thompson team." Bavasi and Thompson are the Dodger vice presidents.

"After we beat the White Sox in the World Series, I received a telegram from Rickey in which I'm sure he meant for me to read between the lines. It stated, 'Congratulations to you, Buzzie and Fresco on the great victory of your team.'"

I asked O'Malley how he feels about Jackie Robinson's occasional blasts at the Dodger management.

He replied, "Jackie has a purpose in life and he is trying to accomplish that purpose in the most effective way possible. And a great way to attract attention is to get the Dodgers involved somehow. Jackie is an expert in the field of publicity. He knows how to get it, and he is surrounded by people who also can tell him how to get it."

"How did you get along with Jackie when he was still playing for the Dodgers?"

"I thought we got along pretty well. When I took over the presidency of the club, Jackie and I had a talk. I said, 'Jackie, if you've been under any wraps at all, about turning the other cheek and all that, I would feel better just thinking of you as a ballplayer who is doing the best for your team. If you feel that a situation calls for you to lose your temper, you've got to lose it, I guess.' And Jackie did. And every time he got into a jam, I think the record shows clearly that I was the first one to come vigorously to his defense."

O'Malley was born in New York City on October 9, 1903, the son of a dry-goods merchant. "Our family circumstances were above average," recalls Walter. "My father had been successful. I remember when I was graduated from engineering school at the University of Pennsylvania, he gave me a boat that slept eight. But the stock-market crash caught him, and financially he never recovered."

Shifting from engineering to law, O'Malley was graduated from Fordham Law School in 1930. "A lot of professional people were selling apples on street corners at the time," says Walter, "but I was fortunate in building up an active practice, handling mostly bankruptcies."

O'Malley gradually invested in a multitude of businesses, including building materials, advertising, hotels, railroads, gas utility and beer. He still holds stock in some of these, and owns outright the New York Subways Advertising Company. Associates estimate his net worth, apart from baseball, at close to $2,000,000.

For his two-thirds interest in the Dodgers, O'Malley has invested $1,316,000. Neither he nor his partner has ever taken dividends. As president of the club, Walter is paid a salary of $50,000 a year. "It's more than our needs require," he told me. "My wife and I have a pleasant, but surprisingly simple existence."

The two live alone at Lake Arrowhead. Their daughter, Mrs. Roland Seidler, resides eighty miles away in San Marino, California, and their son, Peter, is attending the University of Pennsylvania.

The O'Malleys employ no household help, aside from a cleaning woman who comes in once a week. They have but one car, a 1958 Buick Century. Their home is furnished modestly. Mrs. O'Malley exhibits no weakness for jewelry or furs. Walter wears ready-made suits. Perhaps their only luxury of consequence is a twenty-six-foot cabin cruiser, *KayO*, in which they motor on Lake Arrowhead.

"The boat is called *KayO* for two reasons," explained O'Malley. "First, my wife's name is Kay. And second, at the time we bought it, we had just been kayoed by the lower court on Chavez Ravine."

Now that he is firmly entrenched in Los Angeles, with a franchise that earns more money than any other in baseball, would O'Malley object to an American League or a Continental League team's moving into the city?

"Well, put it this way," he replied. "I probably wouldn't handle it in such a way as to make it appear I was objecting. But I actually do not welcome another team in Los Angeles, at least during the period when we're trying to retire some of the fifteen million dollars that we will have invested in our new improvement."

Asked if he honestly felt that he was popular in Los Angeles, O'Malley, after considerable deliberation, responded, "I would have to answer yes. I'm thinking of some way to skirt around it modestly, but I'd have to answer yes. The plaques we've received, the citations, the Christmas cards, the letters of appreciation—I think people mean this. On the other hand, there has been almost a total absence of negative mail.

"I realize, of course, that it's our baseball team that has captured the hearts of the public. Whether that reflects personally in my favor isn't important. If I became *persona non grata* for some reason, it would be smart of me to step aside and let somebody else direct the club. We never reached that point in Brooklyn, and I don't think it's even come up for consideration here. I know that certain of my predecessors in Brooklyn got a very bad press."

"Which predecessors?" I inquired.

"Well, I don't think Mr. Rickey would be offended if I said there were many occasions when he considered suing a newspaper which referred to him as 'El Cheapo,' and where certain writers took out on Mr. Rickey their personal feelings."

"How do you feel about your own New York critics in the press?"

"I had a personal press in New York that was unusually good—until the move, that is. Had they put the same amount of energy into keeping us there that they've been using in stories since we left, we would still be in New York."

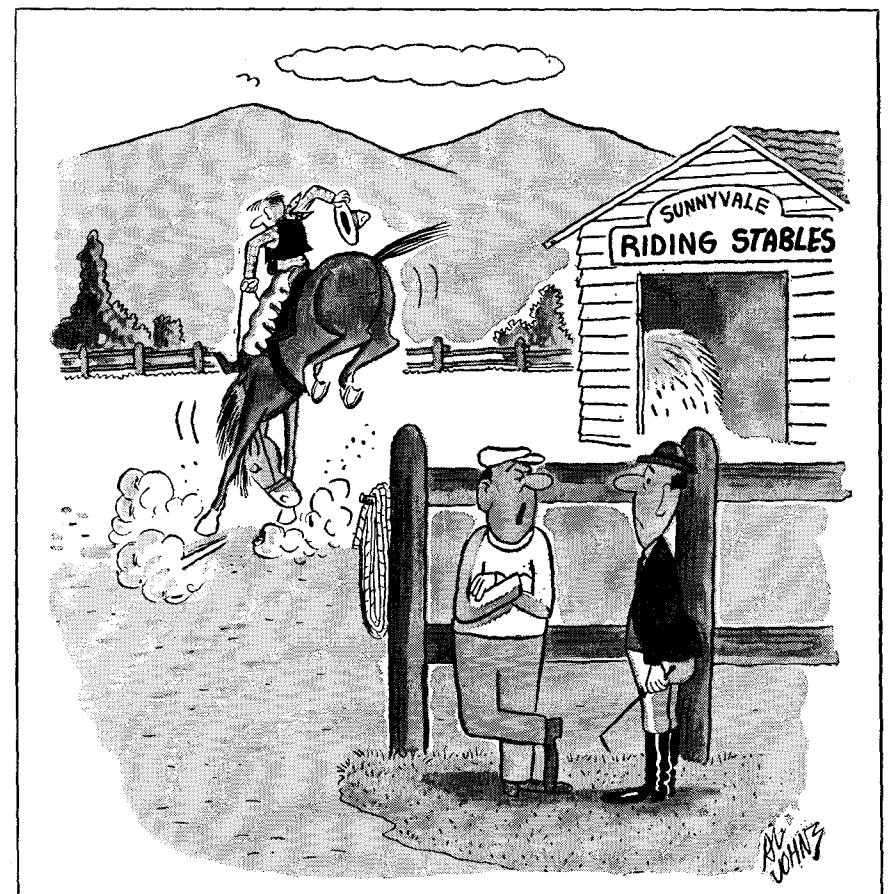
As a final question I asked O'Malley if he would recommend to other clubs the moving threat as a way to get new ball parks built or old parks refurbished.

"No, I don't think that the threat is a weapon that's effective any more," he answered. "It is used too frequently. I've been accused of using it. I think it is ineffectual because it causes resentment and solidifies whatever opposition you might be having.

"I think it is much better to carry out your negotiations to the last degree, and then, when you can go no farther, simply say, 'Sorry, boys, the jig is up.' Commissioner Moses said that to me in New York. I agreed—and left."

O'Malley now looked at his watch. "Better inspect that freezer again," he said. He opened its door, removed the tray expectantly—and still found no ice. He shook my hand. "Forgive me for not seeing you to your car," he said. "I'm going downstairs to check the fuse box."

THE END



"We'll have a horse for you in just a minute."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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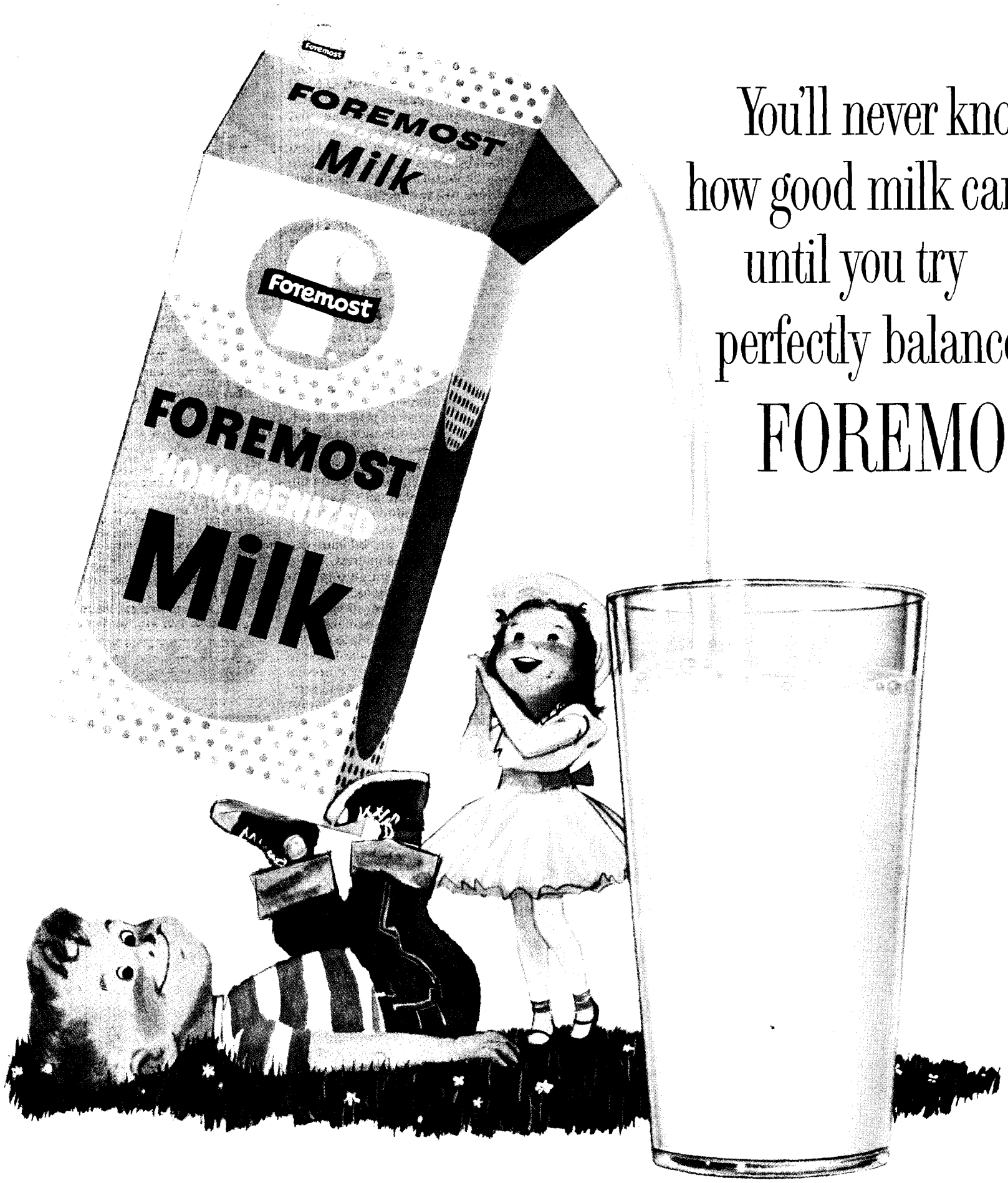

You'll never know how good milk can taste until you try perfectly balanced FOREMOST

A perfect balance of farm-fresh cream and milk.

A perfect balance of proteins, vitamins, and minerals.

A perfectly balanced *flavor* — best you ever tasted!

Your family gets the most from Foremost *

* THESE BRANDS ARE FOREMOST, TOO: TASTEMARK, GOLDEN STATE, MEDOSWEET, HAGE'S, SUNNY BROOK AND WESTWARD HO.

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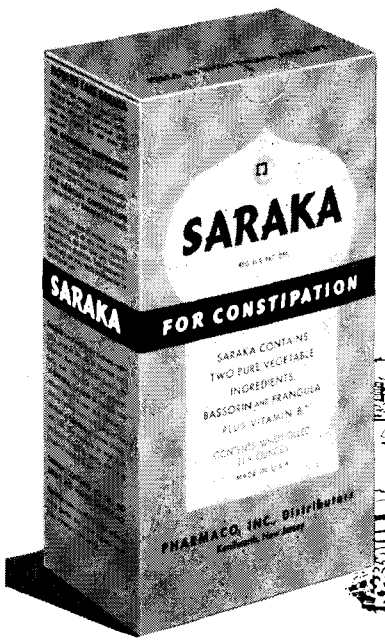
Now...for today's younger men and women over 45

SARAKA



The modern bulk stimulant...to help maintain regularity in the prime-of-life years

From coast to coast word is spreading about the miracle of SARAKA... the all-vegetable bulk stimulant that's helping thousands to get more enjoyment from the bonus years by promoting regularity in a gentle, effective way.

Unlike "trigger" laxatives containing strong chemical stimulants that may cause a harsh or violent action in the colon, SARAKA is known for its gentle double action that helps establish natural-like regularity, without hurry-up or discomfort. Only SARAKA contains Bassorin to add the bulk often lacking in the diet, plus Cortex Frangula for mild stimulant laxative action . . . and Vitamin B_1. No wonder many doctors who recommend SARAKA are themselves users! SARAKA is also available in sugar-free form as SARAKA-D.

Get SARAKA and take as directed. Middle-age constipation will be relieved and you will be helped towards that wonderfully easy regularity of youth that makes life more enjoyable.

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KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate . . . If your druggist doesn't have Klutch, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

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Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

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ONTARIO Canada's variety vacationland

Match your mood in Canada's variety vacationland. Ontario offers you the gay excitement of the bustling city... the take-it-easy pleasure of sun-soaked beaches ... a fresh new delight for every member of the family. There are 250,000 lakes... lush woodlands... resorts and accommodations to satisfy your every wish... waiting for you just across the Great Lakes. Border crossing formalities take only a minute.

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Send me your new, full-colour book of vacation ideas, "Royal Welcome."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Map Maker for Millions

(Continued from Page 49)

country (U.S. 2 and 10) and rise as they reach the southern border, with U.S. 90 our most southern east-west transcontinental road. United States highways that run north-south carry uneven numbers, which are lowest in the East (U.S. 1) and rise in the West up to U.S. 99 and 101 up and down the West Coast. The new interstate network will reverse these patterns. If you wake up and find yourself on Interstate 5, you'll be on the Pacific Coast. Interstate 95 will run up and down the Atlantic Coast, Interstate 10 across the South and Interstate 90 across the North. We owe the simplicity of road numbering to Wisconsin, which started a number system in 1918.

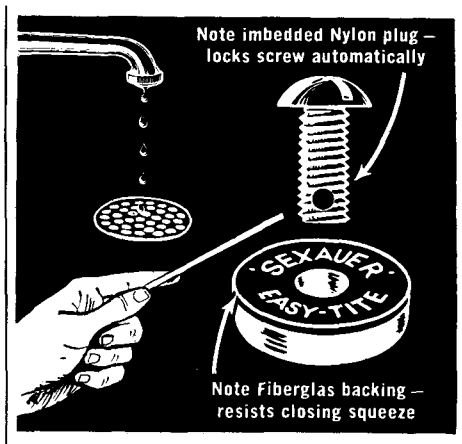
The map business uncovers the sometimes appalling geographical blind spots of citizens concerning the country in which they live. Most frequently these deficiencies show up at touring bureaus, where inquirers appear in person to collect free maps and information. General Drafting operates seven of these bureaus, the oldest of which is thirty-four years, and six of the seven are under Esso family names; one is for Kentucky Standard. Three are out of the country, in Toronto, Paris, Brussels.

In addition to maps the bureaus dispense leaflets on points of interest, advice on travel, state and foreign auto regulations, campground locations, currency differences, gas taxes, and speed laws. They do not venture into the dangerous field of lodging and eating-place recommendations, but do make available standard lists at bureau offices. In a normal year General Drafting bureaus will service more than 1,500,000 requests for 3,000,000,000 miles of travel. Bureau personnel, so they may have as much firsthand knowledge of their maps as possible, enjoy subsidized vacations if they spend them on the road.

Most route requests are sent in on post cards available at service stations for that purpose. These are usually straightforward applications for maps and routes via the fastest, most scenic or best roads. But even on post cards some inquirers stray slightly off the straight-travel beam. "We are taking along our son, Howard, who is two years old!" . . . "I am trailering some cows from Minnesota to Louisiana. Would you please mark the route with the cows in mind."

Requests have been received for a route from New York to Seattle and "west from there to San Diego." Motorists want routes from one coast to the other "which will not cross any mountains." Some say, "I am afraid of traffic. Can you route me entirely on back roads?" An oil company once had an actual request for an auto route to Europe. Heart cases often specify that they must not travel above certain elevations, sometimes so low that it is impossible to get them 100 miles from home. There is occasional backtalk from customers of this free service. An inquirer wrote with some bitterness that while she had asked for a route going 200 miles from her home town to another northeast of it, she had been sent the routing on a map titled "Southeast United States," and she considered this a double cross.

A man once stepped up to a bureau counter asking about routes into and out of Canada. He showed particular interest in regulations applying to wives crossing the line and what Customs would want


Note imbedded Nylon plug – locks screw automatically
SEXAUER EASY-TITE
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★ **9-in-10 washers --- fastened with TOO LONG or SHORT screws quickly LOOSEN --- thus DESTROY themselves --- CAUSING LEAKS.**
★ **NEW (patented) 'SEXAUER' MONEL screws --- with imbedded, expanding NYLON PLUG --- LOCK at required depth AUTOMATICALLY --- hold washers FIRMLY!**
★ **Used with NEW 'SEXAUER' EASY-TITE washers --- made of SPECIAL, NON-RUBBER du Pont COMPOUND and REINFORCED with layer of FIBERGLAS --- resist HOTTEST water and splitting --- OUTLAST ordinary faucet repairs 6-to-1!**

Thus IMPORTANT SAVING as just one PIN-HOLE LEAK can waste 8000 gal. water QUARTERLY that can JUMP water and fuel bills $7.58.

Over 3000 other 'SEXAUER' TRIPLE-WEAR plumbing repair parts are also available from the 1-in-10 'SEXAUER' *AUTHORIZED* QUALITY PLUMBERS using and selling 'SEXAUER' Faucet Repair Parts.

FOR NAME of your local 'SEXAUER' 1-in-10 AUTHORIZED QUALITY PLUMBER who also *uses* and *sells* WORLD FAMOUS 'SEXAUER' M-U-L-E K-I-C-K products for SLOW-RUNNING DRAINS --- RESTORING SHINY-NEWNESS to DULL TOILET BOWLS --- and LUSTRE to all chrome fixtures---bathtubs---refrigerators, etc. --- WRITE TO:

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SINCE 1921, NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR "TRIPLE WEAR" PLUMBING REPAIR PARTS

Elmer's Glue-All. Handy, easy to use. No muss, no fuss. Dries fast, clear and strong. The best all-purpose household glue you can buy. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for free copy of "Elmer's Guide To Good Gluing". 16 pages of gluing hints and tips. The Borden Company, 350 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

BUSHED?
HE WOULDN'T BE IF THE GOLF CART HE PULLS WAS MADE BY
UNITED
Pro, Rocket, Rambler Golf Carts
AT SPORTING GOODS and DEPT. STORES

Odorless... Quick Dry
Clean brush with water

Kyanize
the good choice in **PAINTS**

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to know about women. Finally, to make his interest clear, he explained, "You see, she isn't my wife, and I don't want any trouble."

A legal husband, on the other hand, made a strange request for the best possible roads to the border of Mississippi and the worst possible roads from the state line to the family's destination within the state. "My wife's from Mississippi," he said, "and she's always bragging about it. If you can give us some bad driving once we cross the line, maybe she'll shut up about Mississippi."

Approximately every seventh inquirer asks for something more than just map and route. The New York bureau, oldest and largest, is not likely to forget the tweedy outdoor type who wanted a route to Boston which had the most sidewalks along it. "I'm on a walking tour," she explained, "and while I won't be using your gasoline, I'll be a steady customer of your rest rooms."

Easterners venturing west for the first time sometimes speak quite apprehensively about the possibility of "running into any Indians." But the West has no monopoly of road hazards. After a notorious murder by a hitchhiker on an East Coast road, a cautious map seeker suggested that the touring bureau plan his trip on roads "where there aren't any murderers." The map makers are definitely on the side of the law. When a family emergency made it imperative to locate a motorist following a route planned by a bureau, the driver's probable location was worked out and state police of that area promptly intercepted him.

Within the last two years one of the bureaus had a touching visit from a middle-aged lady. She approached the counter and hesitantly presented a worn, twelve-year-old map. "Would it be possible for me to exchange my map for a new one," she asked, "and would there be any charge?"

One of the great road-map curiosities is the fact that, with an enormous increase in road travel in the last twenty years, the number of maps printed and distributed has grown comparatively little. One reason is map control. Today's suppliers keep service-station inventories down and hold to a minimum any carry-over of old maps when a new edition is ready for issuance—something that happens once a year for most domestic maps.

There are other reasons. State police formerly used quantities of oil-company maps, but most states now have their own official maps—General Drafting prepares a few of them. Hitchhikers are no longer welcome to maps, since hitchhiking is now frequently illegal. And turnpike riders often need only a turnpike map, which most toll-road people themselves provide and which also may be a General Drafting product. Area maps more and more substitute for individual state maps. During the Florida season approximately 50 per cent of inquiries at the New York Esso bureau are for routes to Florida. A special single map has been prepared for this route. It is upside down, with Florida at the top, enabling the driver to read upward in the direction in which he is traveling. What he does on the way home is presumably his own business.

It is also possible that motorists keep maps longer than they formerly did. For a free and inexpensive product, a map is cherished to an unusual degree. The sight of a discarded map in a trash basket is rare. Discarding one is like throwing away your state or your country. Think of all the marvels that exist on the paper! And oddities too. Have you ever seen the western tip of Kentucky? It is not physically a part of Kentucky at all. It can only be reached through Tennessee or Missouri, by land, water or air. Did you know that a piece of mainland Minnesota was lost in Canada? It is a spur on the edge of Lake of the Woods, and to reach it you must go by plane or boat, or through Manitoba. And when you get there you will be at the northernmost point of continental United States. If you are a Westerner, can you conceive of driving out of one state, through two others and into a fourth state in a span of only twenty-two miles? Take U. S. 522 north from the tip of Virginia. As a bonus the half-hour trip will take you through the town of Omps, West Virginia.

Last year General Drafting celebrated its fiftieth birthday, while the oil industry was celebrating its hundredth. After all this time Otto Lindberg has about caught up to me in map devotion, but originally he was not a map lover at all. He had two early passions—to come to America, the land of James Fenimore Cooper, and to own his own business. He accomplished the first by cheating, certainly a rarity with him. He made a bargain with his father that if, in his mid-college career, he flunked analytical geometry and integral calculus, he could go to America. He flunked, all right. He stayed away from the final exams.

Lindberg arrived in America in 1907 at the age of twenty-one, having made the trip without bothering to look at a map. In 1909 he started his own drafting business and by 1919, after ten years he later described as "damned nasty going," he managed not only to go broke but to go $25,000 into debt. By this time General Drafting had made a few small maps of mining areas, real-estate projects and even a few local road maps. Lindberg's first sizable road-map job was for a motoring magazine. It was of the state of Vermont, and he drew every line on it with his own hand. Five years after it was published he visited Vermont for the first time.

Maps were to become the vehicle for squaring his debts and getting ahead. He secured his second state-map job, Massachusetts, from the First National Bank of Boston in 1922. This time he not only sampled and checked his base material by touring Massachusetts but, in one of

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

You're an old-timer if you can remember when sin was looked upon as something sinful.

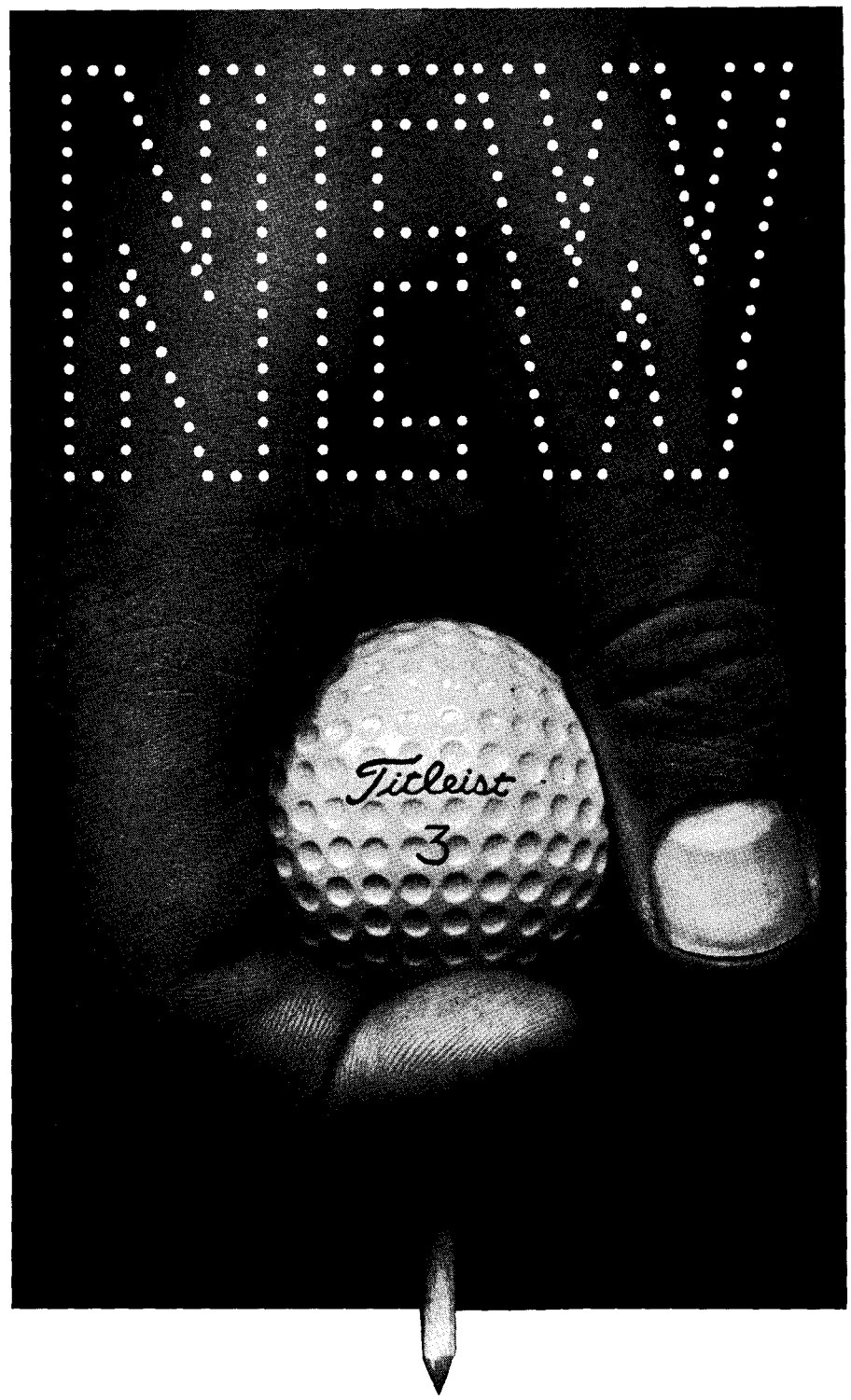
We couldn't give the country back to the Indians today without being accused of discriminating against a minority group.

Necessity is the mother of convention.

A woman can make you realize she's not the girl you thought just by wearing slacks.

Luckily those who think the way to a man's heart is through his stomach are not surgeons.

Nothing makes it easier to find a parking space than being unable to read.



... the finest Golf Ball ever made

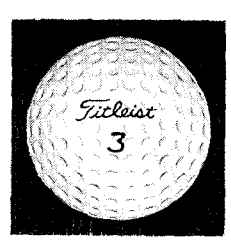
MORE DISTANCE because of Acushnet's new faster reacting DT thread.

LASTING GLOSS because of Acushnet's new scuff-resistant Polyurethane paint.

BETTER FEEL because of the new "power balance" with Acushnet's *true* liquid center.

ABSOLUTE UNIFORMITY because of Acushnet's exclusive system of manufacturing control and inspection.

These are the facts! — We can prove them, so can you. You will find that the new Titleist more than lives up to what we say of it. It is even better than previous Titleists, which for 11 years have been the top-heavy favorites of leading players in big-time competition. Tee up a new Titleist, hit it—you'll never again be satisfied with any other ball.



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Golf Balls
Sold Thru Golf Course Pro Shops Only

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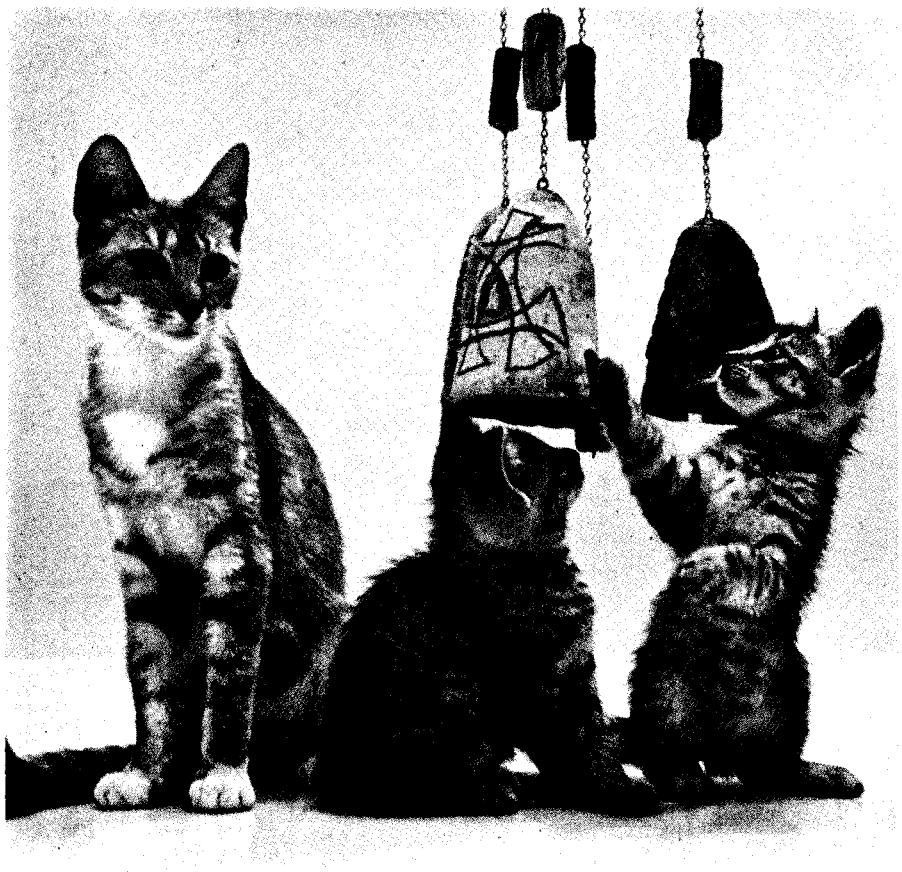
"Belles of Beauty!" For an 8"x10" full-color print of this original photo by Walter Chandoha, send 25¢ in coin to Cat Pictures, Dept. EP-692, Box 6536, Chicago 77, Illinois. Offer good only in U.S.A.



"In perfect health...

all their lives...and they've never missed their daily meal of Puss 'n Boots

"From kittenhood they've basked in the sunshine of good health," adds Mrs. C. L. of Anchorage, Alaska, "and I give their daily feeding of Puss 'n Boots full credit."

Because health and regular balanced nourishment go hand in hand, cats who are fed Puss 'n Boots every day do more than just "keep the doctor away." They positively glow with health, beauty and well being!

Every nutrient a cat is known to need is provided by Puss 'n Boots' variety of healthful ingredients: fresh-caught whole fish (including the protein-rich fillets, natural oils, minerals and vitamins), selected whole-grain cereals, and added Vitamins B_1 and E. So to keep your cat sunny with health and happiness, feed Puss 'n Boots at least once a day—every day for lifelong nutrition.

ALL THIS NOURISHMENT—EVERY DAY—IN EVERY 8 OZ. CAN

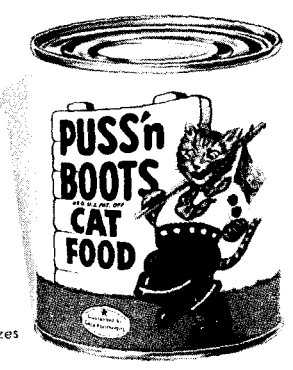
SUNDAY
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY

A can of Puss 'n Boots has *twice* as much calcium—for strong bones—as a 10 oz. glass of milk.

There is as much protein in a can of Puss 'n Boots as in *four* fresh whole eggs.

Puss 'n Boots contains *two* times as much blood-building iron as a cup of steamed spinach.

There is as much riboflavin, for healthy eyes, in Puss 'n Boots as in an equal serving of lean raw beef.



Plus other vital nutrients essential to your cat's well-being.

Packed in 8-oz. and 15-oz. sizes

PUSS 'n BOOTS

Once a day—Every day—for lifelong nutrition

Coast Fisheries Division of The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago 54, Ill.

his not-infrequent bursts of extreme self-confidence, undertook to classify the roads on the map. He graded roads as first, second or third class and in addition drew heavily traveled main routes in red. This, he believes, was the first time a road map undertook to classify roads and routes. He was thirty-six years old.

The following year, in another burst of self-confidence, Lindberg offered to make for Standard Oil of New Jersey the best road map of the state of New Jersey that the officers had ever seen. If they didn't think it was, he said, they need not accept it. The Jersey company, which then sold "Standard" gasoline and "Polarine" oil, took the map. General Drafting has since produced Esso maps for at least parts of every continent, recently including the final one, Australia. Now, following the lead of other Standard companies, Esso has ventured out of its long-standing territory and is entering new areas, which means new maps. Under the names Oklahoma and Pate, Esso has entered the Midwestern retail markets.

Road maps are normally made from other maps, starting with basic geological surveys and working up through the detailed drawings of state and local highway engineers. Compiling and editing a road map is more a process of elimination and selection than of compounding information. A great deal of checking is done by field men, who sample their base information by cruising over the actual ground. Local surveyors sometimes include proposed streets and roads as actualities, whereas a few will simply fail to materialize. General Drafting takes no chances on road construction. Even if it is pretty certain that by the time a map appears sections of roads will be completed, the map will still show those sections "under construction." The belief is that it is better for the map reader to be favorably surprised than to be disappointed.

No map maker can ever check every mile of road on any sizable map. "If we had to do that," Lindberg says, "I would not yet have finished the 1923 New Jersey map." As it is, a new map may require eighteen months of preparation. It is drawn twice the size of the folded map in your glove compartment, then reduced. Annual revisions take much less time, although the average map will run higher than 1000 corrections a year, not only because of road changes but because towns appear, disappear and change their names.

The objective is not to include all possible minutiae, but to obtain the greatest possible clarity for a maximum of information. The completed map is ideally a series of clear, easily grasped area pictures. Thus the focal city in a given area is not necessarily the largest or most important, but the hub of a set of road lines. Visibility also determines which roads are printed in red, a color that usually means most heavily traveled or best, but not if the color interferes with clarity. Some very good and important roads cannot be colored red without cluttering the map, hence those unfortunates must drop down to blue, generally regarded as a secondary-road map color. When this happens, General Drafting expects and gets a volume of outraged complaint from civic organizations who feel their blue road has been miscolored.

Map visibility has improved considerably over the years, even though the information carried has been multiplied. Maps used to show mountains and elevations by means of hachures, little pen-stroke lines. Most road maps have shifted to tint blocks for this purpose, although Humble still requests hachures to show mountains on a map showing areas west and northwest of Texas. This is to keep reminding Texans where they can find cool heights in the summertime.

General Drafting retains county lines on its maps, but is not quite sure that it is worth-while. Salesmen, who are heavy users of road maps, often have territories delimited by county lines, but the average motoring tourist has less than a burning interest in the names of counties he crosses. Thus the map-surface compromises. The county limits are there, but subdued in line and color, a treatment also accorded national forests and other secondary geographical areas.

Points of interest are placed on maps if visibility permits, and Esso issues additional leaflets listing such points in several individual states. One landmark or spot of scenery becomes the cover of each map, and for these art editor John Larkin goes beyond his own staff and calls on well-known artists for paintings. The presence of a so-called point of interest on a map invariably attracts visitors, sometimes in embarrassing numbers. General Drafting had one case where the caretakers begged to have a fairly remote shrine removed from the map because they couldn't afford to cope with the clutter left by motorists who found it.

In his long association with maps, Otto Lindberg has developed a map philosophy which has taken him beyond the oil-company road maps. "A map," he says, "is a friendly thing, with a value and a personality of its own. It is an unusually effective sales tool." This belief has resulted in perhaps a fifth of the company's output, finding markets for nonservice-station use. The company has produced more than 1,000,000 maps of the proposed Interstate freeway network for the Portland Cement Association, a new Alaska map for Westinghouse, journey maps for associations of automobile dealers and numbers of educational products for schoolteachers. These range as far as booklets on the IGY or the life and travels of Simón Bolívar, both of which are handed out by Esso for classroom use.

The chief cartographer at General Drafting is Mike Eckerson, and in his hands are weighty decisions about which roads are main roads, which towns go in and which don't, what rivers and creeks are important enough, and which mountains are high enough. Before he reaches the point of actually drawing map features, he has shared in the fieldwork of gathering and checking base material, visiting the offices of road engineers from township and borough levels on up to the Federal Government. Mike must also be a joiner. He belongs to any association, such as road builders, which is a source of road-construction information. There is one thing about roads—they cost money, so the chief cartographer who knows where expenditures are reported is in a sound position to know where the roads will be.

The production manager who moves the finished map plates along to the lithographers (not a part of General Drafting) is Arne Kauppinnen, a name that suggests that Otto Lindberg might have brought over a cousin from Finland to work in his company. That is not the case. Kauppinnen is American-born and was bitten by maps in his adolescence. When he discovered that some maps he admired were produced by a Finn named Lindberg, Arne figured himself a shoo-in for a job and started writing long letters in Finnish, suggesting employment which was not forthcoming. What he did not know at the time was that Lindberg's first language was Swedish. However, he was finally employed—as an office boy.

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A large proportion of General Drafting employees are of long service with the company, which is not altogether to be expected since it is quite common for ambitious people to shy away from one-man or one-family companies. The theory is that there is never going to be any room at the top. Handling of this delicate problem will more and more fall to Jack Lindberg, who is principal vice president of and sole heir to General Drafting. Since Jack has reached the age of forty-eight and is still a bachelor, having outwitted a long string of matchmakers, he is fully as conscious as his father of the need for a program that will assure both employees and the company of a continuing long-time future. Thus Otto a few years back distributed minority amounts of stock to senior employees and instituted a custom of giving cash Christmas gifts to all employees whenever a year's results would permit, which has thus far been every year.

Otto Lindberg's father once told him, "Since you did not finish your education, you must work twice as hard to make up for it." Otto was in no position to say the same thing to son Jack, however, since Jack is well-educated. So in advising Jack he merely shortened his own father's words and told him to work hard, which he has now been doing for twenty-four years with the company.

Jack exacts some vengeance by going home once a week to trounce his father at Scrabble, which is one of Otto's favorite games.

It was Jack who bought the company's castle in 1951. Otto Lindberg wanted to get the company out of New York and into pleasanter and more rural surroundings. Accordingly a search for a site was made and the castle at Convent Station discovered. Jack took it upon himself to put down a company deposit on the building and acreage. The elder Lindbergs at the time were at their fishing camp in northwest Maine and telephone connections were tenuous. When Jack tried to reach his father, he could get only as far as a Maine operator, who could talk to Otto but couldn't connect the two ends of the conversation. The operator accordingly served as a go-between in a conversation that went something like this: "Mr. Lindberg, your son says he bought a castle."

"Try him again. It sounds as if you said he said he bought a castle."

"Yes, he says he bought a castle."

"That's ridiculous. Nobody buys castles. Ask him again."

"He says he bought a castle."

It was not the first time Otto Lindberg had been bewildered by a phone call. On the second day of his honeymoon in Atlantic City, he had been called back to New York on a work project, had been unable to return to Atlantic City and had called his new wife the next morning, asking for Mrs. Lindberg. The phone call wakened her and when the operator asked for Mrs. Lindberg she sleepily replied, "There is no one here by that name," and hung up.

The castle has been a very successful operating headquarters for the map makers, even if some of the office locations sound odd in their former terms. Arne Kauppinnen's office, for example, is a pantry off the dining room, while the dining room itself is the planning-and-estimating department. Employees have lunch in the dungeon and use a secret staircase to reach it. Mike Eckerson's office probably was a lady's dressing room and concealed near Jack Lindberg's office is a peephole that looks down on the great hall, which is now the lobby.

It is clear that Otto Gustave Lindberg's destiny was to serve filling stations, since his initials represent the principal products of a service station: oil, gas and lubrication. I am delighted that he chose road maps to fulfill this destiny and I have only one complaint about General Drafting. Some years ago the company started producing pictorial maps, which are part road map and part pictorial representations of what takes place in the areas covered by the map. Little scenes are drawn and placed on the map showing industrial, recreational, agricultural or other kinds of activities major to those sites. Sometimes the pictorial maps are general, sometimes pointed, as in a world map for the Automobile Manufacturers Association which pictures the origin of all products going into the manufacture of a Detroit automobile.

It makes me very unhappy to report that these pictorial maps are quite popular and successful, which is an insult to all simon-pure road-map buffs. We don't want to be shown. Give us the roads—we'll go see for ourselves. It makes me wonder about the oil companies. Do they want us to stay home and look at pretty pictures or get out there on those roads and burn gasoline? THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hi, mom. Who's the kid?"

Refrigerator outmoded as a TRICERATOPS?

Better get a new one!

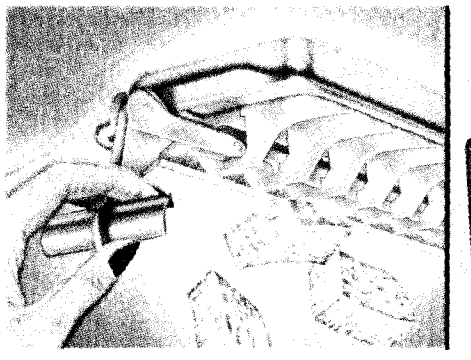
Even this friendly 3-horned monster is surprised that you hang onto that out-of-date refrigerator of yours, when the new '60 models are so much better.

Yes, the extra conveniences in new refrigerators outmode older models. Such as roll-out freezer, revolving shelves, air freshener, climate controls, and many others. Of course, they have Inland "Magic Touch" ice cube trays and chest.

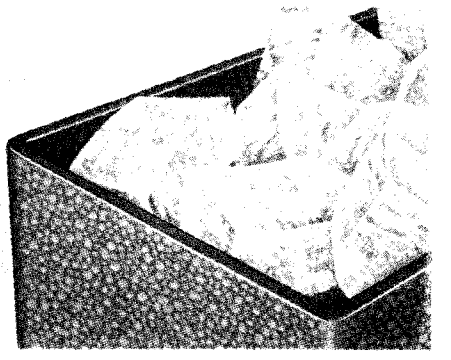
You just flip the "Magic Touch" lever and a whole trayful of cubes drops into the storage chest. You always have several trayfuls ready for instant use. Ready for serving indoors or outdoors.

See the 1960 refrigerators at your favorite store. And have the salesman show you the many new features and to demonstrate the "Magic Touch" ice cube trays and the storage chest.

MODERN REFRIGERATORS MAKE AND STORE ICE CUBES THE "MAGIC TOUCH" WAY



Flip the "Magic Touch" lever. A whole trayful of ice cubes drops into storage chest.



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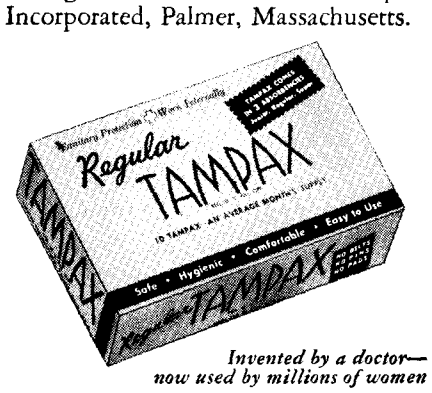

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

That Fickle Feeling

(Continued from Page 41)

Mrs. Hemingway chides him for his forgetfulness and absence of mind, but what she does not know is that over the years he has built up a well-nigh impregnable defense mechanism by the simple device of switching off his hearing aid when he sees a certain look on his wife's face. His only worry, good man, is that he wonders whether by pretending to listen he is not living a lie.

Now as to the crisis at the deanery. Three years before this story opens, Matilda was singing soprano in the cathedral choir. Percival, the oldest son and heir of Lord Thankerton, was singing tenor. At the annual choir picnic—a feature of which was unlimited strawberries and cream—Matilda and Percival, eighteen and twenty-two years of age respectively, fell in love. They exchanged promises. Worse, when Matilda went for a year to a finishing school in Switzerland, they exchanged letters. From exile in Lausanne, Matilda wrote some humdingers, borrowing some of the most lurid passages from a novel which had just been banned in Boston. The letters were innocent, being nothing more than the expression of a romantic mood. But an evil mind—and even a cathedral close is not entirely free from these—might have put an evil interpretation upon them.

Mrs. Hemingway, who found Percival's letters under a loose board in Matilda's bedroom, was delighted, for mothers who did not flinch from the prospect of having grandchildren with receding chins regarded Percival as a catch. After all, a few receding chins in the next generation were a small price to pay for a coronet, to say nothing of Thankerton Castle, the rent roll which went with the earldom and a seat in the peeress' gallery of the House of Lords.

Lord Thankerton was less enthusiastic, but not actively hostile. He knew—who better?—that Percival was no bargain, but there was always the possibility that with Matilda's help the family receding chin—conspicuous since the eighth, ninth and tenth earls had married cousins in the eighteenth century—might be bred out.

The love which blossomed between Percival and Matilda was, alas, a tender plant! It survived the twelve months' separation during which Matilda was in Lausanne and Percival at Thankerton, warmed by the steady flow of incandescent letters which they exchanged. But when she returned home—still dizzy from the attentions of a blond-beast ski instructor—one look at poor Percival told her that she had made a mistake.

Percival was, if nothing else, an extremely nice young man. He accepted the situation gracefully. But Lord Thankerton—a very quick man with a mortgage foreclosure, by the way—who had pinched all Matilda's letters to read during the long winter evenings, was considerably less graceful about it. In short, he would be damned if he would allow his son, the future Lord Thankerton, to be jilted by the daughter of a mere dean. If there were any jilting to be done, it was, by virtue of his rank, Percival's privilege. The attitude was ungallant and illogical for, had it not been for his lordship's loud displeasure, the jilting would never have become a matter for gossip. The scandal rocked the cathedral close, which, in parenthesis, rocked fairly easily.

Mrs. Hemingway reminded Matilda of the sacrifices she, Mrs. Hemingway, had made, of the brilliant match she was missing and of many other matters, most of which were irrelevant; until she at last ran down. The dean—poor man—switched off his hearing aid for eleven consecutive days in his own home. Colonel Bullifant discarded his altogether when in his sister's presence. It was, indeed, a most distressing time for everyone concerned, not least for Matilda, who found cotton ear plugs entirely inadequate and was compelled to bear the brunt of her mother's quite astonishing invective.

Colonel Bullifant, who loved Matilda dearly, did his best to comfort and sustain her in the ordeal, realizing what she was going through on the day when she refused a third helping of plum duff, a delicacy which, combined with the English climate, probably inspired Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest.

Colonel Bullifant—"Uncle Gussie" within the family circle—is best described at this time as a splendid ruin: a tall, handsome man with an erect military bearing, a pair of silver-white mustachios waxed to fine points, bushy eyebrows to match, a leonine mane of silver hair and good steady blue eyes. Those of his contemporaries who had survived the embattled years still called him "Lobster."

It was to Uncle Gussie that Matilda brought her troubles when it seemed they were about to overwhelm her, and when her skies were dark with chickens coming home to roost. "Well, my dear," he clucked in his fruity baritone, "let's have it. What's the trouble?"

"Lord Thankerton's the trouble, Uncle Gussie. He's a pig. He's got hold of the letters I wrote to Percival when I was young, and he threatens to send them to Johnny—and Johnny, don't you see, is terribly jealous and—well, we plan to get married. So you see ——"

"Who in blazes is Johnny?"

"Johnny is an American, Uncle Gussie. I met him at a dance at the American air base. You've seen me playing tennis with him."

"Chap that looks as though he was dropped on his face as a baby, that him? Pinched his big brother's clothes and gave 'em a few turns in a concrete mixer instead of pressing 'em? You'd have done better marrying Percival, who is at least housebroken."

"Johnny's nice, Uncle Gussie, really nice. I don't think he was dropped. He got that in boxing. He doesn't think clothes are important."

"What does he think is important?"

"I am, for one thing."

"What does he do for a living?"

"Something in electronics—something frightfully hush-hush. I don't understand any of it."

"What's his other name?"

"Culpepper—Johnny Culpepper. Pretty name, isn't it?"

"Where does he come from?"

"From Arizona—Bandicoot Creek, Arizona."

"Nonsense! There's no such place. Arizona means dry zone. How could there be creeks in a dry zone? The man's making a fool of you. Tell him to go back and drown himself in the creek—that is, if he didn't invent it."

"But I love him, Uncle Gussie, I really do. I want to marry him."

"Well, what's stopping you? I suppose he has a couple of squaws in Arizona—that it?"

"No, it isn't that at all," wailed Matilda. "It's what I told you at the beginning—Lord Thankerton threatens to send Johnny the letters I wrote to Percival. It was Percival who warned me. What am I going to do, Uncle Gussie?"

"My advice would be to do nothing, my dear. Let Thankerton send the letters to this Johnny person and be damned to him. You aren't the first girl to write mushy letters and then, when it was too late, regret it. In my opinion you're making a mountain out of a molehill."

"You wouldn't say that, Uncle Gussie," faltered Matilda, blushing, "if you knew what was in the letters. They were quite harmless, really, but they could be made to sound simply terrible."

Colonel Bullifant appeared profoundly shocked. "Do you know how it comes about, my dear," he asked, "that I'm still a carefree bachelor? I'll tell you. My father gave me a framed motto when I went into the army. 'Gussie, my boy,' he said as he gave it to me, 'keep that before you always and it will save you from a lot of trouble.' He was right too. It read:

FEAR NO MAN AND DO RIGHT
FEAR ALL WOMEN AND DON'T WRITE

I never forgot it. In Ootacamund once—it was in '09, as I remember it—I nearly slipped. Even now I get hot flushes when I think of it. There was a full moon. The Indian moon plays havoc with a man's critical faculties, and we were walking over a carpet of frangipani blossoms. Sheer dynamite! It was the kind of evening that would make an octogenarian hermit forget his vows.

"Well, no need to go into details, of course, but my tongue ran away with me—said some amazingly indiscreet things. She was a charming girl, ginger-headed I think. Can't be sure, because I never saw her by daylight. She left the next day for Bombay—suddenly and for no apparent reason. Smart of her, but not smart enough. She didn't want to listen to any more mush, see? She wanted it on paper."

"Well, what happened finally, Uncle Gussie?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing. Never saw her again. Nice girl too. Married a chap who owed me five hundred rupees—forget his name. But I sent him a receipt in full as a wedding present. Least I could do in the circumstances. But all this is a long way from dealing with Thankerton. Where does he keep the letters?"

"Percival thinks he keeps them in the drawer of that big oak desk in the library. I asked Percival to steal them for me, but he wouldn't."

"I should think not, indeed!" said Colonel Bullifant in a shocked voice. "Have you women no moral sense whatever? Can't put a man up to stealing from his own father—not even a tick like Thankerton. No, my dear. This quite evidently must be an outside job. I shall have to case the joint—that's the correct term, I believe. I'll call on Thankerton, give him some soft soap about his roses. The chief constable's a pal of mine. I'll ask him to recommend a good reliable burglar."

"You really mean, Uncle Gussie, that you'll get those letters for me?"

"I'd do a lot more than that for you, my dear," said the old soldier. "I intend, furthermore, to find out how many wives your boy friend left on the bonnie banks of Bandersnatch Creek and, let me tell you," the old soldier added fiercely, "if there's any monkey business, I'll shoot him in the liver."

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CY N. PEACE

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"I love him, Uncle Gussie, and he loves me. Won't you understand?"

"You loved that chinless nincompoop Percival, or thought you did. It's my considered opinion that you're emotionally unstable. Does your mother know anything about this?"

"I don't think so, Uncle Gussie. I hope not anyway. I don't think that mother would be very—well, sympathetic."

Colonel Bullifant, who was inclined to agree with this massive understatement of the case, wiped imaginary beads of cold sweat from his brow as he contemplated his sister's wrath.

Johnny Culpepper, invited to lunch at the deanery at Colonel Bullifant's prompting, created a poor impression. He arrived wearing oil-stained and patched overalls and a badly cured sleeveless cowhide jerkin, blissfully unconscious of the effect upon his most conventional hosts. Being a civilian, he could wear what he pleased. Mrs. Hemingway snorted with indignation. The dean cast a pained look at Johnny and somewhat ostentatiously switched off his hearing aid.

With the dessert the early bad impression was partially dispelled by Uncle Gussie, who persuaded Johnny to talk about electronics and the shape of things to come. Even Mrs. Hemingway relented somewhat when—with the light of dedication in his eyes—Johnny gave them a glimpse of the wonders which within a measurable period of time were going to change the face of the world. The dean lost his pained expression and with a rare condescension tuned in to Johnny's wave length.

After lunch Uncle Gussie seized Johnny by the arm, walking him round the close under the ancient elms. "Tell me, my boy," he said kindly, "did you happen to notice that the ham we ate for lunch had a pink paper frill on the shank end?"

"Yes, sir," replied Johnny wonderingly.

"Have you any idea why?"

"No, sir. I guess it must be an English custom."

"Quite right, my boy, it is. The idea is, don't you see, that it makes the ham more decorative, something a little more aesthetic, shall we say, than the hind leg which has been hacked off a pig. It doesn't affect the flavor, but it creates a better impression. It's a thought, eh?"

Johnny looked puzzled and waited.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, my boy," continued Colonel Bullifant, "but why don't you let me introduce you to a tailor—you know, the Latin sartor—chap who makes clothes?"

The penny dropped.

"I get it, sir," said Johnny with a grin. "The truth is that I don't seem to have much time for thinking of clothes. I've never thought them important."

"It's largely a matter of geography, my boy. The sort of thing suitable for fishing in Bandersnatch Creek becomes a trifle conspicuous on the cathedral close at Thankerton. Get me?"

"Well, sir, what are we waiting for? Lead me to your tailor!"

Thereafter, surprisingly, these two became close friends.

Meanwhile, the latest word from the castle via Percival was that every time Matilda's name was mentioned Lord Thankerton's blood pressure rose twenty points. There was small hope of any change in heart in that quarter.

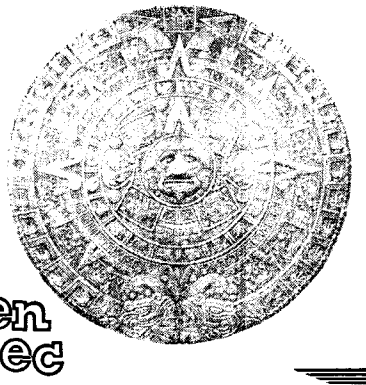
Colonel Bullifant at this time was observed to be bustling about happily on unexplained mysterious errands, but the only news he imparted to Matilda was bad—the chief constable of the county, it seemed, was being unco-operative in the matter of finding a reliable burglar.

Matilda was able to put her fears aside in the pressure of work entailed as her father's secretary, organizing the transportation and accommodation for delegates to the Quinquennial Ecclesiastical Conference, whose arrival in Thankerton was imminent. This and many other difficulties kept Matilda's nose on the grindstone.

Two days before the conference was due to open, Colonel Bullifant, looking happily conspiratorial, poked his head into the dean's study, which Matilda used as an office, and whispered loudly, "It's all under control, my dear. Trust your old Uncle Gussie."

With this Matilda was forced to be content, for the old soldier's head disappeared as swiftly as it had come.

The scene now shifts to Thankerton railway station some forty-eight hours later, just as two special trains from London are about to disrupt the placid life of the old town by disgorging seven hundred delegates of all ranks, shapes and sizes, whose only common denominators are clerical attire, the bewildered air of men whose arrangements are in other hands and curiously similar shabby brown suitcases. A notice chalked on a blackboard requested them to present themselves at the trestle table set up in the station hall, where Matilda and seven other helpers were waiting to sort them out and send them to their respective destinations. Glancing up from the lists she was checking, Matilda was shocked to observe a tall, imposing cleric, wearing the black leather gaiters which denoted the rank of bishop, sneaking furtively out of the station in the direction of the taxi rank without making himself known to the reception committee. Indignant at this early flouting of the conference



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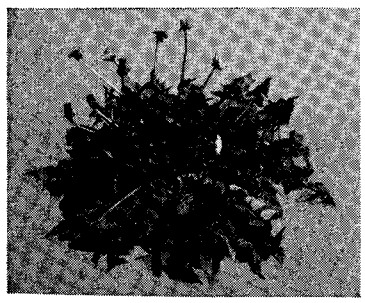
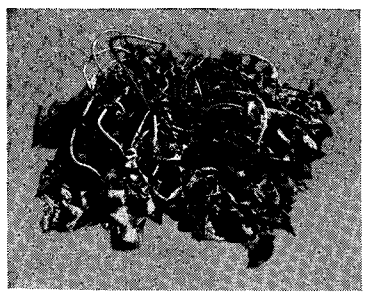
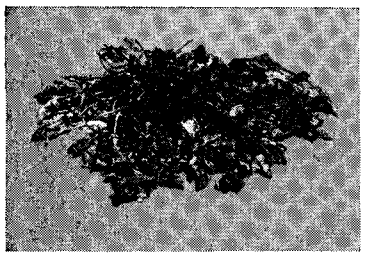


This strong, healthy (and ugly!) dandelion has been Weedone-treated—its days are numbered!



Only a short period after a Weedone treatment the weed wilts, shows definite signs of dying.



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discipline, Matilda ran after him. "May I have your name, please?" she asked breathlessly.

"Don't be a damn fool, Matilda, or you'll spoil everything!" was the surprising reply. "Put me down as the Bishop of Outer Space and let go of my coattails."

Matilda looked up into Uncle Gussie's face, a clean-shaven Uncle Gussie, whose silver hair and eyebrows were dyed black. Knowing that his mustache was his pride and joy, she exclaimed tearfully, "You had it cut off for me?"

"My dear," said the old soldier with a gentle smile, "I'd cut off my head for you if it would do any good. Now, not a word to a soul!"

Picking up his shabby brown suitcase, Colonel Bullifant dived for a taxi.

Once again the scene shifts. The taxi which the transformed Colonel Bullifant took at the railway station enters the gates of Thankerton Castle and halts at the main entrance to the castle itself. Lord Thankerton being one of the few remaining earls able to afford the luxury, the door was opened by a butler, who was aware that his employer had offered hospitality to ten delegates. "May I know your name, sir?" he asked politely.

"The Bishop of Patagonia," replied Colonel Bullifant.

"Shall I show you to your room, my lord, or would you prefer a cup of tea in the library?"

Electing the latter, Colonel Bullifant allowed himself to be ushered into the library, in the corner of which was the oak desk where, supposedly, Matilda's indiscreet letters to Percival were kept. The butler, looking more episcopal than any bishop, left in search of tea and anchovy toast.

Thus far it had all gone smoothly.

Ten minutes later, alone with the tea tray, Colonel Bullifant produced from an inner pocket a jemmy, which is to a burglar what a knife is to a boy scout. With leverage applied one inch from the lock, the right-hand drawer of Lord Thankerton's desk yielded without a struggle. In the front of the drawer, tied with a leather lace from one of Percival's discarded football boots, was the bundle of Matilda's letters, easily recognizable by her sprawling handwriting and the green ink she had affected during the Lausanne period. Putting the letters into his pocket, the old soldier was about to close the drawer and replace the piece of wood which had come away with the lock, when three taxis pulled up at the castle entrance.

His military training now stood Colonel Bullifant in good stead, for this was the moment when swift decision was needed. The suitcase, which reposed in the hall, he abandoned. Wiping any possible fingerprints off the jemmy, he threw it in the wastepaper basket. During the crucial moments while the newly arrived delegates were in the hall and before they were ushered into the library, he raised the window and dropped expertly into a clump of Michaelmas daisies. He was observed by the driver of the last taxi, which did not matter, for after twenty-five years at the wheel of a taxi he had seen everything and was ready to view most human vagaries through tolerant eyes.

Propped against the end of a greenhouse, where an undergardener had left it some hours previously, was a bicycle. Remembering from his youth the basic principles of cycling, Colonel Bullifant leaped upon the machine and began to pedal swiftly down the drive. It had all been childishly easy.

From the gates of the castle and down Castle Hill it was even easier—the law of gravity took charge. But the undergardener had omitted to leave a warning that his machine had no brakes! It is for someone with a passion for exactitude to calculate the velocity of a bicycle going down a 10 per cent gradient 700 yards long carrying a passenger weighing one hundred and eighty-three pounds. Colonel Bullifant's private estimate as he shot past the Bell & Dragon was that he was on the edge of the sound barrier, and whether he was right or wrong seems unimportant beside the fact that the speed was dangerously excessive for an elderly man who had not been astride a bicycle for more than forty years. At the bottom of the hill, with red showing on the traffic lights, was the intersection of Thankerton High Street. During the seconds which remained to him, having decided to leave his fate in the hands of providence, the old soldier reviewed the salient episodes of his long and eventful life, wondering as he did so whether it would not have been simpler and less messy if the Afridi bullet which had grazed his left temple long ago on the frontier had been aimed three inches farther to his right.

It is impossible to describe with any pretense of accuracy what happened during the split second as Colonel Bullifant arrived at and crossed the intersection,

Happy Birthday to Cousins by the Dozens

Under a spreading family tree
My budget tends to dwindle:
So much increase in progeny
Is tantamount to swindle!

Ruth Manley Powers

for no two accounts agree. The least probable, and therefore the most widely accepted, theory is that the bicycle hit a bump in the road surface and that it leaped circus-style over a baby carriage without hitting anything else and continued along Castle Street, which is a continuation of Castle Hill north of High Street, at approximately one hundred and twenty miles per hour. But does it matter? Surely all that matters is that he got across the intersection scatheless and that the rising gradient of Castle Street checked his onrush to subsonic speed.

Straight ahead lay the gates of Thankerton Park, where a match was in progress between the Thankerton Wanderers Cricket Club and a team representing the American air base. The bicycle came to a dead stop outside the pavilion just as the match was ending in a somewhat heated exchange regarding the rules of cricket, which the visitors had interpreted somewhat too broadly for the purists. Colonel Bullifant created a diversion by falling off the bicycle just in time to avoid bloodshed, murmuring horrifying oaths in Hindustani. Willing hands carried him into the pavilion where, three whiskies and soda later, shocked and dazed by his ordeal, he tried unconvincingly to reconcile the circumstances with any credible explanation.

As the colonel was reaching for his fourth, someone asked, "Do you think it wise, sir?"

"Wise be damned!" retorted Colonel Bullifant testily. "D'you think I can't handle my liquor? Blast your eyes, I was drinking my bottle of whisky a day when you lads were blowing bubbles in your purple-trimmed cradles! Don't drown it!"

At this outburst, quoted here after heavy censorship, a silence fell upon the bar. Eyebrows rose. It was as though those present required time to digest new thoughts. Bishops did not ride bicycles, especially elderly bishops. They did not raise and lower glasses of whisky with such practiced ease. Or did they? Perhaps bishops under stress of great emotion reacted as other men react. But it did seem unlikely that they punctuated their speech so vigorously and pungently as the man who stood before them at the bar, whose left foot was poised so naturally on the brass rail.

"Y'know," he remarked conversationally, "I'm running away from something or someone, but I'll be damned if I can remember what. Came down that hill like a bat out of hell. Ruddy great bus slap in my way. No brakes! Must've gone through the bus or over it. . . . Hello!" he exclaimed, looking down at his black gaiters. "Where in blue blazes did I get those? Bishops wear gaiters. Must be a bishop. It's coming back to me—well, just one for the road and I'll be off. Won't be long before the cops get here. Well, here's mud in your eye! I've got to take it on the lam."

Colonel Bullifant—a keen student of contemporary American thrillers—believed himself the master of gangster idiom. It was one of his harmless little vanities.

On the parking lot, climbing into a small sports car, was a young American jet pilot. "If the cops are really after you, pop, you'd better come along with me," he said hospitably. The old soldier accepted the invitation. He wanted to be somewhere else quickly. The rush of cool air helped to restore his normal faculties. He was remembering things. "Do you happen to know a young American friend of mine called Culpepper?" he asked.

"Johnny Culpepper? Sure I know him. Why?"

"Then I should be greatly obliged," said Colonel Bullifant, relapsing into his normal habit of speech, "if you would take me to him."

Johnny, it seemed, was playing golf at a course on the other's route. Relieved to know this, the colonel went to sleep. It had been a tiring day.

The Thankerton police, meanwhile, were trying to piece together and correlate a number of curious incidents reported to them by telephone. The first of these was the robbery at the castle, allegedly committed by the Bishop of Patagonia, who had mysteriously disappeared, leaving behind him a suitcase containing two London telephone directories. An undergardener employed at the castle complained of the theft of his bicycle. A policeman on duty at the foot of Castle Hill was called a liar when he telephoned in his version of a bishop mounted on a bicycle leaping over a baby carriage at "at least a hundred miles an hour." Finally, there were three separate and widely differing accounts of the events at the Thankerton Cricket Club. These last, when added together and divided by six, plus the identification of the abandoned bicycle by the castle undergardener, prompted the sergeant on duty at the police station to telephone the deanery to inquire whether there were any bishops missing from among the conference delegates. The dean, listening to what the sergeant had to say, remarked gloomily, "One of those colonial bishops on the rampage, I suppose. I'll make inquiries and let you know. But I count on you to avoid scandal at any price."

To Matilda, as organizing secretary of the conference billeting arrangements, was given the task of identifying the erring prelate (*Continued on Page 116*)

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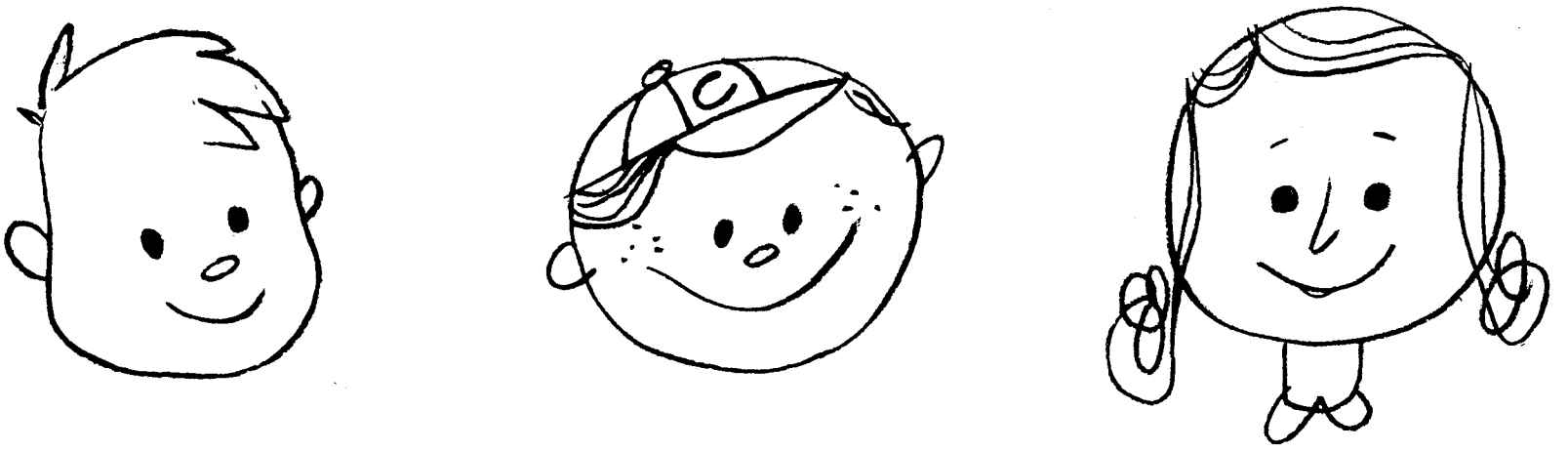

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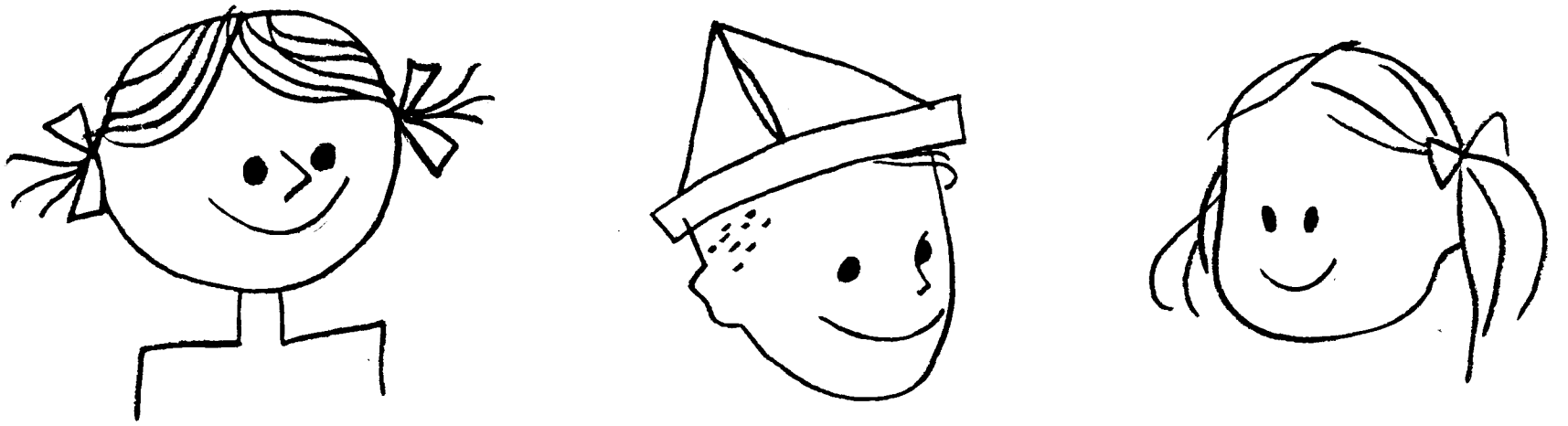

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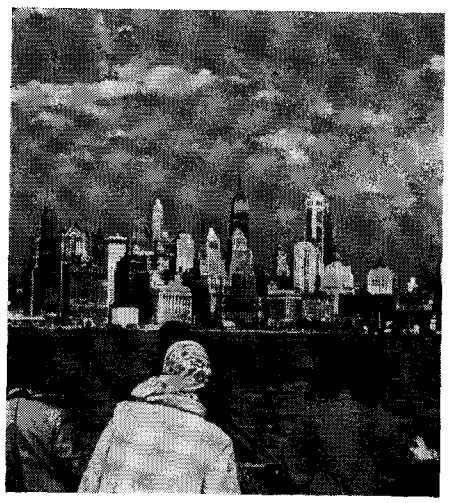

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(*Continued from Page 114*) and hushing up the inevitable scandal. "We shall have to call it amnesia, my dear," said the dean. "Have him rushed to Doctor Potter for diagnosis. I will telephone him to use the utmost discretion. I do hope it isn't the Bishop of Bagamoyo, because he's one of tomorrow's principal speakers."

Further speculation was brought to an end by the arrival of a car at the gate of the deanery. From it, assisted by Johnny Culpepper, emerged Colonel Bullifant, clad in a shabby raincoat below which, conspicuous as a fire engine, were the old soldier's ankle-length scarlet woolen underpants. His head was swathed in bandages. The car with Johnny Culpepper at the wheel disappeared swiftly.

"Augustus," said Mrs. Hemingway sternly as her brother tottered up the steps and into the hall, "what have you done with your mustache?"

"That's my affair," was the sour retort. "I've had a very trying day and I'm going to bed. A severe shock, Martha, that's what I've had. You've heard of people going white-haired in a night with shock, haven't you?" he asked, unwinding the bandages from his head. "Well, I've reversed the process—mine's gone black. Good night!"

Colonel Bullifant staggered up the stairs toward his room, giving Matilda a large wink as he passed. "I'm getting too old for this sort of thing," he was heard to mutter as he finally disappeared from view.

On the following morning, when Matilda went to meet the postman, there was a registered envelope addressed to her in schoolboy print. In it, to her great relief, was the bundle of letters she had written to Percival from Lausanne. She put these at once into the kitchen stove. When they were burned to mere ash, she took Uncle Gussie his breakfast in bed, leaving his room in tears as he waved away her thanks.

There is little more to tell. When Lord Thankerton proved unco-operative and refused to disclose the nature of the "highly confidential papers" stolen from his desk—to have disclosed which would have shown him in a very poor light—the police lost interest in the case. The undergardener recovered his bicycle. The black cloud of suspicion was lifted from the innocent head of the Bishop of Bagamoyo who, at the time of the robbery and the startling events which followed it, had been drinking tea and eating toasted Bath buns in the blameless company of a rural dean and the rector of St. Barnabas Without.

Colonel Bullifant—true to the gangster tradition of silence, and declining to explain over the ensuing weeks how and why hair which had turned black with shock was growing white again at the roots—remained a prisoner at the deanery until his mustache was restored to its erstwhile magnificence. The happiness he read in Matilda's eyes was his reward.

The wedding of Johnny Culpepper and Matilda Hemingway took place at Thankerton Cathedral with a full choral service. The Bishop of Thankerton officiated. The dean gave away the bride, while Col. Augustus Bullifant, D.S.O., M.C., stood for the groom as best man, with tears of pure happiness running down his old cheeks.

"You're very thoughtful, darling," said Matilda as the honeymoon plane crossed the Alps into Italy. "A penny for them."

"I was wondering," said Johnny in a dreamy voice, "whether, if you and I were separated for a long time you'd write me letters like those you wrote to Percival from Lausanne. Gee! They were just wonderful!"

"How did you come to see them?" asked Matilda, blushing furiously.

"They were in the pocket of Uncle Gussie's black coat that he left in my quarters when the cops were after him. He must have forgotten them. The old boy wasn't hitting on all six ——"

"If I'd known that you had read those letters, Johnny," said Matilda gently, "I would have been too embarrassed ever to speak to you again."

"That's what I figured," replied Johnny calmly, "and that's why I didn't tell you."

Whip Threat (Continued from Page 37)

that ambled lazily all day between paddocks where the short grass grew sun-faded and sometimes a kangaroo hopped. The train stopped at wooden platforms and time stopped too. There was no hurry—for me, no hurry at all. In years I am young, but my youth was consumed in a furnace of bitterness and fear, and those I loved were taken from me. No matter what I did with my life, there would be so many years to live, so many months, so many minutes. I did not care what I did with the years or the months or the minutes—put children to bed, wash dishes, sit in the compartment of a train, what did I care? The dark-brown leather of the seat was hot to touch, and dust lay over it like a pink veil. About a mile away you could follow the line of the river by the river gums that bunched along its banks.

I did not know why we stopped. It was the same at every stop. Sometimes there were men's voices, and sometimes milk cans rattled, and sometimes there was silence. Then the train would move with a jerk again, like the ending of a dream.

We came to Grubbendilly. It is a small town. The wooden houses sit low along the streets, and the roads are thickly rutted with soft pink dust. The house where the children are was at the end of a road, where the road ran down among the river gums to the water.

I was glad it was at the end of a road. When my day to be free came every week, I would walk down the dirt track to the river, away from the town. In the town the people gathered, people in cars and people on horseback from the sheep stations outside the town. I do not like people. I walked by the river, away from the town.

The river is called the Burramudgee. It is a strange river. There is not much water in it except when it is in flood. Then it comes roaring, carrying trees and branches, spilling through the bush. This I have not seen, but I know the story is true. The bush is scarred by the river. I would not be afraid. It is only men who can do hurt.

The water is a strange color, the color of citron, a kind of pale green, powdered with yellow light. After rain it rushes more strongly, and the color is the color of tea with milk in it. Sometimes the banks are high, like cliffs of mud. Sometimes they are very low, and if the river goes round a bend, there is a little beach of fine brown sand.

Away from the town the river runs through a valley with high walls of golden sandstone. Between the river and the golden walls lies a tangle of bush. It is of no use, this land, the people say. It is broken up into narrow rocky gullies, and the ground is baked iron-hard by the sun.

I walked up the river bank. It is hard to walk along the bank. Fallen trees lie twisted and tormented, flung by the demon river, and the ground is gouged out in billabongs by the flood waters.

The river curved round a bend, and a little beach thrust a spearhead into the water. Behind it was the tree. It was a blue gum with low spreading branches, and a satin-smooth trunk from which the bark had fallen away, thick and corded like the neck of a giant. I lay on the sand, and the sand was hot under my body. The sun covered me with cloth of gold. I was warm all through. I came alive again.

I loved this place. I came here every time I could. No one else came here; it was my place. In all the world, it was my place, and I loved it. I had been tossed here and there in the fury and wash of war and riot like a piece of driftwood, and at last a wave of destiny had flung me onto this beach, half a world away from my birthplace and my own country.

I lay face down on the sand and stretched my arms wide and clung to my piece of the world.

Coming alive again brought pain, as a limb that has been numbed hurts when the blood starts flowing once more. I could be hurt again now that my heart had found a treasure.

I asked the father of my little tigers how I might own that piece of land. He scratched his head, looking at me oddly. "I don't know," he said. "I suppose you could buy it. I don't know if anyone ever owned it. Some kids used to camp along that way before the war, I remember. It isn't worth much."

It was worth much to me. He went to find out for me. He said things I did not understand well. "A piece of land," he said, "that reverted to the crown because of unpaid taxes. They don't want a lot for it. If you like," he said, "and if you want it that much, I'll buy it for you. You can pay me back out of your wages."

I am not used to kindness. I am not fair—there is no enchantment in the blackness of my hair and my dark, shadowed eyes. It was a kind thing that he did for one who had no charm. So the land became mine, and I went there every moment I was free. Someone had owned it before me and had not cared enough to keep paying the taxes that were demanded for it. I could not understand such a person—to have that piece of land and let it go. I knew every small inch of it, from where it ran back to meet the golden cliffs, through its narrow gullies and its iron-hard earth, down to the spearhead of brown sand thrusting into the yellow-green water.

Out of the moss-cool gullies I would come up and lie in the sun again, on the sand, under the great gum tree. The long thin leaves, curved like scimitars, hang downward on the gum trees, not like the leaves in my own land, and the sun comes through them more easily. The bush in Australia is a place of light, because you can always look up and see the sun and the sky through the leaves.

This is an empty land, and I was glad. There is no welcome in it, only tolerance, which was all I asked.

Along the bank of the river away from the beach the land rose sharply until it was a small cliff. Upon the top of this cliff I found a shack made of the trunks of young gums, with the bark hanging in tatters, and roofed over with rusted sheets of iron. There were no walls, just four posts and (*Continued on Page 118*)

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(*Continued from Page 116*) an iron roof. A rough table and benches stood nearby under a coolibah tree and near a fireplace of blackened stones, falling apart. I would sit here sometimes and look at the shack and wonder who had come here once and why, having found this place, did they ever leave. I thought, *Someday I will make a shelter here too, and sleep here and live here—a new shelter, down near the beach, where no person has lived and dreamed before me.*

No one came to my beach, because the town had its own swimming place, and the way through the bush was rough. The weeks and months went by, and I tended my tigers and dreamed on my beach and was warm and happy.

Then an afternoon came when I went to my beach again. I put on my swimming suit and swam in the river and lay on my sand beneath the tree with my face turned sideways, cradled on my arms, and went to sleep. The warm wind blew over me like silk and dried the drops of water that lay on my skin, and when I awakened I could see that a man sat on the sand nearby.

He was sitting away from me about ten feet. His knees were drawn up near his chest, encircled by his arms, and his legs were as brown and smooth as the chestnuts I played with when I was a child.

I moved my head a little on my arms and I could see his mouth. His lips were thin and tight with anger. He said, "So you are awake at last. I was waiting for you to wake up. What are you doing here on this beach?"

I moved my head back a little and I could see his whole face. His brows were drawn together over furious eyes narrowed to long golden slits, but in his anger his face was calm and controlled. He was hard, like steel, like a whip. His face was shaded by a straw hat under which his dark hair sprang in front, and little splinters of sunlight freckled his face through the woven straw.

My heart beat in my throat, where the skin is soft between the bones. My nerves were tight in my body with shock of seeing one beside me, when I thought to be alone.

He curved his mouth into something that might have been a smile if his eyes had not denied it. He made a small sound deep in his throat, that might have been a laugh if he had been amused. He said, "Frightened? It wouldn't be much use to run. You wouldn't get far."

I would not run. The time was long past when I would run from a man. You could run and run, with the scream of fear in your heart and your mouth dry, and what would be the use? You would feel the reaching hands, and the hot laughter would come, and the thick voice. And then, what is it when you are caught? A nothing, a moment withdrawn, a thing of no matter. They are wrong who feel dishonored. I could pity them when they took me, the soldiers from a foreign land, and sought for something none of them would find. For they never caught my heart. My heart was free of their defiling.

So I lay there and did not move. He looked at me with contempt and rejection, his eyes running down the length of my body lying there, as though I had offered myself to him and he had found me not worth the taking. I was not afraid. Only it is a shock to wake and find one with you, silently, when you were alone.

He said, "Don't worry—I wouldn't touch you. No woman born could tempt me any more—least of all one like you. Tell me why you came here. And then get away fast."

I got to my feet. "I will dress first," I said, and he looked at me and said nothing. I went back into the bush, where a young gum tree stood spreading wide and low like a shrub, leafy from the ground to its pointed top. All the tips of its branches were ruby red with new young leaves. Locusts split the air with the sound of summer. The spicy scent of boronia made the air fragrant, and a thin creeping of little purple flowers lay along the ground. *It is my land*, I thought. I looked at the arrogance of his back, sitting there.

"It is my land," I told him. "Because I wished for peace and to be warm, I bought this piece of land. It is you who must go."

The leap of his anger brought him to his feet in one movement. He stood taller than I by six inches, and I am not short. Anger was dark in his eyes, and his fingers curled tightly in his palms.

"That," he said thinly, "is not true. This land has been mine for ten years, and I shall give it up to no one. Now get going."

"If you owned it," I told him and I felt a throbbing in my temples, "you did not care enough to keep the taxes paid. Therefore you have lost it, and it is mine."

He took a step forward, and I thought he would strike me. But the blazing anger was not this time for me. "Damn her to hell," he said slowly. "This, too. . . ."

He turned and looked back at the bush a long time. His shoulders were smooth, like mahogany polished. He wore nothing but khaki shorts, belted close to his hips, and the straw hat through which the sun marked his face. "All right," he said at last. "This is the way it is going to be. You will go and you will not come back. Your money will be returned to you. You are a stranger here; this is not your land, and it never will be." He looked at me and laughed. His thoughts were naked in his face. "Another outcast—another of the unwanted ones."

"This is my land," I said. It was hard to speak. "I will not stay away."

"Do not come back." he said evenly. "If you come here again, I will kill you."

Did he think I would live and let my land go? When my day came again to be free I walked through the bush to my beach. He stood under the gum tree and watched me come. He had a stock whip in his hand.

"So," he said, and his eyes were cold as ice. "There was something in your face that said you would be here."

He cracked the stock whip from twenty feet away, and the sand spat upward in a long thin line. All around me he cracked it, and the little green budgerigars fluttered up from the small bushes, and the magpies squawked in the coolibahs, back in the bush. It cut the air around me with a whine like that of bullets. I felt the wind of it fan my cheeks and I did not move.

He threw the whip away. He smiled, and it was not a good thing to see. "You have courage," he said, "but you shall go, all the same, or I will kill you. I have killed before and not cared."

He came toward me, over the sand, and then I saw that he limped and I laughed.

He seized me and bore me down to the sand, his hands on my throat. The sand was warm against my back, and I looked up past his head into the blue sky. There were many ways I might have died that would have been worse than this. But I have seen killers. His eyes were not the eyes of a killer.

He made a small noise of disgust and pushed me from him, sitting up with his elbows on his knees and running his fingers through his black hair, with his breath coming fast.

"Blast you, blast you!" he said, his voice thick in his throat. "Can't you stay away from here? Any place but this? Always, no matter what happened, I had this to come back to. Before the war," he said, "before Korea, when I was jackarooing on a station near here, I bought this land."

"It is not yours," I said. I put my hand to my throat. Why should I care that he had lost it?

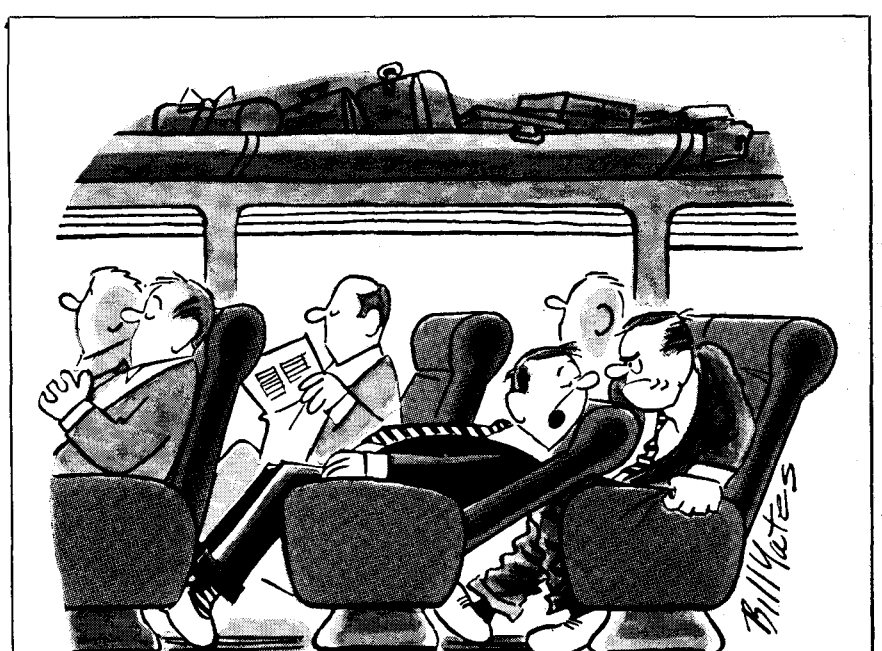
"Nevertheless," he said, "I shall stay."

I had a thought. It was not a good thought, but one does not always have good thoughts; and it was a way, when I needed a way. And he had been the first to speak of killing.

In the house there was a plague of mice that year. They gathered the crumbs from under the nursery table while we sat watching, and one had run across my bare foot in my room. We soaked grains of wheat in poison and had scattered them for the mice.

On my way home from the river I found an empty bottle. I took it home in my pocket. I went out to the shed and looked at the poison on a high shelf. *A little at a time*, I thought, *so that it may not be missed. Afterward I will leave the bottle in his shack. Who will know but that he kept it there for a purpose of his own? He has little use for life.*

They said in the town that he was a derelict of war, one who had been spoiled and embittered by fate. They said he had trusted a (*Continued on Page 120*)



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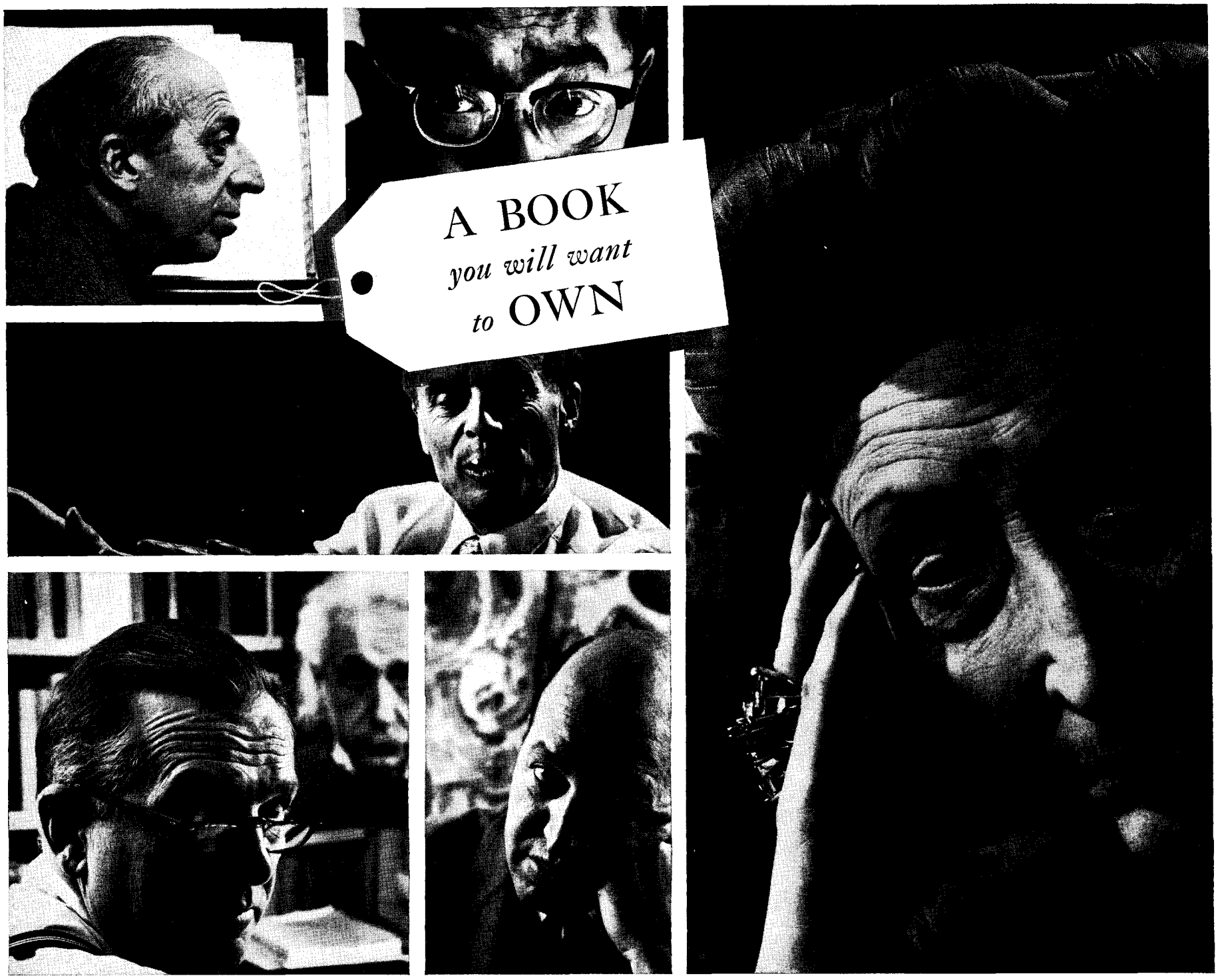

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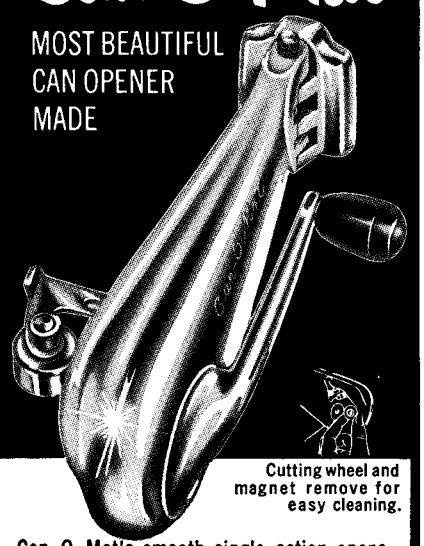
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(*Continued from Page 118*) woman before he went to Korea, leaving his money and his love with her, and she had betrayed him. They said he had spent years in hospitals and suffered much. But they said—they who had not suffered—that he was a waster, no good, a man who went down before the arrows of fortune.

Something had drained away our heart's blood, his and mine. I am a derelict of another war.

He would sit on the beach and watch me as I came and went. There was a wariness between us. I could feel his gaze measuring me. Smoke rose thinly through the straggling trees on the high bank, but I did not go any more to the top of the bank. Sometimes I would dive off a fallen tree and swim, watching out for the branches that reached under the water to snare a victim, and lie on the sand, and sometimes climb down the cool gullies, gathering maidenhair fern and flannelflowers. And at home I gathered the poison in the bottle, a little at a time.

"Why do you not work, like a man?" I taunted him. "And not lie around in idleness, of no use in the world at all?" If he would be angered and leave, he would save his life.

He would not be shamed. He grinned at me. "Because I have no use for the world," he said. "What has the world done for me? I owe nothing to anyone. I am on my own and I'll do as I please."

I looked long at him. I thought of the bottle in my closet, ready for him now. But he could have saved himself.

The day came when I carried the bottle to the beach. He came down from the high bank, limping, and a parakeet made a rainbow arc in the tree above him. I had brought a shovel to dig postholes for my shelter, but the ground was like iron, not like the earth in my country. He sat and mocked me.

"Your muscles are weak with soft living," he said. "Rest a while, and I will make a cup of tea for your ladyship."

My face said nothing, but my thoughts were like bees among yellow wattle blossom. Why did he offer me friendship suddenly? I took a hatchet and went back into the bush and cut down four straight young saplings for my posts. When I had cut them, I rested, leaning against a tree. A kookaburra laughed, somewhere down the river, and a willy-wagtail flicked his tail on a waratah bush nearby. The bush was full of little friendly noises. There are no big noises in the bush.

The bottle was in my pocket. Why was he friendly? He called to me, "I have boiled a billy. You have earned a cup of tea." I could see his brown face streaked with the sunlight that fell through the trees. I went up the bank slowly, seeing that his eyes were mocking still.

"Why do you offer me tea?" I asked him.

"To ruin your reputation," he said. His glance skimmed over me. "In the town they will talk if we stay alone in the bush together, and you will be sent away from here in disgrace."

The wattle was in bloom, and the air was like honey. Some of the gold from a thousand fluffy balls brushed off on my arm as I pushed between the trees. He had tidied up the shack. He had hung green netting to keep out mosquitoes, and through it I could see a cot, neatly made, and there were books in a box. The fireplace was sturdy again, and the earth swept clean around the table and benches. He had cut away the young gums along the edge of the bank, to lay open the view before his eyes. It was a view to warm the heart.

In the sky a flock of galahs wheeled suddenly in a rush of pink and gray, their calls coming like an echo out of space. I could see the river below me and the gentle rise of the bush away from the distant bank to the purple shadows under the cliff wall. I could have cried, just because of the way the world was in this place I had found. The day was too beautiful for death.

I took the bottle from the pocket of my shorts and set it on the table. On his way to the fireplace he turned, with a mug in his hand.

"What is that?" he asked.

"It is poison for the mice," I said. He was very still.

"To poison you," I said. "So I could have my land and my peace." I sat down on the bench. I was very tired. Something had emptied out of me. In the silence a locust whirred upward with a papery rustle of wings.

"My heaven!" he said. After a long time he asked, "Why did you tell me?"

"I don't know." I did not know, except that I have seen men die of poison and I did not hate this man. I am not a killer. I wanted only to be left alone.

We drank our tea. It tasted of wood smoke, strong and hot. We did not talk much. Only he looked at me often and shook his head and kept his face tight and withdrawn. Australians wear a guarded look always, and yet something in his face was vulnerable, something his eyes could not hide now, nor his tight lips hold back—something beyond his understanding, outside his picturing of life.

Most teen-agers are keenly aware of the value of a dollar. It buys about three gallons of gasoline.

PEP MEALIFFE

He lifted his head and looked at me keenly, turning the empty mug around in his fingers. "You have finished your tea," he said. There was an odd twist to his lips. "Did you not think when you drank," he said, "that I too might have thought of poison—for you?"

The blood left my head and rushed back, drumming past my ears and drowning out the bush sounds. My whole body felt cold, and I could not move. My mouth was open, and I could not speak.

He laughed, but there was a new note in his laughter, and he pushed away the mug. "You," he said, "and me. We have no armor against treachery. Though we have seen the worst in man, it has not taught us distrust. Your life might have been forfeit to your faith just now. We are both fools," he said bitterly, "you and I."

We sat there in silence while the locusts shrilled and the wings of birds made a rushing in the air. After a while he said, "I had planned to buy a farm when the war ended, but a lot of things happened. This was all I had left."

When I went down to the beach again, going back to the town, I saw that my four postholes had been dug while I cut my trees in the bush. I did not sleep at all that night. Here was a thing to think about.

In my room, in a secret place, I had one treasure, all I had saved from the vandals, from the years of the war and the trouble—the earrings of my grandmother. I am not supposed to own a treasure; and it was foolishness, perhaps, but my grandmother had worn them in her ears. And what could they buy me now that I did not already have?

I held them in the palm of my hand; they sparkled in the light. It was as if I held a handful of tiny stars. They will help to buy a farm for this man, I thought, and he will go away, and I shall have my peace again—my beach, my quiet bush, the scent of boronia and the distant tinkle of the bellbird.

She would have been glad, my little grandmother. I was very young when the trouble began and the vandals came to our land, but I remember my grandmother in the garden of her château, smiling to me with a sadness in her smile, when I was ten years old.

She took the earrings from her ears that day and put them in my hand. "They are small," she said. "You may lose everything else. I see only hardship and suffering for our country in the years to come. I am afraid I will have little to leave you, my dear, of your inheritance. Hide them and keep them if you can, but not at too great a cost." She sighed then. "I am glad to be old and I never thought to be glad. Times are changing, and the world moves too fast for me. But I have known love and beauty. You may yet live to know them too."

Our château was a very small one. I used to think it was built of dreams and legends. It was always a happy place. The apple trees in springtime made it young and delicate, like a bride, though it was old with the burden of centuries. Many years later I saw that our château was made only of broken stones and splintered wood and gray dust. And my grandmother stayed there—under the broken stones.

The earrings were precious to me and rich with memories, and I kept them when perhaps they might have brought me warmth and food and comfort. I sewed them inside the buttons of my coat, and my coat soon was ragged and stained so that no one thought it worth the taking. I liked sometimes to remember them and to think of my grandmother standing in the doorway of our château with the afternoon sun on her white hair and the jewels like drops of water in the lobes of her ears; and though I knew that love and beauty were a dream, yet I liked to touch the buttons of my coat and remember. There are times when memories are warmer than fire and more nourishing than food.

Now they winked at me from the palm of my hand, and I thought, *They shall give me what I want at last*. My little grandmother had, after all, an inheritance of land to leave me. I have my land. This man shall have his farm. He will go away and leave me, and I will be alone and at peace.

I clipped the earrings into my ears and walked through the bush to my beach. Was it a sin to take joy in their beauty this one time only? I might have worn them at balls, in long halls glittering with chandeliers and mirrors, and many would have envied me. But only the magpies turned on me their bright beady eyes, and white cockatoos raised yellow crests as I passed.

He came limping down the hill, little pebbles rolling under his feet, and I stood on the sand, waiting. There is a magic in jewels. A woman can feel beautiful wearing them and proud for a moment. I lifted my head high and stood before him for that little moment of pride. But he stopped, and his eyes went hard, and his lips twisted. He put his hands on his hips.

"I might have known," he said tightly. "Just like the rest—no different. Flaunting your charms, trying to soften me."

He was wrong. What charms? My hair, black like the night? My eyes, empty and shadowed? My skin, burned by the sun? I held the earrings in my hand, offering them to him. "There are these," I said, looking for words, "my grandmother's jewels."

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He would not listen. "Baubles!" he said hotly, in disgust. "And you set store by such things—even now! Even after—why did I think, for even a moment——"

He took them and flung them, with one sweep of his arm, into the river. Like fireflies, like little suns, they arched and were gone.

My knees were weak, and I crouched on the sand. I do not cry. I have watched death with dry eyes. Nothing could make me cry, and yet I wept, the tears streaming. Was it for my memories? Was it for my lost solitude? Was it for his scorn and disbelief and the hurt in his eyes?

He said, standing over me, hands on hips, "You are a fool. Stop your sniveling. I will get them for you, since they mean so much."

He walked along the trunk of the fallen tree and dived in cleanly. The river rippled in circles, lapping the sand. He came up, flinging water from his hair, and went down again. He came up again, blinking, gulping in air.

"I think I see them," he called and went under. He did not come up.

The surface of the water swelled and heaved and bubbled, but it stayed unbroken. I sat and watched it. *He is caught on the snag*, I thought. *He is gone. My land and my solitude are mine again.*

When I first swam in the river they told me I must watch out for the snag. What is this snag, I asked, a monster that lurks in deep places to snatch his prey, to pull down unwary swimmers? They laughed at me. A snag is a tree, they said, uprooted and submerged in the river, and its branches will entangle you and hold you to drown.

He was caught by the snag, and I was free of him. I would never see him again. He was gone by his own doing—and it was nothing to me that the river would take him; it was nothing to me.

I went into the water, groping for him, seeing dimly in the green light the branches that reached out for me too. I could not find him. I came up for breath and went down again, feeling my hair float like seaweed around my head.

A long branch was caught beneath his belt. My fingers clawed and fumbled. Pain tore across my chest and sparks of fire flashed in my eyes. I freed him, and he floated limp beside me. I do not know how we came to the beach again. But after a while I saw that he lay beside me on the sand. When his eyes were closed he looked young, and his lips were not tight, but very sweet and gentle. Once, long ago, he must have been a dreamer.

I could not help him up to his shack. I brought him a blanket before I went home and covered him as he lay. He said a very strange thing. He did not move, but he opened his eyes and he said very faintly, "I always intended to marry a blonde."

What did I care what his woman was?

A week went by before I went to my beach the next time, and he was gone. His shack was empty. I sat under the gum tree, leaning against the smooth trunk, and thought about many things. It was very silent. An ant labored in the sand, dragging a dead fly to the ant heap. He did not see the deadly sloping sides of an ant lion's trap.

Why should I care if the ant lion captured him? I took a twig and tried to lift him to the path, but he was a soldier ant and did not know I would save him. He reared back and defied me, grasping the twig with his sharp red pincers. Ants are like people sometimes. I flicked the twig and swung him away from danger. *You will only die some other way, little ant*, I thought. I did not stay long. Today my beach was a lonely place. It had no welcome for me—only tolerance, and tolerance is a lonely thing, like the gray light between the dark and the daylight.

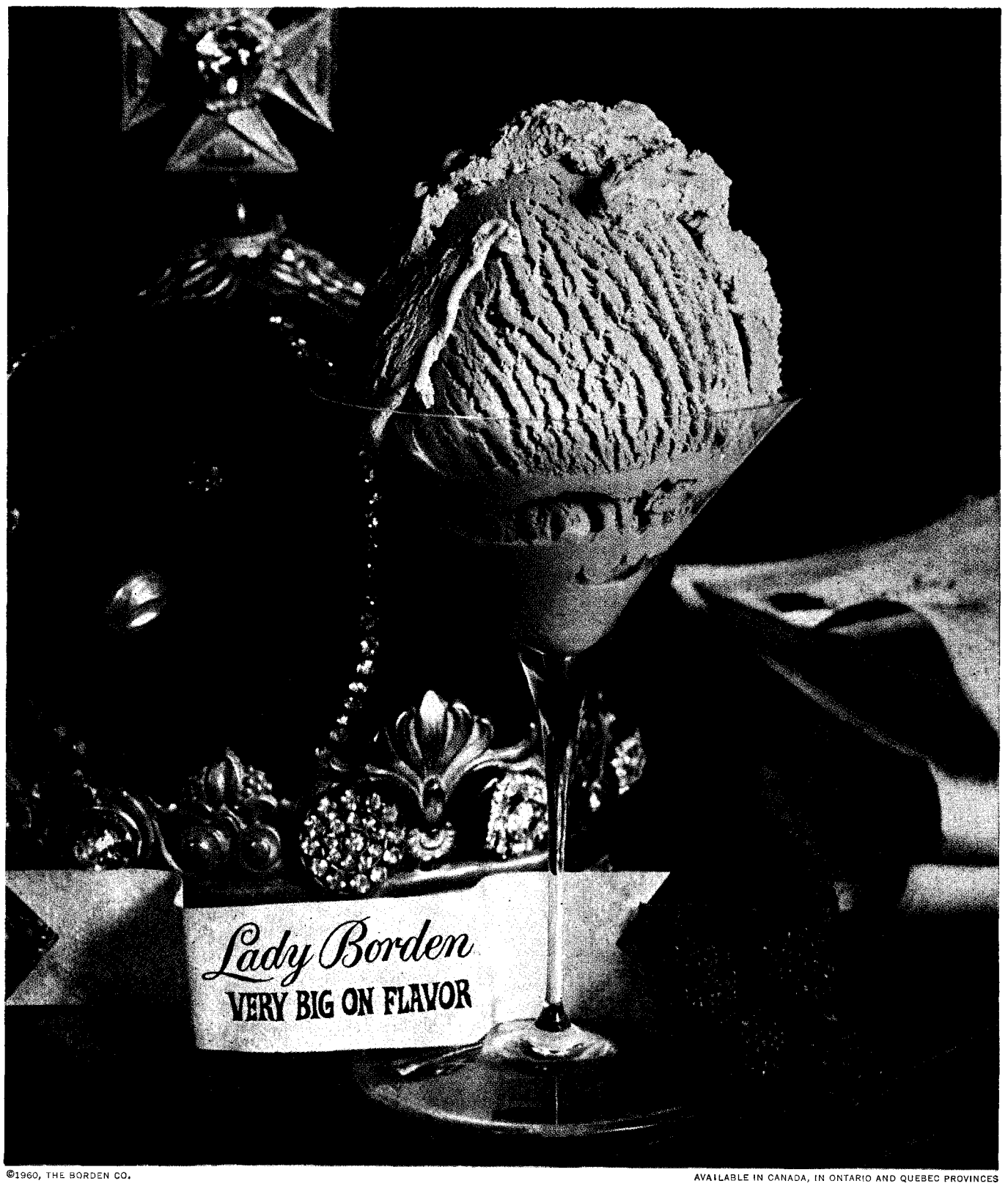
He came to the house after another week had passed, dressed like the men in the town, but his white shirt open at the neck showed the brown firm skin and the fine black hair. I did not know he would look like that, with light lying in the hollows of his dark curling hair. Something sang inside me, and I could not meet his eyes.

"I had things to do in the town," he said. "We will make a civil marriage," he said. "We have had little reason to look for God among men, you and I. Afterward we will take our marriage before God in our own way. For now we know," he said, his eyes searching mine, "one place at least where He may be found."

He touched my hand. "If we are brave," he said, smiling, "nothing can reach through to spoil the dream that is in our hearts. You and I never quite learned to hate. The beauty of the world is too much for us."

So now I am sitting here, on the bench beside his shack. What the future will be, I do not know. He will speak to me of that later perhaps, when the moon rides the night sky and the mopokes begin to call across the bush and the Cross swings low over the treetops. But now he is tying a boat to the fallen tree, whistling. Though he limps, he is strong. He can do a man's work. I am strong too—I learned in a hard school.

He is crossing the sand, he is coming up the hill, he is smiling to me, and his face shines in the evening sun. I am smiling, too, but I cannot keep my lips from trembling. THE END



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My Clock Has 24 Hours (Continued from Page 39)

up, and the price of corn was down. There was one cheerful note—Rex Morgan in the comic strips was about to make a diagnosis in his latest difficult case. Gee, what a doc!

Encouraged by the progress of cartoon medicine, I walked to the stove to pour another cup of coffee. At that point there came the sound of a bedroom door opening, and out drooped my wife, Doris.

"Good morning," said I.

"Grunt," said she.

"Coffee?" said I.

"Um'm," said she.

For the next ten minutes there wasn't a sound from either of us. We've been married twenty-three years, and I learned long ago to keep quiet until she had finished her first cupful. Finally she took her last swallow and came alive.

"Breakfast?" she asked.

"Yeah, might as well."

"How do you want your eggs?"

"Cooked."

"Ha-ha."

While she cooked, I went back to the paper. Just as she put the eggs in front of me, the phone rang. It was "the Gasser"—who had earned her nickname rightfully. She'd talk twenty minutes if I'd listen.

I deliberately picked up a piece of burned toast, took a noisy bite and crunched real loud into the phone. But she never even noticed. The eggs were getting cold, so I edged in the thought that I'd come around to see her, and wouldn't it be more fun to tell me all of these things in person? She hung up after I'd promised to drop by before going to the office.

I quickly disposed of the rest of the toast and frigid eggs and headed for the shower. Just as I entered the bathroom, the phone burst forth again, and I shouted over my shoulder, "I'll take it in here."

That's a family joke. We don't have a phone in our bathroom—like some of my colleagues. What's more, we never will. I still believe that certain things should remain kind of private. But before I turned a faucet, Doris was at the door, telling me there had been an accident nearby and the highway patrol was taking the victim to the hospital. The patient was in bad shape, and they suggested that I get there at once. Back went the soap and the powder. I pulled on my clothes and was out the door in four minutes.

The ambulance was screeching to a stop as I drove up the emergency-room entrance. As the driver opened the door, I was beside him.

But there was no need to rush any more. It was another D.O.A.—cut, bruised, battered and dead—a well-dressed, middle-aged man who would never finish his trip. One curve too many, one push too many on the accelerator, and the curtain came down.

The highway patrolman was waiting as I climbed out of the ambulance. I told him that his man was dead, and together we set about the identification. The victim's wallet was filled with numerous cards and scraps of paper. I searched through them, thinking that the little personal things carried by each of us are rather pathetic when the game is over—little bits of paper forevermore without meaning. I had a queasy feeling too; examination of a dead man's papers is like looking into his soul—and I've got no business there.

My part was now done, except for calling the victim's wife. We live on a tourist route, so I am not exactly a novice at calling relatives to tell them that some of their folks are dead. But I still detest the moments in which I must bring dreadful news to some family. Finally the operator got a line cleared, and I heard the phone ring. A lady answered and said that she was the party that we wanted. I gulped, took a drag from the cigarette and began talking. I let her down as slowly and as easily as I could—then waited while the horrible truth came home. There came the usual "Oh, no!"—followed by nothing. After the period of silence, she exploded into questions. Who did I say I was, and where and how did it happen? I told her what the patrolman had told me. At last her hysteria ran down, and she asked, "What do I do now?" I suggested she come to our town with a relative and make arrangements about the car and funeral. She agreed and said she would be down later in the day.

After I'd hung up, I sat for a few moments thinking what cold things statistics are. By now one more number would be up on a blackboard—one more × to mark a spot. There would be a few headlines and obits. Then it would be over—over for everyone except the woman to whom I had been talking.

My morbid ramblings were interrupted by the emergency-room nurse, who reported that she had a man who had cut his finger. When I saw him, I wasn't the least bit surprised. He was one of the butchers from a local supermarket. Seems like every time they have a special on hamburger, one of the meat men nicks a finger or two. The cut was bloody but minor, and in fifteen minutes the butcher was on his way back to work. There were no more emergencies, so I decided to make the rounds on my patients in the hospital.

I've never known where the term "hospital rounds" originated, but no matter where they are performed—big town, little town, medical center—they follow a rather definite pattern. The first step in the ritual is to let the hospital telephone operator know that you are aboard and available if needed. Then comes a visit to the X-ray and laboratory departments to check on yesterday's pictures and today's lab work. After that, it's time to get down to business at the chart desk or nurses' stand. Here the physician examines the patient's chart—temperature, pulse, respiration, nurses' notes, lab and X-ray reports— while the charge nurse (the head gal) gives an oral report of the patient's progress. Now the doctor is ready to visit his patients. A visit means anything from a pat on the back to a complete history and physical examination. Then back he goes to the chart desk to revise his "orders" or to plan new procedures. If all has gone well, the "rounds" are finished; the doctor checks out with the switchboard and leaves.

But things rarely go that well—and this day was a good "for instance." I made it to the chart desk without interruption; but as I sat down, I was accosted by the chief of staff who reckoned that I had completed a report that was due for the staff meeting that night. I reckoned that I hadn't—and further reckoned that I didn't even know what he was talking about. He reckoned right back that I'd better get to remembering. To help me along he reminded me that the report was something I had volunteered to do at the last meeting.

Me and my big mouth, I thought as my memory returned. Now I had to get a committee meeting sometime that morning. The first place to look for the committee members was the coffee shop, and luckily they were there. So, over a cup we cussed, discussed and finally agreed on what we would present. But all of us now were thirty minutes behind schedule.

I returned to the desk to be greeted with two phone calls and an anxious female. The phone calls were quickly handled, but the female wanted to know exactly what had happened to her cousin—ten times removed—and on what day and at what hour he would recover. I explained to her that his case had been discussed with his immediate family and it would be slightly unethical of me to divulge all of the facts to her. Her response was spontaneous and routine.

"You mean that it's fatal. He has cancer, doesn't he?"

"No, madam, I don't mean anything of the sort. Now, you go find his wife, and she'll tell you all about it if she wants to." I quickly grabbed a nurse and told her that I needed her to help me examine a patient. She winked, and I winked back, and together we marched away down the hall in a most professional manner.

For a change, all of the patients were doing well and were cheerful—even the crotchety old gent with an ulcer. A recent coronary thrombosis was on his way to an evident recovery. A man who had had a kidney stone had passed it during the night and was completely free of pain for the first time in days. The elderly diabetic woman who had taken Insulin for years was now being (*Continued on Page 125*)

"You must stay for supper. It's no trouble—I'll just add more water."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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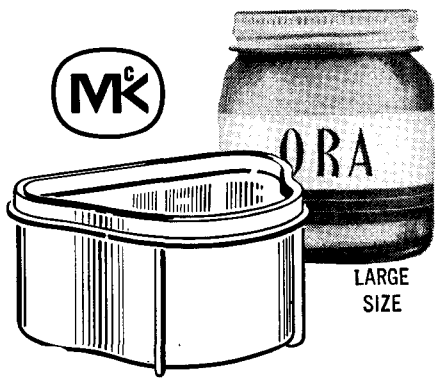

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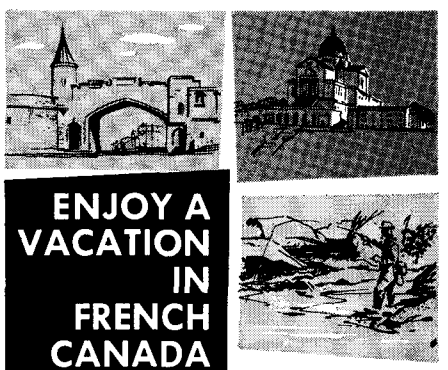

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FLYING A GASOLINE

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(*Continued from Page 123*) converted to tablet medication. Just the thought of no more needles was sufficient to make each morning a new adventure for her. Another woman, recovering from pneumonia, was well enough to begin wondering when she could go home, and a man who recently had been in heart failure was breathing more easily. That was the entire crop for the present. The nurse and I returned to the chart desk, where I signed new orders for the patients. At the moment, everything seemed to be under control, and I decided I'd better get out while the getting out was good. I left quietly by a side door and started for the office—one hour late for appointments.

A doctor's office is like no other place on earth. To it come the sick from all the cultural and economic layers of life. Some come willingly, others reluctantly; but most come resentfully, for sickness is an inconvenience, and people resent being inconvenienced. So these displeasured humans come and sit and wait. And while they wait they talk. It is amazing how they talk. To a total stranger they will divulge secrets they never told mamma. They compare symptoms, diseases and treatments. Others talk politics, sports or local gossip.

The office nurse is usually listening too—at least with half an ear—as she stands guard between the waiting room and the inner sanctum. These gals have one of the most difficult, many-sided jobs to be found anywhere in the field of female employment. A good one is hard to come by; and if sometimes a doctor seems to idolize his office nurse, you can understand. She makes his life bearable—and not in the way that some novelists have suggested.

A third of the office suite contains the examining and consultation rooms wherein sits the physician. Here, enthroned and protected, he dispenses a conglomeration of science and philosophy. No two offices, no two doctors are alike, but they all serve to one end—the relief or cure of human misery.

Jan—my girl Monday-through-Saturday—had things all lined up by the time that I got settled behind the desk. The morning mail contained nothing unusual. Our town was in the midst of a minor "flu" epidemic, so Jan had a list of phone calls from patients who had come down with that disease. As I thumbed through these she recited the list of the morning's appointments. At the very bottom of the phone numbers I noticed that of "the Gasser."

In the rush of the emergency room I had forgotten her. "Tell her I'll be by at lunchtime," I told Jan. "And I don't notice Marv's name here. Didn't he call?"

"He didn't, but his wife did." Jan said. "It stopped raining, so Marv decided to string some fence. He'll come by on the next bad day."

"Yeah, and she'll phone at five A.M. again," I said. "I ought to call him late tonight and ask how his fencing job went."

The day's first patient was a middle-aged, rather obese female who had developed hypertension. Drugs had lowered her blood pressure, but her weight kept going up. Six weeks ago I had placed her on a diet. Now she had gained six pounds. She was cheerful about it and insisted that she had counted her calories faithfully.

"You know how it is, Doc, I think it's my glands," she said. "Everything I eat—even water—turns to fat."

I swallowed hard to keep from exploding, gently chewed her out, reviewed the diet list once again and gave her a pat of encouragement. As she waddled out, I wondered whether everyone should be made to conform to our weight charts. Seems like some people "just gotta" eat—it's part of their personality.

She was followed by one of our regular repeaters, a man complaining of chest pain. I'd been expecting him for several days—ever since one of his close friends had had a heart attack. He was a "heart conscious" patient, and each time he heard of someone having a thrombosis, his own symptoms returned. I listened to his story, rechecked his chest and blood pressure and found nothing to suspect that this "attack" was any different from his others. As we had been through this cycle many times before and had gathered a whole file of electrocardiograms, I told him I didn't believe a new one was necessary. I reassured him, prescribed a mild sedative and asked him to come back in several days if he wasn't better. I was sincerely glad that he had come that day. I wish that more people were like him—overly cautious. The mortality of many diseases would decline sharply if folks would see their doctors and would stop trying to diagnose and treat symptoms they don't understand.

Invitation to Delirium

By Audrey Lee

Who will be game with me
And fling reserve's dull
harness
Into a whirl of whimsy?
Who'll be a lunatic of spring
And herald the new season
With loud impromptu
ballading
Beyond the realm of reason?
Or who will seek the
rambling rose
To gather spirits from her,
And when springtime comes
to a close
Be a vagabond of summer?

The next patient was real fun. She was a five-year-old who had caught a sore throat. Her temperature was elevated, but that didn't slow her down. As I entered the examining room, she was laughing, giggling and generally carrying on. She stopped long enough to look up at me with her baby eyes—which she had already discovered contained magic—and say, "Hi, I brung you a new drawling."

With that she handed me a sheet from a child's coloring book—all filled in with a most unlikely combination of hues. For some years now we have kept the walls in the examining room papered with similar "drawlings" of the young patients. So, with great solemnity, we played the game of finding a clear spot and then, with equal seriousness, we stuck it on the wall.

Checking her over was fun. We found television pictures in her ears, the Milky Way in her eyes, nasty old Mr. Staphylococcus in her throat, winter winds in her chest and hungry little growling dwarfs in her tummy. She thought that it was a big deal and seemed to enjoy every minute of it—especially after I told her that we wouldn't give her a "shot." I helped her to get dressed, fumbling with the wrong buttonholes, gave her a kiss and sent her home to what I hoped would be bed rest.

After she had left, I returned to the consultation room to see a very stubborn young housewife. She had developed tension headaches either as a result of overwork or an unhappy family situation. At least, I knew they were tension headaches—she was convinced that she had a brain tumor. Despite doing all I could, I couldn't shake her beliefs. She had a low I.Q., but a high degree of prejudice—I just couldn't get through to her. So, with reluctance, I picked up the phone and made her an appointment with a neurologist. Perhaps he could convince her.

Next came another acute infection—this one a pneumonia. He had the usual story of a cold, cough and fever for a week or more. He had taken everything that anyone suggested, but failed to improve. Finally he gave up and decided that a shot of penicillin would cure him. He didn't get the shot from me, but he did get some other medication. As he left he asked, "Doc, is it O.K. if I get some of that blood builder that I saw on TV last night? They say that it's good after the flu."

Some people just never learn.

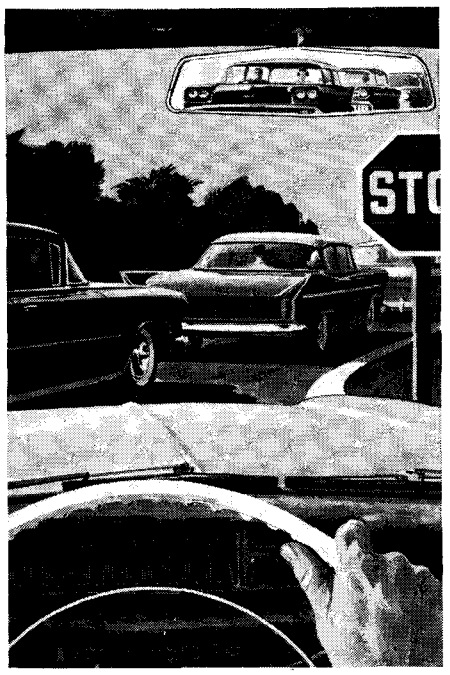
Finally the last patient left, and it was time for lunch. In the course of the morning, I had seen eight patients—and not one of those ravishing beauties who frequent the doctor's office in the movies. I grabbed my coat before the phone could ring again, shouted that I'd stop by to see "the Gasser" on my way back, and left.

The ten-minute drive to the restaurant on the outskirts of town was refreshing and relaxing. I eat there almost every day with a group of people who believe that the lunch table is the last place where business should be discussed. This day we were putting the finishing touches to a new, strictly nonprofessional, nonbusiness organization we were forming. It is called the "Man Will Never Fly" Memorial Society and is dedicated to thinking people everywhere who sensibly refuse to believe that heavier-than-air flight is feasible. We had put out the advance publicity a week before; today we were going over some of the clippings from our surprising nationwide response. But my lunch was cut short when a waitress touched my shoulder and told me that I had a phone call. It was Jan with new troubles. One of the elderly patients in a nursing home had "gone bad" and needed immediate attention. I told her to cancel what she could of the afternoon's appointments, get another doctor to cover the emergency room until I returned—"and call 'the Gasser' and tell her that I'll be by at suppertime."

At the nursing home it was evident that the lady was in heart failure. She was having marked difficulty in breathing. After examining her, I gave her several injections and sat down to watch their effects. Obviously she would have to be moved to the hospital, but I wanted her in better condition before transferring her.

While I waited, I looked around the nursing home and, as usual, didn't like what I saw. Many of the patients were invalids who needed constant care, but many others were there as a matter of family convenience. I have never been able to get used to the present-day practice of shoving the old folks out of the door when they become too much of a problem at home. It seems to me that grandma should still have rocking-chair rights and grandpa should still be able to beguile the young'uns with his tales, real or imaginary.

The patient who sat huffing and puffing for her life was an example of what I was thinking. A fine old widow, with enough money to meet her needs, she had been shunted from child to child until she was no longer strong enough to travel. The children then held a conclave and decided a nursing home was just the place for her.



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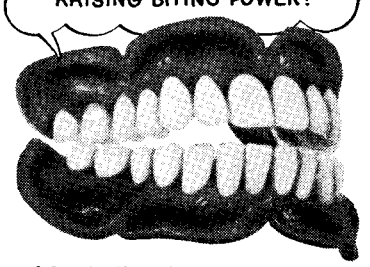

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"You'll like it mother," they told her. "It's a fine, new place, with people your own age, good food and regular hours."

And mother hadn't argued. She didn't try to tell them that old people don't particularly like new things. She didn't mention that all she wanted was her family and the feeling of being needed. So she had come to the home. Now she sat gasping for breath—all alone except for paid professional help.

Soon I would have to phone long distance to one of her daughters and tell her that her mother was acutely ill. Before lifting the receiver, I knew how the conversation would go—and it did.

"Now, nothing is too good for mother," the daughter said. "Put her in the hospital—in the best private room. Get her the best nurses and the best specialists. And call me back if there is any change in her condition. Remember, we want mother to have the best of everything."

I thought, "Sure—the best that someone else can give her."

But I said, "Yes, ma'am, we'll do all that we can." I used to read the riot act to people like this daughter—until I learned that you can't give a conscience to those who haven't any.

When I returned from phoning, the medicine had begun to take effect, and the patient was breathing more easily. The ambulance that I had requested had arrived, so we sent her to the hospital. True to my instructions, I ordered the best of everything.

Fifteen minutes later I was back in the office, where Jan had rescheduled all appointments except those of four men who, for one reason or another, thought they had to be seen that day.

The first was a good friend who didn't realize that the party had been over for days. It had been meant to last one day; but with the help of John Barleycorn, he had managed to stretch it into five. Now he was fearful of seeing the little creatures and wanted me to give him something that would keep them away. I gave him that, plus some unsolicited advice delivered in seaman-type language.

Then came a young man with the mumps. He was wondering the same question that all young men with the mumps wonder about. I told him not to worry, prescribed an ice pack and sent him home.

He was followed by a typical businessman with a typical ulcer which reacted inversely to the size of his bank account. That is, the smaller the account, the bigger the ulcer. Sales had been on the downgrade lately, and his stomach was confirming the fact. I let him vent his troubles on my ears, tried to throw in a few basic facts of life and changed his medicines around a little. Then he returned to his temple and his own private wailing wall. He was guilty of worshiping false gods, and they were betraying him.

Finally there was an elderly man who was typical of an ever-increasing number of patients. He had terminal cancer. He knew it, I knew it, and we both knew that the other knew it. Yet the dreaded word had never been spoken between us. That was the way he wanted it, and that was the way it was going to be. I had checked to make sure his house was in order; there was no good reason for me to squelch whatever hope he had left. So, we played the game of what he would do when he was well again, and I prescribed some medicine to make him more comfortable during the time he had left.

He closed the door as he left, but Jan opened it immediately with word that the hospital had called about the lady in heart failure. She wasn't doing so well, and they thought I had better come take a look. That meant the end of office hours for the day, and I couldn't say I was sorry. I threw Jan a figurative kiss and left for the hospital.

For once the floor nurse had overstated the symptoms, and the old lady was in fair condition when I arrived. I rechecked her, ordered one new medicine, then made evening rounds on the other patients. All were satisfactory, so I beat a hasty retreat for the door.

But I didn't make it. I was stopped by the emergency-room nurse, who was having difficulty with a new patient—a young gal who had taken an overdose of sleeping pills the night before. Her family had spent all night and that day trying to bring her back to consciousness. They had succeeded, but she didn't like it and wanted some pills so she could go back to sleep. I told the nurse to give her some green aspirin and I ran for the car.

Then finally—home. I opened the door, yelled to Doris and was greeted with, "There's a phone number in the living room. It's from ——"

"I know. It's from 'the Gasser.'"

"Haven't you been to see that woman yet?"

"No, I'll go after dinner. We've got a hospital meeting, but I'll go before that."

"I'd get another doctor if you treated me that way."

"Now, why don't you just call her up and suggest that? Then everyone will be happy."

A husband is a bachelor who solicited directions.

BRUCE LEFLER

But Doris didn't. She just put dinner on the table and mentioned that it was time to eat. So we ate and talked over the events of the day, interrupted by one or two phone calls from people who "didn't want to disturb you while you were busy at the office." These are my very favorite people. When someday comes the revolution, they're going to be the first to go.

Right about then I had to go too. "No time to help with the dishes tonight," I told Doris. "I'm off to see 'the Gasser,' that wonderful gasser of ours."

Actually, though I kid her a lot, I'm right fond of "the Gasser." She's just a lonely woman with lots of nonmedical problems that she never solves. That night was no different from the other times; I drank her coffee, and she talked. After some forty-five minutes she was beginning to lose breath, and I was running short of time. As she inhaled for her second wind, I interjected that I was late for a meeting and really had to go. She followed me to the car, talking all the time. Rude or not, I had to start up and head for the hospital, leaving her still talking.

The staff meeting was rather routine and, for a change, it was short. We didn't have a single good argument and in an hour we were ready to adjourn. As I left, I spotted the emergency-room nurse hanging around the edge of the crowd. I walked over and asked her what new problem she had managed to dig up.

"I've got a woman who was cut by her lover," she said. "It's not bad—just a slash across her neck."

While the nurse was scrubbing the wound, I made a quick trip upstairs to check on the heart-failure case, then returned to try to put the woman's neck back together. Luckily her lover was an amateur with the razor; he had missed all of the vital areas. Just as I was putting in the last stitches, the police came in to investigate the crime. They questioned her backward and forward but, true to her rules, she suddenly "disremembered" what had happened. She couldn't even recall where she had been. After a few minutes the police gave up in disgust and left.

I wasn't long in following them. I had been on the merry-go-round for some seventeen hours and I was ready to get off. All I could think of was taking off those damned shoes and lying down. Doris must have read my thoughts, for without a word she pulled back my bedspread and opened the window. Wonderful creatures, these doctors' wives, the best people in the whole wide world. Gee, but it felt good to get between good sheets! I was asleep before I turned over once.

And asleep I stayed until a little after three, when the phone had a shaking chill. I grabbed for the monster and said something that must have been interpreted as "Hello."

"Ed." It was the voice of a close friend. "Jim's sick—real sick," she said. "He's got indigestion and he can't stop vomiting. And his chest hurts. What shall I do?"

"Nothing. Don't do anything. I'll be right there."

Jim's wife met me at the door and walked with me to the bedroom where Jim was resting between trips to the bathroom. One look at his ashen face and his perspiration-soaked body was enough to increase my suspicion that he had had a heart attack. After a quick check, I gave him an injection and asked him to try to relax. While I sat there waiting for the shot to take effect, his wife updated me on his recent history. It was the old, old story.

For the past week or so Jim had been tired; no matter how much he rested, he couldn't regain his old pep. He knew that he needed a vacation and promised that he'd take one just as soon as a current big deal was concluded.

Last night he had gone to bed early and had slept soundly until about two o'clock, when he was awakened with a tight, pressure-type pain in his chest. He became nauseated and vomited profusely, but his misery didn't leave. Then he went to the medicine chest and sampled almost everything in it. This didn't help, either. At that point his wife awakened, realized that this was no common bellyache and called me.

By the time that his wife had finished talking, Jim was resting comfortably. His condition had improved enough that I thought it best to transfer him to the hospital. I told them of my suspicions, and they agreed that he should be where he could be treated properly. So I called an ambulance and sat there drinking coffee while he dozed off.

In another hour Jim had been bedded down under an oxygen tent and was sleeping soundly. The relatives had assembled, and I had spent some time briefing them on what they could expect. After their last question had been answered, I returned to his room to check on him once more before I left the hospital. His blood pressure, pulse and color had improved. I patted him on the leg as I passed by and walked down the hall to the exit.

As I crossed the parking lot, I glanced at my watch. It was five A.M.—twenty-four hours since Marv's wife had called me. I was thinking only of sleep as I started home, but along the river road the rising sun was beginning its business of drying out the drippy haze. It was a magnificent sunrise—full of reds and pinks and grays—a scene of intense peace and tranquillity. Fatigue seemed to melt away. There remained a feeling, a good feeling, that it had all been worth while—that the world might be a little bit better this morning because of the combined efforts of all of us yesterday. THE END

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The Pioneers of Lonely Canyon

(Continued from Page 34)

expense of driving out to the slaughterhouse a hundred miles away.

"Man, I made every mistake in the book," he admits cheerfully, recalling that financial fiasco. "I was pea green. Thought all I had to do was turn the bull in loose with the cows and wait for the money to roll in." Within twelve months his career as a stockman came to an inglorious dead end.

Actually he was not as visionary as this might indicate. Starting on a frayed shoestring, he planned to live largely off the country until he became established. There was game aplenty in the hills—deer, elk, bear—and steelhead and rainbow trout in the streams. A flourishing garden yielded every kind of vegetable; berries grew wild among the creek-bottom thickets, and the original settler had planted an assortment of fruit trees ranging from walnut to cherry. The Filers might live lean, but they wouldn't starve.

As early as the mid-1930's Paul had his eye on the 136-acre Shepp Ranch. The owner, an elderly prospector named Peter Klinkhammer, invited him down for an occasional week of hunting or fishing. Paul raved so about it that his wife came for a look, and she, too, fell in love with the solitude and natural beauty of the place. Then and there the idea took root, although neither had more than a faint hope of owning such a ranch some far-off day.

It took the upheaval of World War II to crystallize this hope into something like reality. Filer leased out his store, at that time located in the gold camp of Orogrande, and enlisted in the Navy Seabees. Marybelle, a registered nurse, followed him into the service and to Milne Bay, New Guinea, where his unit was stationed. The wartime gulf between Army first lieutenant and seaman first class is huge and practically unbridgeable; but during the next year, while their respective outfits struggled along the coast toward Hollandia, they got together half a dozen times. Discussing the future, they agreed that from the South Pacific jungles their Idaho dream seemed unattainable. But maybe, if they saved their money, waited for a break ——

When Paul got out of uniform in 1945, however, he found that wartime restrictions on gold mining had turned Orogrande into a ghost town. He literally could not give his store away, let alone sell it; and the bonds he had hoarded wouldn't buy and stock a ranch on even the most modest scale. Instead, he opened a second store, in the lumber town of Elk City. Five years later the Filers had finally saved enough to give their dream a try.

"We weren't exactly city dudes," Marybelle explains, "although Paul grew up around Spokane, and I took my nurse's training in San Francisco. And we weren't the rugged pioneer type either. Who is, today? But we believed we could learn as we went along. We had to. Those first few years it was sink or swim for us."

Filer, now forty-six, is a wiry friendly man, bristling with ideas and buzz-saw energy. "Paul," one friend described him, "is a guy who can't sit down and relax. He'll tackle any job, just to keep busy." His wife, by contrast, is a serene, handsome woman, who faces every crisis with composure, and life with Paul has provided a generous share. Their marriage started off on an explosive note. The night of the wedding his miner friends sprang a surprise charivari on the newlyweds, banging on dishpans and serenading their honeymoon cabin, and capped the festivities by touching off a charge of dynamite that shattered every window. By the time she moved to the Salmon years later she was prepared for almost anything.

Impatient to get settled, they made the move in December of 1950. The sixty-odd miles of hairpin road from Elk City down to Mackay Bar, the nearest access point on the river, ordinarily required a day's travel by truck. It took the Filers three. They loaded a year's supply of groceries into their pickup and set out in a foot of snow. Two nights they slept out in subzero weather. Their zigzag descent down the ice-slick canyon wall is a memory that still haunts Marybelle. At the Salmon they reloaded their supplies on a scow Paul had built with their last $300. The final stage, a ten-mile run through the rapids, was anticlimactic.

... ...

Night Self

By Herbert Merrill

Here is a night of velvet
blue,
A star to wish upon, a kiss
Folded up in a thought of
you.
What more for me than
this?

I was the luckiest of men
In loving you. To hope
that such
A magic might occur again
Is asking for too much.

And so I shall stay up
awhile
To set the moon upon its
shelf,
Put out the star, and try to
smile
A little at myself.

... ...

Pete Klinkhammer, who was to stay on as a working partner, welcomed them at the door. Home at last. But it was no dream cottage they entered. Pete, a bachelor all his seventy-eight years, had built the house of whipsawed logs forty years before and made all his own furniture from hand-hewn timber. Water was hauled by bucket from an ice hole in nearby Crooked Creek, and an ancient wood-burning stove provided heat. The outbuildings dated from the 1890's.

To the Filers, however, it seemed a private corner of heaven, especially that first Christmas. A bush-pilot friend zoomed over at tree-top level and dropped a turkey dinner by parachute, complete with smoked oysters, a bottle of brandy and all the trimmings. Marybelle insisted that her menfolk shave and dress for the occasion, then unpacked her accordion and played Yuletide songs. In the fullness of their hearts they had much to celebrate.

Of the jobs demanding immediate attention Filer gave priority to constructing a bridge across the creek. A flood had torn out the old one. With a gasoline-powered chain saw he began felling trees. Within the week his saw broke down. Work came to a standstill. A Forest Service telephone line links the ranch with the hamlet of Dixie, but for months each year it is down. It was down now. On snowshoes Filer hiked eighteen miles up the trail to Dixie, caught the United States Mail weasel to Elk City, then rode into Lewiston for spare parts. By spring he finished the bridge so that he could cross his ranch without wading hip-deep water. "That's the way it is here," he says. "To get one job done you have to do five others first. Man gets used to going at things backward in this country."

Between tending cows and repairing fence he found time to complete another project that took considerably more ingenuity—the installation of a home water system. Pete considered this frivolous. Hadn't creek water served for forty years? But Paul persuaded him that the lady of the house, as cook and laundress, was entitled to some convenience. They stripped four 1000-gallon drums from a dismantled pontoon bridge upriver and herded them downstream in a borrowed boat, a wild voyage without precedent on the Salmon. To hoist them up the bank Filer laid a section of ore-car track he had appropriated from an abandoned mine and improvised a runway. Using a winch, they hauled one tank several hundred yards uphill to a spring and buried it in a pit below ground-freezing level, to ensure a year-around gravity flow.

By that time it was painfully clear they needed some cash income other than from calves. Briefly Paul toyed with the notion of putting all his land under cultivation. This posed the question of where to market produce. The nearest town, Riggins, lay forty miles downriver, but no one could run a powerboat upriver through the nasty snarl known as Dry Meat Rapids. Then a former customer asked Paul if he could use the ranch as a base for a few days' hunting. He'd be glad to pay for the privilege. Filer took him shooting as a favor, saw to it that he bagged a trophy elk, and then a new idea germinated. Why not guide hunters as a regular business? Well-heeled sportsmen from out of state were beginning to discover the fine game stands in Idaho's primitive areas, and his own back yard, the high country around Oregon Butte and Buffalo Hump, offered one of the best. All of which led back to the problem of transportation. To haul hunters and their gear from the road end he first had to master this stretch of river.

From Don Smith, a professional river guide, he bought a discarded plywood boat, the first of any kind he'd ever owned—a specially constructed, flat-bottomed, shallow-draft craft seventeen feet long, powered by a twenty-two-horsepower outboard motor. Smith gave him a few tips on the peculiarities of Salmon River navigation and turned him loose. Proudly, and with characteristic confidence, he took Marybelle along on his trial spin one Sunday. At a riffle above the ranch he rammed a submerged boulder and holed the bow, barely getting ashore without sinking. After patching the damage he returned to the river with what can only be described as grim determination, tempered by respect. With Pete as pilot, sitting astraddle the bow and guiding him by hand signals, Filer churned up and down until he was familiar with every channel, sneak, whirlpool and eddy. Since then he has dunked himself several times, but never a passenger.

Word-of-mouth advertising brought a few hunters to the ranch next autumn. Although he had hunted and ridden horses since he was a youngster he had never handled pack strings, so now he had another skill to acquire. Under Pete's tutelage he picked up such rudiments as throwing a diamond hitch and shoeing a balky mule, and thus got through his first season, mostly with borrowed stock and equipment. But most of his hunters returned the following year and brought friends. He was launched in a field that promised steady if not sensational returns, and one he thoroughly enjoyed.

Transportation still remained a problem. Hunters on short vacations begrudged the time it took to get in and out of the canyon. The ranch had one of the few large pieces of level ground along the entire river on which a light plane could land, so an airstrip seemed the answer. Filer bought a small third-hand tractor and bulldozer blade, trucked it to Mackay Bar and boated it down to the ranch.

Working on his field at intervals during the next two years, he cleared out the timber and boulders and graded a 900-foot runway, which he since has extended another 500 feet. The first plane that winged low over the Salmon, banked into the wind and touched down beside Crooked Creek gave the Filers an unforgettable thrill. Their isolation was ended. It meant also that sportsmen from points as distant as Dallas or Los Angeles could fly directly to the ranch in one day. And inevitably it gave Paul the itch to fly himself.

The first flying-school operator he went to told him that the Salmon River Range was no classroom for a tyro, who tended to freeze at the controls. Air pockets over the great canyon were treacherous. The few emergency strips in the region were, for the most part, short, narrow and tricky to approach. To land on Filer's strip, for instance, a flier had to make two tight turns between granite cliffs towering 2000 feet on either side. A second's miscalculation could be fatal. Disheartened, Paul gave up the idea.

A veteran mountain pilot, Ivan Gustin of Lewiston, revived his hope. "I can teach you to fly," Gus told him. "If you prove out I'll sell you this plane in my hangar. But it stays here till I'm satisfied that you can handle it safely under any conditions."

Paul took up flying with the same furious application with which he'd tackled the river, and under Gus's guidance he gradually conquered his nervousness in rough air. Months later, after logging nearly 200 hours, he shot three perfect landings in succession at the ranch. Braking to a stop, he turned to Gus and said, "Now do I get my plane?" He did.

"Paul wasn't any kid, and that terrain is murder," Gus said later. "But, knowing him, I knew he could learn. I never saw a man who wanted to fly so badly."

Since then Paul has flown his two-seater all over the West promoting more business, but mostly he uses it to spot game from the air or to bring in supplies. In a sense, having his own plane has brought the world to his doorstep, for he flies into town on errands, over a breath-taking jumble of peaks, as casually as any suburbanite driving to the supermarket.

He no longer has to advertise. Most of his hunters are repeaters; the youngest so far a fourteen-year-old boy, the oldest a retired octogenarian. Both got their meat. He can afford to be choosy now and takes only people that he knows and likes or those recommended by friends. Except during hunting season, when he hires an extra wrangler or two, it remains a simple family-size enterprise.

During the summer months any number might turn up unannounced—smoke jumpers off a fire line, a Forest Service trail crew, neighbors dropping in for a visit. Salmon residents are sociable, friends often staying a week or more, and to relieve some of the congestion Paul decided to build a guest cabin.

Through the winter he cut the biggest yellow pines he could find, trimmed and peeled and (*Continued on Page 130*)

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(*Continued from Page 128*) hauled them to the site, a bluff overlooking the river. That spring the runoff reached record heights. Day after day the muddy waters crept up the marker. Then a violent rainstorm raised the river level several feet overnight. The Salmon surged over the top, flooded the lower field and swept every log downstream beyond recovery, washing out months of labor. At that moment Filer came as close to quitting the ranch as he ever has. But Marybelle talked him out of it, and within six months he had cut more logs and finished the cabin, a sturdy two-unit structure.

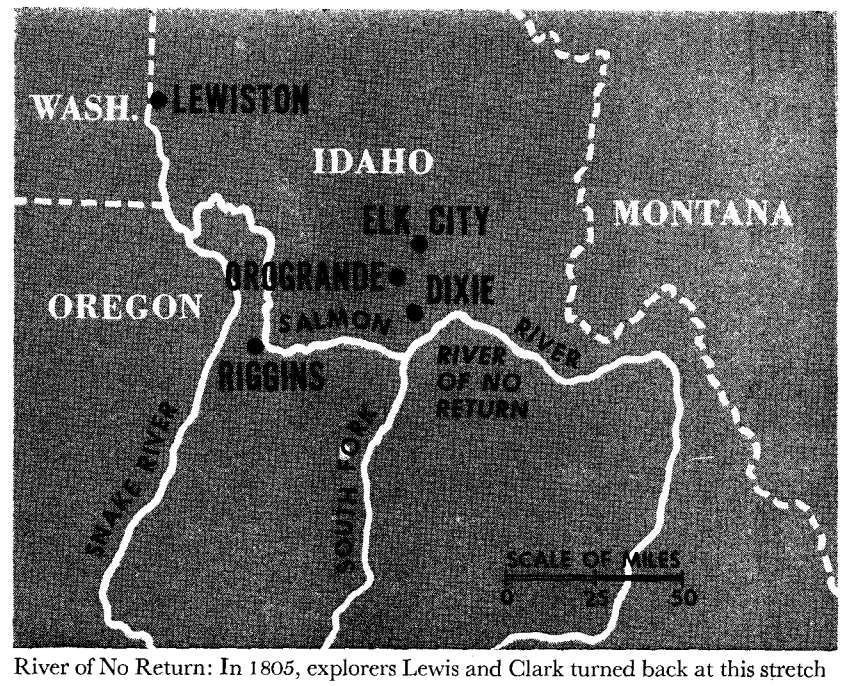
As a side line he began to guide more fishermen and branched out into tours for the growing number of white-water enthusiasts. Don Smith had been experimenting for years with boats of safer design, and from him Paul learned most of his rapids-shooting technique. In time he ran the upper river, including such terrors as Salmon Falls, The Growler, Bailey, Gun Barrel and The Whiplash, and lower rapids like Chittum and Carey Falls. He bought a larger boat, then built a still larger one himself, a sleek fiberglass beauty of seventy horsepower that carries up to a ton of cargo and can skim over the water at thirty miles an hour. Ironically, it was in this boat that he had his closest squeak.

The paint was barely dry when he offered to haul a load of engines upriver during low-water stage. There are two schools of thought on this subject. Oldtimers contend that high water is more dangerous, but Filer has found it otherwise. The channels are narrower at low water, he says, a condition that demands split-second timing and maneuvering, and the shallows are a greater hazard. On this occasion he tried to follow Smith up the middle of Big Mallard, somehow broached in the current and smashed against a boulder. The impact hurled him overboard into the rapids. Swimming for his life, battered from rock to rock, he kept afloat until Smith could race back and pull him out. The boat was badly holed and almost capsized before they could beach her.

"I thought I was a goner," he said. "But one thing I learned: you can't fight this river. She'll beat you every time."

He did score one victory though. Downriver, Dry Meat Rapids remained an impassable one-way barrier. On every trip he had to portage, laboriously transferring passengers and cargo from one boat to another. Finally he and neighbor Glen Rice agreed they had put up with this nuisance long enough. They rigged a boom out over the boiling current. Paul lowered himself into the water with a rope around his waist and tamped dynamite under the offending boulders. Three blasts ripped open a channel. For the first time since white men had looked upon the Salmon it was no longer a River of No Return. It was now possible to power a boat upstream from its mouth to the point where Capt. William Clark turned back 155 years before.

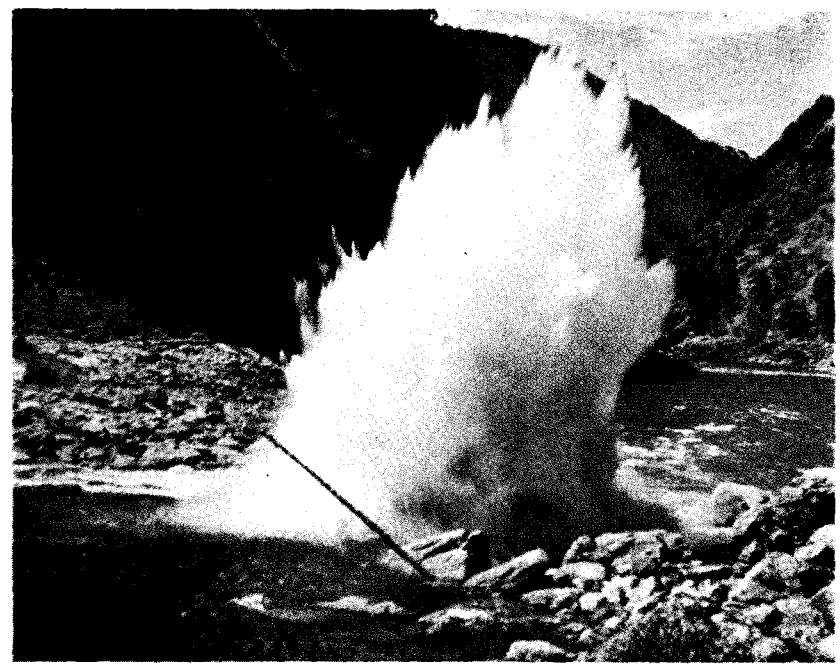
Historically the Filers are Johnnies-come-lately. The first inhabitants were Tukuarika Indians, who left their burial mounds and artifacts scattered along the creek banks. Gold was discovered in nearby Florence in 1862, placer miners dispossessed the redskins in the Sheepeaters' War some years later and squatted along every river bar. By the time Pete arrived all the pay dirt had been cleaned out, but he bought the mineral rights—for $500, and a lame mare to clinch the deal—for what then seemed a valid reason. He'd heard a rumor that the Union Pacific Railroad planned to build a transcontinental line through the canyon. The railroad never materialized, but Pete has stayed on, through good times and bad, for nearly half a century.



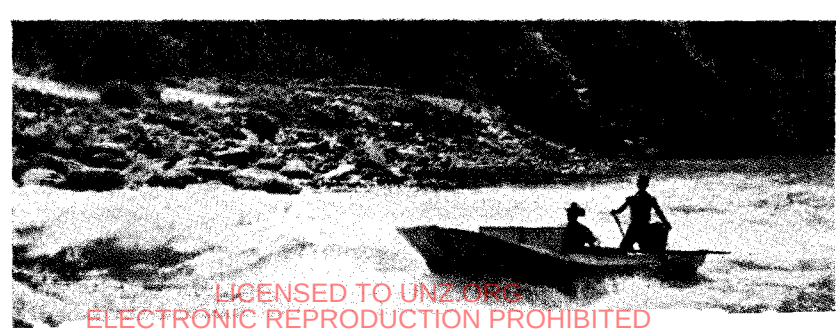
River of No Return: In 1805, explorers Lewis and Clark turned back at this stretch on the Salmon. Huge underwater boulders made upriver navigation impossible.

Here Paul Filer (foreground) and Glen Rice started their epic project to tame the river. First, they rigged a boom out over the trouble spot—Dry Meat Rapids.

A blast of dynamite forces the boulders aside and rips open a channel. Filer used a rope to lower himself into the water, then he tamped the explosives under the rocks.



Filer and Rice become the first men to navigate this dangerous passage upriver. In the past, all river travelers had to portage their boats at Dry Meat Rapids.



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As the business grew, Marybelle gave up nursing and went to work behind the counter, but since there was no doctor for fifty miles everyone in trouble called on her anyway. Delivering midnight babies and treating injured miners became a commonplace. Paul boned up on first aid so that when she was out of town he could answer emergency calls in her stead. During these years they built up their most important asset—friends. Because there were no musicians to play for dances, Marybelle took up the accordion and taught herself by correspondence. How many down-and-out prospectors he grubstaked, only Paul knows. Gradually the old settlers, a clannish breed suspicious of newcomers, began to thaw.

Then the owner of the biggest mine opened a rival store and ordered his employees not to patronize Filer's at pain of being fired. Ignoring this ukase, the miners rallied to Paul's support and sneaked into his premises after dark. Within a few weeks the mine owner hollered uncle and closed his doors.

"We were lucky we made a lot of good friends," he says now, looking back at those early struggles. "Without friends we wouldn't have lasted a year on the river. Everybody helps out, whether it's flying a sick kid to the hospital or digging an irrigation ditch. Once these people get to know you the sky's the limit."

One friend explained it this way: "The secret of Filer's success is that he loves to have people around. That store of his got to be a home-away-from-home for every mossback in the country. He had a beer-parlor license, too, and these fellows would drift in after batching on the river for maybe six months. They had a thirst, sure, but what they wanted most was talk and companionship and then some of Marybelle's cooking. There wasn't any hotel, so Paul made them welcome; and they'd bed down on the floor or anywhere handy, day or night. A crazy way to run a business, but it paid."

From late February, when the spring steelhead run starts, through the end of hunting season in November, the ranch overflows with visitors. Then the last sportsman departs, Dixie Ranger Station closes down and the nearest neighbors—ten miles in either direction—go "outside" for the winter. Quiet settles over the canyon. But for Paul the winter months are anything but slack. One year he modernized the house; another he built a hangar for his plane. His next scheme is a hydroelectric plant. He has the water power and some war-surplus equipment ready to fly in by sections. All he needs is time.

Life for Marybelle is easier now. She still home-preserves 400 pounds of elk meat every fall and a ton or so of fruit and vegetables in season, but a mail plane flies in twice a month throughout the year, weather and forest fires permitting, and when the (*Continued on Page 132*)

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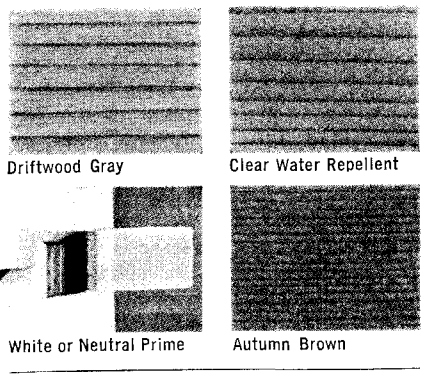

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(*Continued from Page 130*) phone line is up she can chat with other wives along the river. In her spare time she writes a weekly column for the county newspaper.

But life here can be lonely for a woman, too, as she will testify. When business takes both men away from home she must stay behind to feed the stock, with only two dogs for company. "Whenever I get to feeling blue and sorry for myself," she says, "and envying women in the city with all their comforts, I think about Polly Bemis and what she had to put up with. Then I realize how lucky I am."

"China Polly" Bemis, probably Idaho's most famous woman pioneer, lived in a meadow just across the river, and her cabin can be seen through the trees. Born Lalou Natoy in Canton, she was smuggled into this country in the 1860's as the concubine of a wealthy Chinese in the gold camp of Warren. According to one romantic legend a white gambler named Charles Bemis won her in a poker game, and she is still remembered as the "poker bride." The true story is that she saved Bemis's life when he was wounded by a revolver shot by fishing the bullet out of his eye socket with a crochet needle. Later he married her and moved down to his placer claim on the river. She left it only twice in the next thirty-seven years, until she died at the age of eighty-four.

The Filers often speak of luck, referring to their own, for they feel they have been extremely blessed. Recently a cloudburst cut the airstrip in two, a windstorm demolished the hangar, a flash flood washed away twenty cords of firewood and Paul lost a new $750 outboard in a pool below Ludwig Rapids, all within the span of a few months. Once any one of these would have seemed a disaster, but now the Filers accept such accidents philosophically. It could have been worse, they will tell you.

Not even the projected Crevice Dam worries them unduly. Crevice, a potential Federal damsite some distance downriver, would create a lake more than fifty miles long. If the population growth of the Pacific Northwest continues at its present explosive rate, officials say, construction of the dam will become a certainty—perhaps within a dozen years, unless some cheap form of nuclear power is developed in the meantime. The dam, for which preliminary surveys have been made, would tame the lower Salmon once and for all, incidentally covering Shepp Ranch with something like 200 feet of water.

The Filers are too preoccupied with day-to-day realities to brood about anything so indefinite. They have few regrets and no illusions about the future. They didn't expect to strike it rich when they settled on the river ten years ago and they don't now, although their property has increased tremendously in value during that time. Patented land has become scarce in the national-forest area, much in demand by city dwellers eager to get away from it all. Paul has turned down several tempting offers. If the day does come when they have to sell out to the Government, would they move back to town? Paul and Marybelle say no. America's last frontiers are shrinking rapidly, but there's still virgin country farther upriver. They pioneered once; they could do it again.

What You Don't Know About Your Schools (Continued from Page 36)

in others, certain schools have answered the challenge of Sputnik with "busywork"—meaning more history dates to memorize, more arithmetic problems to copy at home. It is homework hysteria. Often it is unplanned and gives students impossible loads of work one night and little the next. Busywork bores the bright student—and overwhelms the average.

Public education has done great things in America—but most of them were yesterday. This leads some to think that education was best in the time of the little red schoolhouse and that we must return to the ideals of those days. This could be done. A teacher could demand nothing more than the memorizing of Shakespeare's sonnets and Euclid's theorems and all the other loadstones of yesterday's education. Certainly a man's spirit can be turned back 100 years—or 2000—but, inescapably, his body exists in the present. We live in our own space age. It is my hope that the schools will follow the missile into new pioneering. In my state Gov. David L. Lawrence has called for a study of education's needs. Every local school board should do the same.

There can be a startling improvement in our schools. The right teachers, properly encouraged, will bring it.

I am, for example, proud of a young chemist in my state. After the first Sputnik he decided he could be more useful to the future if he left industry and began teaching. In his first year he has given his students a hundred and more extra hours of science education. How? By his knowledge of modern techniques. To be specific: For years his school—and many others—spent weeks on a routine chemical demonstration. But after being trained in an industrial laboratory, this teacher knew that the demonstration was useless in today's chemistry. It was so basic that a machine did the work in any plant. The teacher discarded it from his course. He used the time for new experiments.

Ten thousand teachers should do exactly that. They do not, because they do not have this man's knowledge. Every parent and every school administrator must face this fact: Two out of three of our science teachers today are not trained to do the job they should be doing.

This is true in nearly every state. The majority of our science teachers were graduated from college a whole generation ago. Only a few have found the time—and the money—to continue their educations in this new era of atomic energy, missile shots and lunar satellites.

To me there is a pathetic note in the frequent question put to educators: Do our schools concentrate too much on science today? The answer to that is simple—and somewhat frightening. Right now science cannot dominate our education because it is going to take years—five, maybe ten—to train a corps of qualified instructors.

Some people in Pennsylvania, for instance, take comfort in knowing that 50 per cent of our physics teachers have master's degrees. What they do not know is that only 10 per cent earned their advanced degrees in science. The others did it either in pupil guidance or school administration. Why, then, did they bother to get a master's? Because our state says a teacher with an advanced degree is entitled to higher pay. It doesn't matter in the least in what field the advanced work is done. Education never hurt anyone—least of all a teacher—but I would find it more comforting if all the physics teachers with master's had won their degrees in science.

At the other end of the scale is a group of about a dozen or so Pennsylvania teachers who didn't take a single undergraduate science course in college. So, what are they doing today? Teaching high-school chemistry or physics. And because they were certified before special courses were required, they could be doing this if they had not even taken a science course in high school.

Is it only in science that we lag? Consider our methods of teaching literature or history. We ask our children to memorize dates and battles. We are the prisoners of horse-and-buggy education. In industry we use every technological discovery. In teaching we suspect all but the old ways. We find it hard to escape into the twentieth century. We still teach as if books were so few that our only alternative was to make the students memorize, memorize, memorize.

This, of course, is absurd. Books are not intended to be used as mere exercises in memory. They hold the real treasures of life. Why don't more students seek them out? Because we discourage them. We make reading a penalty. We insist that our pupils write book reviews, naming principal characters and important events in a format unchanged for 100 years. So our youngsters read the short, the concise, the easily remembered book. And teachers should be the last to criticize them. The challenging, the thought-provoking books are to be shunned because teachers want only dates and names.

Educators have done even worse. We have permitted our children to be graduated from our high schools basically inarticulate in our own language. They can neither write nor speak it well. It is no accident that a comedian can say there's no point in learning to speak English—because if you did, to whom would you speak it? We have shrugged off the importance of speech. Blandly we draft any teacher with a free period to teach the tongue of our forefathers—and of our future. We jam our youngsters into the English classrooms. In Pennsylvania schools, for example, our English sections are larger than any in other courses. Seventy per cent of them are overcrowded. Some have 100 or more students.

And yet it is in these classes that we offer a most useful modern course—fast reading. In Pennsylvania we say that any pupil in the grades from seven through twelve may take this subject. That's excellent. But—only 10 per cent of the teachers have any training in the techniques of reading fast for understanding.

When I think of this I am reminded of a certain school district in Western Pennsylvania. The board had some extra money. Was it used to get additional training for teachers? No. The board decided the money would be used to hire additional athletic coaches.

Is it so different in your own school district? Do not be shocked that many school boards behave as if books and classrooms, trained teachers and bright students were the forgotten ones of American education.

In the United States conformity has become the bright badge of the good junior citizen. As a result we have too often, in our schools, neglected the gifted—and even the not-so-gifted—to graduate masses of average students.

To me this is wrong. I am convinced we must end the boredom of the bright. We must challenge their minds; we must insist that they function in our schools to the peak of their capacities. That way we help not only the best but every public-school student.

Because you—and I—are so at home in the language of sports, my conviction is best explained this way: On the football field we delight in the "brainy" quarterback who can run the trickiest of T formations. Coaches push his intellectual ability to its maximum. Well, why limit that challenge to the playing fields? Why not give that boy the same chance in his classroom? It can be done.

A recent study showed that 20 per cent of our high-school students would give up history classes if given a chance. Why? Too many dates, they said; too many battle names to memorize; too much repetition of the same old story. Today children in Pennsylvania and in most other states must, under the law, stay in school until they are sixteen years of age, but we teach history just as we did when many youngsters quit after they had completed eight short years. We teach no additional history; we simply repeat in high school what pupils supposedly have learned in grade school. We add more detail, of course, but basically it is the same. The tragedy of this is obvious. Within our grasp at this moment are the tools to revitalize history. With the movie screen and the sound track we can make history live in F.D.R.'s "Day of Infamy" speech after Pearl Harbor. And tell me which is better—to ask a sixth-grader for the date of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address or let him hear it, in all its dramatic meaning, from the lips of Raymond Massey?

We can so easily stretch history's horizons; yet I have talked to teachers who regard television and modern educational movies as tricky innovations, not as important aids to them in their work.

This is silly. Pennsylvania has more than 2200 school districts. It is only in Philadelphia (*Continued on Page 134*)

Two Paths

By Catherine Cameron Thaxter

His sire's path, running its sober line
From house to meadow, from barn to pump,
Follows necessity's cramped design;
But the boy's path circles a hollow stump,
Meanders a half-moon course to leap
The pasture fence, though a gate is there,
And doubles upon itself to creep
Through a tangle of thorn and maidenhair.
And who is to say which one of the two
Follows the more circuitous track—
Gaiety's whim-blazed avenue,
Or the one from the barn to the pump and back?

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VISIT THE FRIENDLIEST PLACE IN TOWN—YOUR LOCAL TAVERN—NATIONAL TAVERN MONTH—MAY, 1960

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(*Continued from Page 132*) and the Pittsburgh area—and in a closed-circuit program from Pennsylvania State University—that we make any real use of educational television. Why? Because too many people in my profession regard it as a novelty instead of a reality. Let's stop to remember how few trained scientists we have in our schools. Perhaps then we will realize that television is one of the few ways now available to bring the qualified instructors' knowledge into our classrooms to teach our youngsters the facts of their own atomic age. This we must face, not just in my state, but in yours as well.

In our teaching of the social sciences we have been mousetrapped by tradition into thinking that he learns best who learns about exports and imports. The sheep of Australia, the fish and forests of Norway—we talk about them as though they were the master key to native cultures. As a matter of fact, we have the same attitude about our own country. We pay great attention to the shoe factories of New England; but do we teach understanding of how those bleak shores could spawn a Cotton Mather's hell-fire-and-brimstone sermons?

Today, 70 per cent of the world's population is concentrated in Asia and Africa. War—and maybe oblivion for man—may well depend on what happens on those two continents. Do the schools prepare our youngsters for understanding their cultures? Of course they don't. But the blame is not altogether due to the shortage of teachers qualified to speak about these areas. Such subjects are sometimes controversial; with the best of intentions a teacher may nevertheless draw the wrath of parents and school boards by attempting to explain the South African's apartheid or Red China's communes.

In Russia today the study of English is a must in many schools—and not in a cursory manner. The Russians are so advanced that a student may elect to learn English with a British, or an American, accent.

On the other hand, many Americans have long behaved as though learning Russian were like learning a dirty word—out of bounds in the schools. In Pennsylvania we have 5000 public schools, with 79,000 teachers and 2,000,000 students. In 1957 we offered not one class in Russian to our youngsters. We have progressed. Today Pennsylvania leads all the states in classes in this tongue. How many do we have? The grand total is sixty-two. And let's face another reality: In more than one out of every three Pennsylvania schools there isn't a single course in German offered to public-school students.

We Americans cannot withdraw from the world. As it gets smaller our responsibilities for knowing about other countries get bigger. I am convinced, for example, that the American teachers of modern foreign languages must be sent to the countries whose tongues they would teach—at least for a summer. This would not be simply a chance to practice conversation; it would help them learn the ways of the people. Luxury? Nonsense. The nuances of language are so delicate that even diplomatic talks can break down when there is no real understanding of the words exchanged. What I suggest is new and untried.

To me it seems a better approach than we now have in Pennsylvania, where we do not even test our foreign-language teachers for fluency in the tongue they teach. We shall do that for the first time in 1962. That is important when you realize that almost a third of our French and German teachers received their training thirty and more years ago—when grammar was the important thing, not the shades of word meanings.

We must find bright young men and women to teach modern foreign languages—and it can be done. In my state there is a certain school superintendent who was determined to find a teacher truly proficient in French. It took months, but he was finally able to attract from Canada a young woman who is fluent in French. Not only are there Canadians, Frenchmen and Germans willing to come to our schools, but there are former G.I.'s who speak one and more European languages. Why waste the training our Government gave them? We have, ready for the tapping, a great reservoir of teaching talent. Obviously not every veteran wants to be an educator, but I believe that many men who have served overseas could—and would—bring their knowledge to our schools if they knew the depth of our need of it.

I disagree with those who say we must not clutter our children's minds with foreign-language study in the early years of their education. In England, on the continent and in some of our own American private schools, such courses are started in the earliest grades. I see nothing but good coming out of sixth- and seventh-grade students beginning to learn the language of some other country.

For, let us face this reality, we cannot expect good study habits from our high-school pupils if we have encouraged them to loaf along in their early education. Today we do just that, even though there are thousands of youngsters in the lower grades who could enlarge the vistas of their lives by learning a new language. But again we run head-on into the thesis of American conformity. I personally know of all too many twelve-year-old boys who have been bored into eternal apathy because they were forced into the mold of every other child their age and size.

Efforts to improve America's secondary schools will be wasted unless we can streamline the whole business of education, particularly for our bright youngsters. Today, much of the freshman year of college is devoted to a review of high-school subjects. It has one effect—it adds a little more boredom for the able student. In my state—and in others—advanced courses are being offered in a few schools during the twelfth grade. I hope the day will soon come when more schools give the bright and eager pupils an opportunity to take such courses. Only then will that last year—too often empty for too many today—take on life and meaning.

The waste of a generation's mind—and its time—must, of course, be our greatest concern. And with the lack of challenge of the *status quo*—the second-rate education—educators face their greatest problem today.

But there are others no less irritating. In all too many school districts, local school boards and parents alike are content with big new buildings. Little thought is given to the teachers of the courses in those comfortable classrooms. There are many teachers in elementary-school classes who have no college certificates for the grades they are teaching. Yet it is in these grades that education really starts.

Sometimes I think we do better with our coaches of football, basketball and baseball. Each year their won-and-lost records are reviewed. Schools often vie for their services. But with our teachers the situation is very different indeed.

Let's say there is one outstanding teacher—a man (or woman) who gives students the feeling that they have brushed against greatness in their study. So what can the school board offer this teacher that is really special? It's quite simple—a job coaching the dramatic club with an extra honorarium of $500 a year. But perhaps the teacher isn't much at play-acting; well, there's always the promotion to an administrative post.

Certainly I am the first to say we need instructors in dramatics, and we must have good school administrators, but it is ridiculous that we can reward a fine teacher only by taking him away from the classroom.

Let's face it; in my state we spend nearly $900,000,000 a year on our educational system. But little of that money is used to provide special incentive pay for good teachers or to aid educators in further study and research. To me, that's just dead wrong. Industry has a financial incentive for its best workers. Why shouldn't schools?

I have a plan for Pennsylvania that will mean earmarking some money for the successful teacher and some for the special training of science, English and modern-foreign-language teachers. The money involved is small. I ask only that we spend one half of 1 per cent of our school subsidies to lift the level of education. We not only will have better-trained teachers but we also will improve our libraries, set up accelerated courses for our bright students and institute "on-the-job training" for hundreds of our teachers.

Why haven't we already done these things, not just in my state but in yours? One thing I have learned in my years of being an educator—change comes exceedingly slowly. We are too often comforted by the thought that we offer an education to every child; we too seldom think whether it is quality education or just plain second-rate teaching.

Perhaps that is why we have lost so many of our ablest teachers to business and industry. In my job it is commonplace to meet ex-teachers. For example, I went to a state Chamber of Commerce dinner recently. Two of the principal speakers were industrialists—both former teachers. And let me tell you about a bright young man in a steel plant near Philadelphia. He once taught mathematics in one of our high schools and taught it well. He left the business of education not for money alone but for a feeling of prestige.

Time was when teachers in America were respected, even consulted by their communities. Today they are often regarded as a drab and dreary lot, good enough to teach our children—at a pay rate that is, in many areas, less than that of the average baby sitter.

Do you know that the very word "teacher" has become so unattractive that there's a country-wide trend to strip it from the names of undergraduate colleges? In Michigan and in New Jersey you'll find no teachers' colleges—at least not in name—and in my state the governor recently signed a law taking the word "teacher" from the names of a dozen teachers' colleges.

Certainly we need to pay our teachers a decent, competitive wage and must give them the warm honor their profession warrants; but more than honor and money is needed to make education come alive.

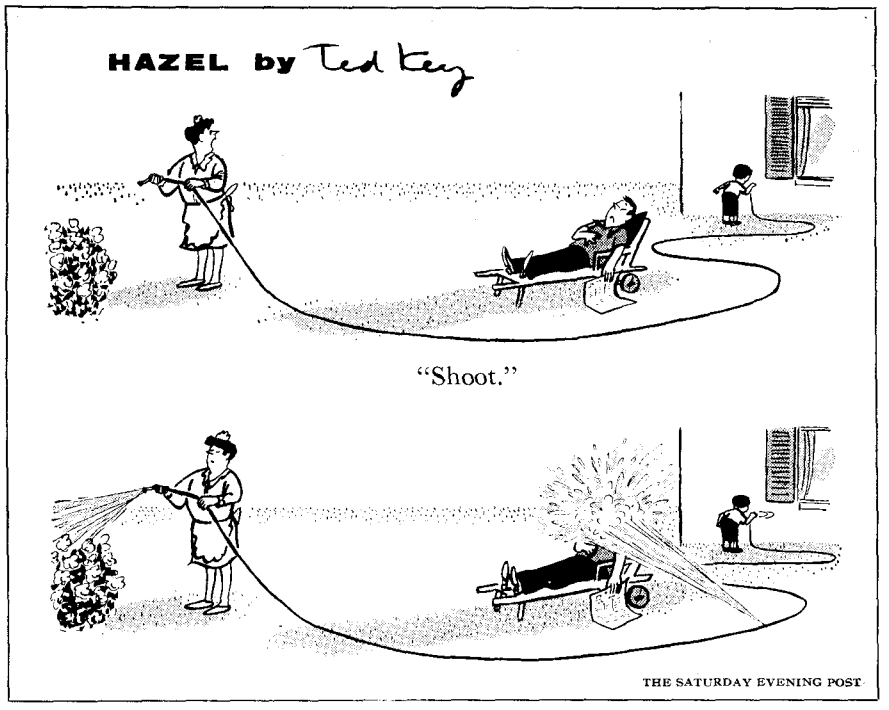
A frank look at our world shows that private industry is far more pioneering than most of our public schools today. In business, time is money. As a result, there is always a greater push to get things done better—easier. Why shouldn't teachers be exposed to those advances, so that they can bring them to their students?

Let's get our science teachers into the industrial laboratories for a look at what is going on in them. And let's send our English teachers to the men of business who employ many of our graduates.

There is no great trick to achieving this. Let's pay teachers for twelve months of the year, provided that their summer months—minus vacation time—are spent in private industry. Thus the schools would be paying them, and the private employer would be getting the advantages of their services and exposing the teachers to the techniques of industry. I believe this would take a comparatively small part of the billions of dollars that our schools cost today. And by the same token shouldn't schools take advantage of their own resources and pay outstanding teachers for summer work in planning ahead for a better school program?

It is time now to stop fooling ourselves about another need. With all the pageantry of sports in our schools and the entertainment of the community, we are constantly breaking into our children's education, both during school and homework hours. There is no choice. We want our pageantry; we also want to teach our children. We must lengthen our school year. Educational innovation comes with glacial slowness. It took a fight of more than thirty years to get people to accept the idea of free textbooks.

Certainly I suggest change. It is high time we unhitch education from the horse-and-buggy past and let it live in this space age. If it is the tradition of America that every man is entitled to an education, it is equally our tradition to borrow only the best from the past and never yield our right to take the new. In our heritage lies education's future. THE END



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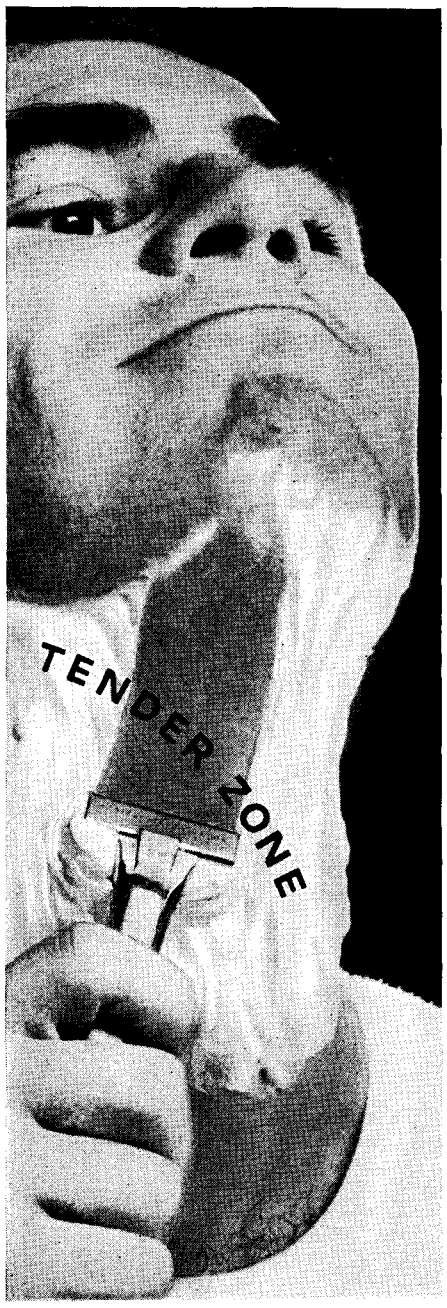

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REGULAR OR MENTHOL 69¢

Keeping Posted

We Visit Pearl Buck

Song session in Pearl Buck's study. In the foreground are Welcome House youngsters Paul, Jack and Sumi Yoder.

It has been twenty years since the work of Nobel Prize winner **Pearl Buck** appeared on our pages, and THE SILVER BUTTERFLY (page 26) seemed a good reason to get reacquainted with this busy lady. When we visited her 400-acre farm near the village of Dublin in Pennsylvania's Bucks County, she had in progress a play, a novel, a speech and a film she plans to produce in Japan. She invited KP to chat with her in the study where she does this creative work. (An adjoining study, she explained, is for "the dull work.")

Much of Pearl Buck's sprawling, Revolutionary home is filled with handsome furnishings collected during her many years in the Far East. It is a comfortable home with a view of rolling farm land, and it has been mellowed by the many children who have lived there. Miss Buck—she's Mrs. Richard J. Walsh in private life—has adopted seven children. Eleven years ago her interest in children led her and her neighbors to establish Welcome House, which arranges for the care and adoption of children of Asian ancestry. Some are war orphans, but most are mixed-blood children born in this country.

We were introduced to Sumi, Jack and Paul Yoder, three of the nine buoyant youngsters adopted by the married couple who live at Welcome House and help superintend it. "I tell the children," says Miss Buck, "that they each have another country, just as I do. My other country is China, where my parents served as missionaries. Paul's other country is India. Jack's other country is Korea. Sumi's other country is Japan."

How did the welfare of these "world children" come to be such a vital part of Pearl Buck's life? "I suppose Welcome House was started in indignation as much as anything. The first child brought to me was the grandchild of a Christian missionary who went to India to preach—Christian love, supposedly—but when his daughter fell in love with one of the people in that country, he wouldn't allow her to marry him. Her baby was born in America, and the missionary wouldn't accept the child. This, to me, seemed such an outrageous thing—going to a country with what's supposed to be a message of brotherhood, and when it comes to the reality of love, which is inevitable when people meet, you don't recognize it."

Welcome House thrives on the same love of the Orient and of children which inspired THE SILVER BUTTERFLY. Speaking of this story of Red China, author Buck says, "It is difficult for us, here in the United States, to realize the feelings of isolated young people who are ashamed of their old country and determined to create a new one. Such shame and determination result, inevitably, I suppose, in tragedy—and also a sort of progress perhaps. Much cruelty to the individual is apparent, but bridges do get built over great rivers, and dams are made. The question is—will it be worth while? Nobody knows. Anyway, my story is an attempt to present the picture in cameo."

Formula for a Sweet Disposition

Edwardian-era Standish and Eisenhower-era Standish.

In response to our plea for an up-to-date photograph, **Robert Standish** submitted the portrait at left, above. It was taken in London on Edward VII's coronation day in 1902—"when I was far better-looking than I am today." Standish uncovered this likeness when burglars ransacked his home in southern France and hurled a drawerful of photos and letters all over his office. After poring over this memorabilia, he wrote us, "The outstanding memory of my childhood, which accounts for my sweet and equable disposition, is being left to play on the lawn in the sunshine with a saucer of honey and some duck feathers."

Since his duck-feather days Standish has lived in Ceylon (where he was a tea and rubber planter), Japan, China, Java, Australia, New Zealand and Canada—to say nothing of spells in Morocco, Indonesia, New Guinea, Mexico, East and South Africa and most parts of the Caribbean. He even comes to Philadelphia occasionally, and on a recent visit we photographed him (see result) for the benefit of readers who might imagine that he still sports an Edward VII-era wardrobe. Oddly enough he doesn't, although he seems to have retained his affection for bow ties.

Anyone in the mood for a Standish-conducted romp in merry England is invited to read THAT FICKLE FEELING, page 40.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Call on Sammy Davis Jr."

By PETE MARTIN

A talented Negro entertainer talks candidly about his conversion to Judaism.

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car´ness (kär´-nĕss), *n.* The sum of those properties of an automobile which gives you comfort, economy and performance; that quality of an automobile which makes it above all else a thoroughly dependable means of pleasurable transportation. *Synonym:* Plymouth. (*SEE* "solid"; *SEE* also your Plymouth dealer for a behind-the-wheel definition.)

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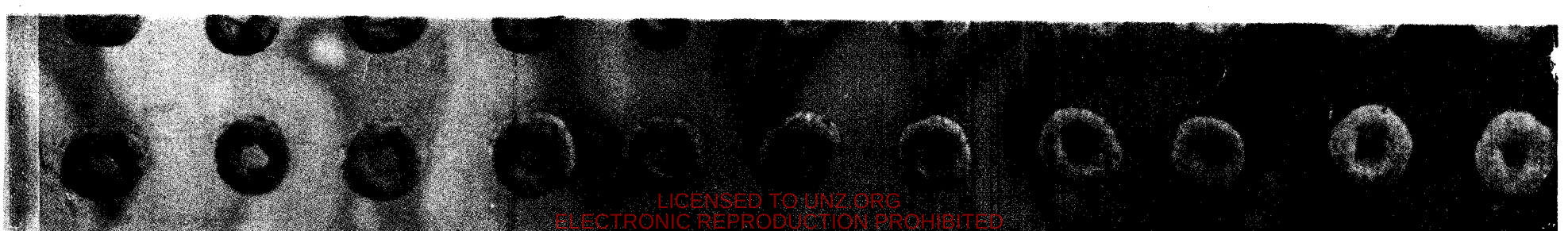

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